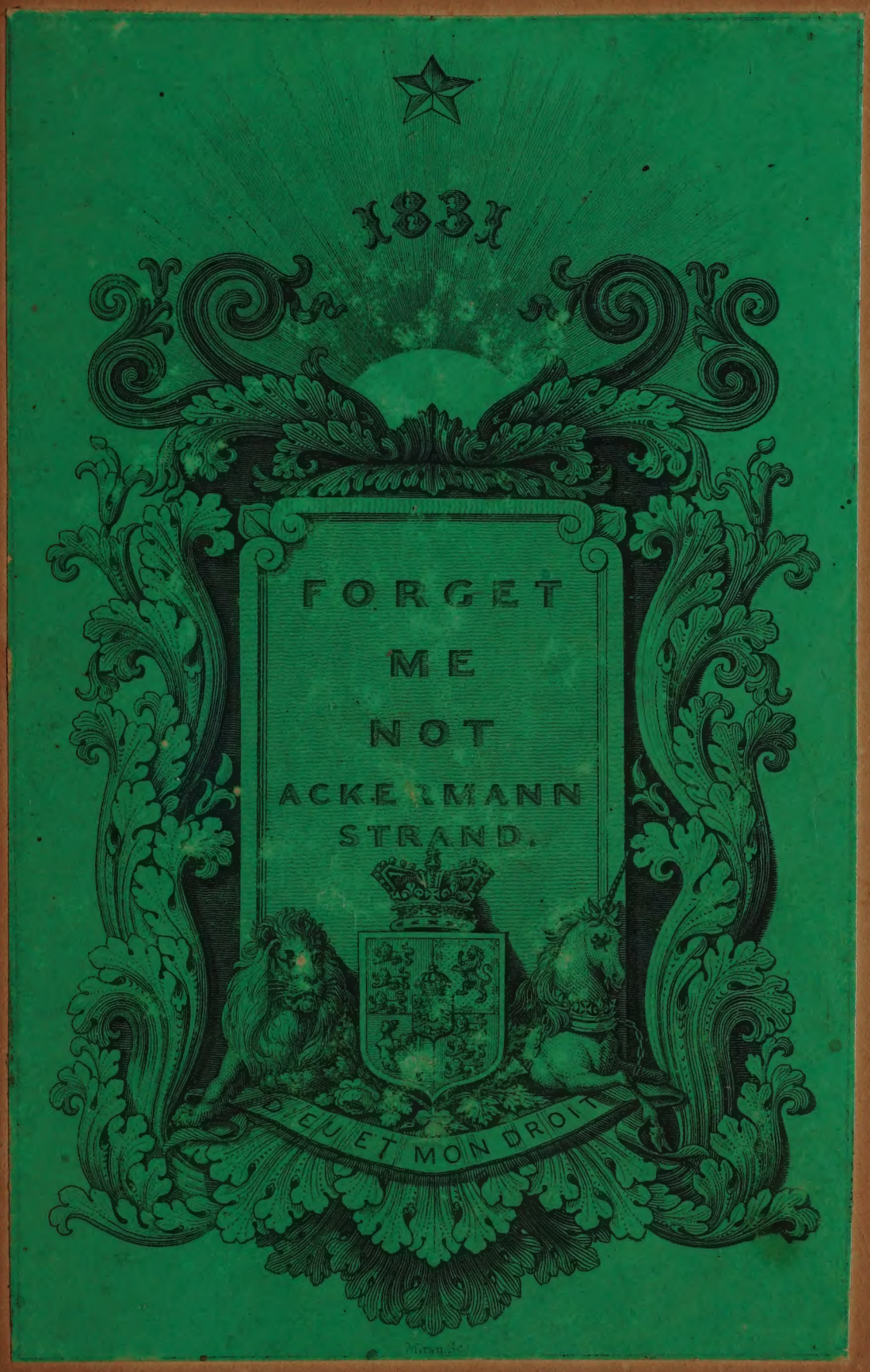
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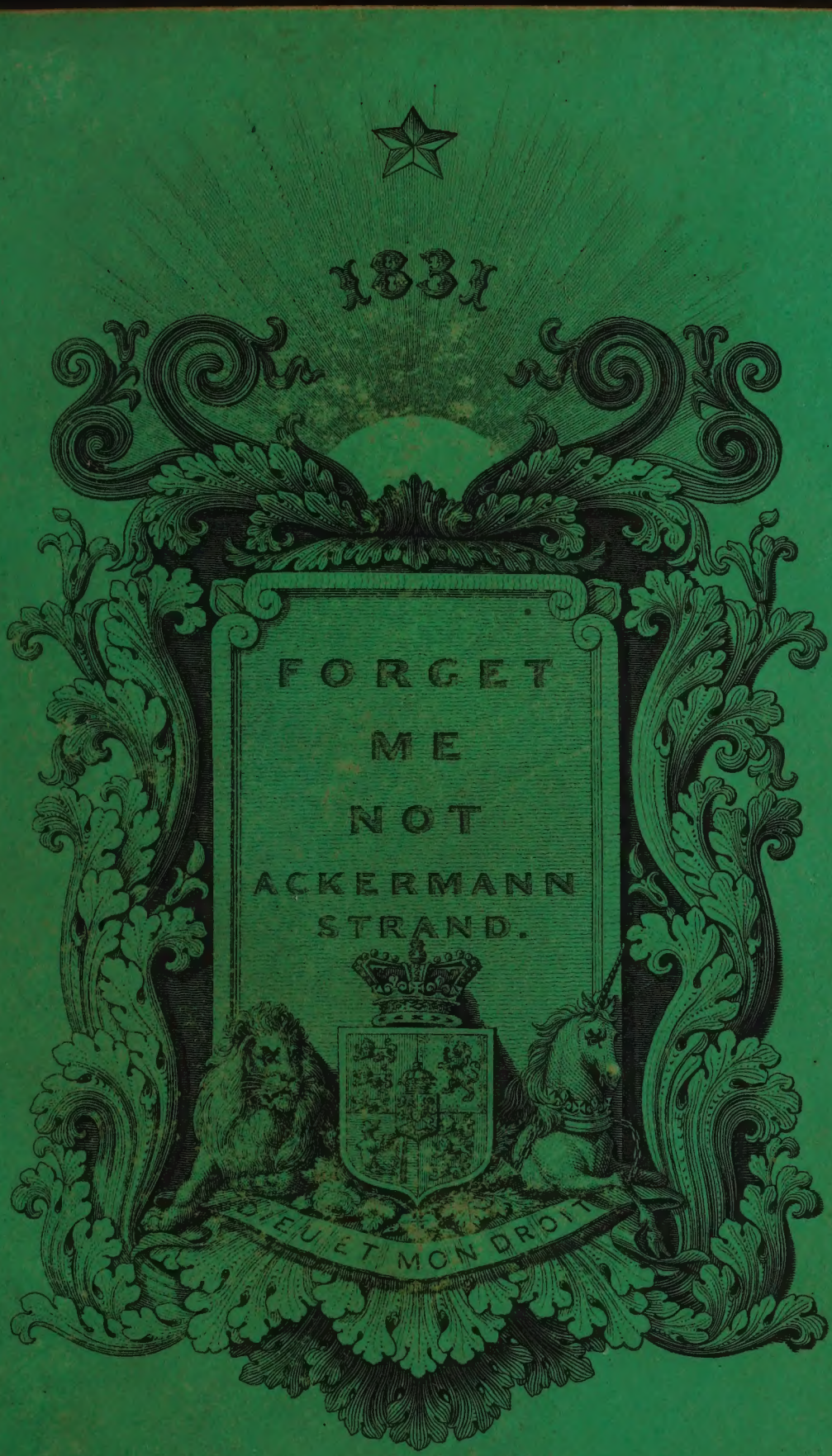
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DIEU ET MON DROIT

FORGET ME NOT.

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FORGET ME NOT.
1831.

# FORGET ME NOT;

A

CHRISTMAS,

NEW YEAR'S, AND BIRTH-DAY PRESENT

FOR

MDCCCXXXI.

---

Appealing, by the magic of its name,
To gentle feelings and affections, kept
Within the heart like gold.
L. E. L.

---

EDITED BY

FREDERIC SHOBERL.

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# PREFACE.

It may well be supposed that, after having already appeared before the Public for eight successive years, the Editor can have but little, in the way of general remark, to offer in this Address.

In regard to the present volume, he flatters himself that, surpassed by none of its predecessors in the variety and interest of the subjects with which it is enriched, it will be received with at least an equal degree of favour and affection; and he hopes that a glance at its Contents, both literary and graphic, will suffice to prove that the child, though petted perhaps, has neither been spoiled nor rendered careless of pleasing.

It is not merely in the British Islands, or on the continent of Europe, that the Forget Me Not enjoys extraordinary popularity. The contributions received from India, from the United States of America, and from other quarters equally remote, show that there is scarcely a corner of the globe where this miscellany is not known and highly appreciated—while its value is enhanced in no slight degree by the faithful delineation of national character and local circumstances, that can be attained only by personal acquaintance with the people and countries which are made the subjects of narratives. What indeed but actual observation could enable any writer to furnish such vivid pictures of life and manners as Captain M'Naghten, for example, has drawn in his tale of the Indians of Asia, entitled "The Sacrifice;" or Colonel Stone, in his tradition of those of America, relative to "The Grave of the Indian King?"

To these and to all the other Contributors, as well of articles inserted in this volume as of many destined for it, which the Editor has been compelled to omit, he presents the Publisher's and his own warmest acknowledgments for their assistance.

The like tribute is due to the liberality of the Earl of Essex, for his lordship's kind permission to make an engraving from Landseer's spirited picture of "The Cat's Paw;" to Mr. Watson Turner and Mr. Phillips, for the loan of the beautiful portrait of Mrs. Turner, from which the plate entitled "Noon-tide Retreat" has been executed; and to George Morant, Esq., to whom we are indebted for the "Italian Scene," a composition by Barrett.

To the Artists, generally, the Proprietors owe their best thanks, for the successful exercise of their skill and talent in the embellishments of this volume; and they trust that it will not be deemed an invidious distinction, if they name in particular, John Martin, Esq., who in his "Esther,"—a design marked by his characteristic power and richness of conception,—has furnished a worthy companion to the exquisite gems of art after productions of his pencil, given in former volumes of this work; and Miss Sharpe, as the only lady in the list, whose admirable drawing has afforded an appropriate subject for the elegant burin of Agar.

This volume may be considered as completing the first series of the Forget Me Not; as it is the in-

tention of the Publisher, in compliance with the suggestion of many of the friends of the work, to make, next year, an alteration in its external appearance, by employing paper of somewhat larger size, and exchanging the certainly delicate but somewhat too frail cover, by which it has hitherto been distinguished, for a more durable binding in silk. Though this cannot be carried into effect without a considerable additional expense, that sacrifice will be cheerfully made by the Proprietors, satisfied that their Miscellany will thus be rendered so much the more deserving of the liberal patronage with which it has been honoured by the Public.

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# THE NINTH ANNIVERSARY;

## AN INCANTATION FOR "THE FORGET ME NOT."

BY RICHARD THOMSON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF LONDON BRIDGE."

SCENE—*A Library at Sunrise.—Enter the* THREE FAMILIARS.

FIRST FAMILIAR.

THRICE the month it's course hath run.

SECOND FAMILIAR.

Thrice and once the moon hath waned.

THIRD FAMILIAR.

RUDOLPH cries, "'Tis time! 'tis time!"

FIRST FAMILIAR.

Sprites of the FORGET ME NOT,
Bring your tributes to this spot!
Works by Genius wrought upon
Days and nights full many a one:
Pictures brought from gallery-wall,
Painter's studio, stately hall;

Fancy's sketch, and faithful view,
History's scenes, and portraits too;—
On this Ninth year's opening,
All your wonted treasures bring:
Gems of art, where'er display'd,
Seek we first our charm to aid.

ALL.

Radiant fame our end and aim,
Thus our Annual Spell we frame!

SECOND FAMILIAR.

Here, then, as of yore, I place
MARTIN'S grandeur, WESTALL'S grace,
COOPER'S truth, and WILKIE'S nature,
LAWRENCE'S rare skill in feature;—
*He* whose pictures and whose praise,
Only death could higher raise;
Though we mourn that such renown
Should so soon his genius crown.
Unto home-born feelings dear,
STEPHANOFF'S sweet scenes are here;
TURNER'S glorious earth and sky;
STOTHARD'S sweet simplicity;
RETZSCH'S dreams of wildest birth;
HOWARD'S richness; RICHTER'S mirth;
Graceful BURNEY, stately BONE,
PROUT'S immortal piles of stone;

And a host of names beside,
Which here Oblivion have defied,
Forming each a radiant gem,
Modern Painting's diadem.

ALL.

Loftiest fame our work shall claim,—
Thus our Annual Spell we frame!

THIRD FAMILIAR.

From the Graver's hand I bring
Not less rich an offering.
Sculptured on these plates there shine,
Form for form, and line for line,
Light for light, and shade for shade,
In those picture-gems display'd.
Thus may all their beauties own,
Kept before by one alone;
Living on each lasting plate,
Though the models yield to fate.
These to trace, I sought with care
Many a burin choice and rare:—
Here are ROMNEY'S force and brightness,
WARREN'S depth, and HEATH'S clear lightness;
DAVENPORT'S calm, lustrous hue;
Sparkling touches from LE KEUX;
ROBINSON, deep, rich, and grave;
WALLIS'S wild sky and wave;

Brilliant FINDENS' glorious tone;
And behind come crowding on
Names as fit to be indited,
Not unknown, though unrecited,
Yet all to ——

SECOND FAMILIAR.

Hold! enough of Art:
Now the Muses claim *their* part.
Though such treasures must delight
Every tasteful mind and sight,
Yet, that *all* our spells prevail,
We must bring both Song and Tale;
And with Poesy must share ———

FIRST FAMILIAR.

These have been mine anxious care:
Many a wizard pen for me
Hath writ in rich variety;
And, our wonted chorus said,
All their charms I'll gladly spread.

ALL.

Noblest fame our work doth claim,
Thus our Annual Spell we frame.

FIRST FAMILIAR.

First, in Poesy divine
Many a gem for us doth shine:

CROLY shall our page inspire
With his grandeur, strength, and fire;
And MONTGOMERY's holy strain
Win back earth to heaven again.
Here with CAMPBELL's taste is blent
DELTA's heartfelt sentiment;
Here is LANDON's sweetness stealing;
Here is HEMANS' depth and feeling;
Here is CORNWALL's manly mind;
And, not to tell of hosts behind,
Here there have been, and shall be,
The freshest flowers of Poesy.
  Nor doth talent less abound,
Nor is lesser richness found,
On those pages which compose
Story or Romance of prose;
Mirthful sketch and fairy tale,
Woes that life and love assail;
Legends fearful, wild, sublime,
Scenes from England's olden time;
MITFORD's charming Village-chat,——

SECOND FAMILIAR.

Put in that!—Put in that!

THIRD FAMILIAR.

Ay, put in such Spells of power
Meet for chamber, hall, or bower;

And our labours so conclude,
Then the charm is firm and good.

FIRST FAMILIAR.

And, now, about the work we 'll sing,
Like Wizards in a magic ring,
Enchanting all that we put in.

SONG.

*Spirits from classic grot,*
*Grave Spirits and gay,*
*Round the* FORGET ME NOT
*Your spells entwine to-day.*

ALL.

Hail to those who with renown
Did our earliest labours crown!
Hail to those who now may grace
Our prouder rank and prosperous race!
Hail to all the gifted host
Which our annual pages boast,
When for genius through the land
We Familiars, hand in hand,
Thus have gone about, about!
In that brave course of years the sun
Hath seen our annual Volume run:
THRICE to thine, and THRICE to mine,
And THRICE AGAIN TO MAKE UP NINE!
Peace!—the charm 's wound up!

# ESTHER.

Hamān, the chief minister of Ahasuerus, king of Persia, offended with Mordecai the Jew for refusing to prostrate himself before him, and disdaining to limit his vengeance to a solitary victim, despatched orders for the extermination of the whole Jewish race scattered through the Persian empire. Esther, the queen, informed of the decree, invited Hamān to a banquet, and in the presence of the king charged him with this sweeping massacre. He was torn from the banquet, and hanged on the gallows, fifty feet high, which he had ordered to be raised for Mordecai.—*The Book of Esther.*

Morn is come, the purple morn,
Yet it looks on shapes forlorn.
On thy glittering roofs, Shushān,
There are visions wild and wan,
Eyes upturn'd, dishevell'd hair,
Heads unturban'd, bosoms bare,
Hands in restless anguish wrung
By the grief that knows no tongue;
Dust and ashes on the brow.
King of Israel! where art thou?
Where the hearer of the prayer
Of thy people in despair?

Through the livelong winter's night,
Like the harvest in the blight,
Like the reeds by storms o'erthrown,
Rank on rank lay Israel strown;
Prostrate on their naked roofs,
Listening to the trampling hoofs;

Maid and matron, priest and seer,
Listening all with sleepless ear
To the trumpet's brazen clang,
As to horse the riders sprang,
Thundering through the streets beneath,
Each a messenger of death;
Bearing each the bloody scroll,
Slaying all things but the soul.
Every blast that trumpet gave
Was a summons to the grave;
Every flash upon the sky
Told that thousands were to die:—
Thousands in that midnight sleeping
Where the Arab grove was weeping;
Where along the Indian hill
Stream'd the balsam's fragrance chill;
Where the Ocean's heavy roar
Burst along th' Ionian shore;
Where by Nile's dim rolling tide
Wander'd Israel's broken pride;
Where the Ethiopian plain
Echoed the eternal chain;
Son of the Captivity,
Vengeance wing'd the shaft for thee.
Israel, scatter'd, spent, and peel'd,
In that hour thy fate was seal'd!

Still the opening palace porch
Show'd the troop with trump and torch,

Like a sanguine meteor rushing,
Light on tower and temple flushing;
Till, dispersed, the furious horde,
Like the fragments of a sword—
Like the lightning, scattering forth
East and west, and south and north—
Plunging in the tenfold night,
Swept their way of fear and flight;
While the son of Israel's gaze
Watch'd the shooting of the blaze,
As o'er hill and vale it sped,
Like the livid vapour fed,
Where the battle's remnants lie
Withering to the stormy sky.
Till afar the lustres died,
And the night fell wild and wide.

But within thy courts, Shushān,
Stood that morn an ancient man:
On his high phylactery,
Wisdom that can never die;
On his calm uplifted brow;
On his locks of scatter'd snow;
On the motion of his hand,
Propp'd upon the ivory wand;
On his step, though weak with age,
Stamp'd the leader and the sage.

Who is coming, in his pride,
With the turban purple-dyed?

With the signet of command
Glittering on his haughty hand,
On his barb's caparison
Broider'd pearl and diamond stone,
Comes Haman, of lords the lord,
Persia's sceptre, Persia's sword!
In his front the timbrels sounding,
Round his steed the dancers bounding;
Rose and vine beneath his tread,
Dewy perfumes o'er him shed;
Indian banner, Persian spear,
Flashing round the dark vizier;
Priest and noble in his van,
To the palace rides Haman.

But, a flash of wrath and shame
Lights his cheek with sudden flame:
One, above the prostrate crowd,
Like a pillar stands, unbow'd,
Gazing with unalter'd eye
As the pageant glitters by.
Day by day had Israel's son
Stood beside that portal stone,
Scorning with the base to stoop
To the tyrant's vulture-swoop;
Scorning the hypocrisy
Of the captive's bended knee;
Bowing only to the rod
Of his conscience and his God.

Day by day the tyrant's heart
Felt that eye-beam like a dart;
Felt the sting of pride and ire
Smite him with a scorpion-spire;
Till the tyrant oath was sworn,
That the babe of Israel born—
Prince and Levite, matron, maid,
All should in their blood be laid!
All should in their graves atone
That high glance, thou ancient one!

Now from his voluptuous king
Fraud had won the missive ring;
Now, as swift as wings of wind,
To the farthest shores of Ind,
To the Lybian's burning den,
Grecian mount and Scythian fen,
Far as Persian banners wave,
Far as Israel finds a grave,
Far as tears of blood are shed,
Was the gory mandate sped.
Now in his consummate hour,
To the monarch's banquet bower,
In a tyrant's full-blown pride,
Rode the mighty homicide.

Still beside the portal stone
Stood the old, unbending one.

Still beyond his fierce control,
Strong in majesty of soul;
On the tyrant's heart his gaze
Fell like a consuming blaze.
In his glance the pomp grew pale,
Died at once the loud "All hail!"
Mordecai, thy lofty eye
Bade the glittering vision fly;
Sage of Israel! on thy brow
Sat the signs of overthrow.
In thine ancient form unbow'd,
As the gathering of the cloud,
As the rushing of the gale,
As the forest's rising wail,
Tell the coming thunder-stroke,
Ruin on the satrap broke;
Ruin echoed in his ear,
On his eye rose rack and bier.
Though that night of pride and power
Must he feast in Esther's bower,
Though that hour his grasp might wring
Asia from its feeble king,
Though the world's first diadem
On his haughty front might beam,
Yet his spirit's sudden chill
Told him he was mortal still:
In that prophet-glance was doom,
At his feet was dug the tomb.

But above the palace porte,
Through the shouts of kingly sport,
Through the sounds of trump and string,
Heavy axe and hammer ring;
Mid the royal spearmen's bands
There a giant scaffold stands.
As the ghastly pile he eyed,
Swell'd again the tyrant's pride.

Mordecai, thy lot is cast:
There thy glance must scorn its last;
There thy heart no more must feel
A captive's wrongs, a prophet's zeal.
Rest to-night. In morning's glare,
On that gibbet wild and bare,
Shall thy bitter crown be won,
Shalt thou wither in the sun.
There on all beneath the sky
Shall be closed thy fearless eye;
Never more be tyrant stung
By thy old, inspired tongue.

Night is come—in Esther's bower,
Roses on the couches shower,
Soft, as from the opening skies,
Fall delicious harmonies;
Flaming from a thousand urns,
Incense round the banquet burns;

O'er the golden-sculptured roof,
Shooting from the eye aloof,
Till it seems another heaven
Studded with the stars of even,
Cluster'd gems and cressets gleam,
Rich as an enchanted dream.
Grouped around the mighty hall,
Indian dwarf and Nubian tall,
Jewel-turban'd, golden-robed;
Stand in dazzling light englobed;
Stand the Syrian sons of song;
Stand the Grecian dancers' throng;
Stands the dark Egyptian seer,
Glancing round with eye of fear;
As if his foreboding soul
Heard the coming tempest roll,
Saw upon thy head, Haman,
Strike the monarch's final ban.

Yet no terror hush'd the tone
Of the satrap by the throne;
As he gazed upon the crowd,
Saw his eye no thunder cloud.
Tiger-hearted, lion-tongued,
There he saw but vassals throng'd:
In the troop, like golden waves,
Saw he but his future slaves;
In the monarch at his side
But the dust beneath his stride!

But what sounds on midnight sail?
Hark! a sigh, a shriek, a wail—
Deep'ning, then, to one wild cry,
Like some wreck's last agony;
Like the sounds that rend the air
In some city's last despair,
When upon her midnight wall
Rings the stormer's battle-call.

Through the portals of the bower,
Israel, rush thy virgin flower,
Like a halo round their queen:
Yet no festal smile is seen;
Yet no tresses, pearl-entwined,
Play in the enamour'd wind;
Breathes upon their lips no hymn;
All is dark, dishevell'd, dim.
But, advancing to the throne
From their circle, moves alone
Esther, palest of the pale:
On her lip a trembling tale;
In her step a woman's fear;
On her cheek a woman's tear:
But within her flashing eye
Splendours lighted from the sky;
Like an altar's flame, the sign
Of her help and hope divine.

Standing by the royal board,
In the cup the wine she pour'd,

Then with eyes to heaven upthrown,
Hush'd within her heart the groan:
" By thy diadem and ring
Pledge thy bride, of kings thou king!"
On the monarch's wondering gaze
Flash'd her eye's supernal blaze:
Never, in her bridal hour,
Struck so deep that dark eye's power;
Never passion's breathings stole
On his ear such chains of soul.
From her hand he took the wine—
" Empress! half my realm be thine."

High to Heaven, with gesture grand
Raised the queen the sceptre's wand;
" Who shall smite," she sternly cried,
" Age and childhood, maid and bride?
Who shall triumph when his ire
Steeps in blood the son and sire?
Who shall point the traitor sword,
Aspic-like, to sting his lord,
King's and people's murderer?
King, behold the traitor *there!*"

Like the voice of death the sound
Rang the vaulted roof around;
Like the seraph's trumpet call
When the dead shall burst the pall;
(Power to timid beauty given,
In the cause of man and Heaven;)

Round the hall the accents roll'd,
Striking terror in the bold;
But within thy veins, Hamān,
Icy cold the blood-drops ran.
Smote by Heaven the tyrant's pride,
All the tiger in him, died.
In his heart one agony,
On his lip one fearful cry;
Prone before her footstool flung,
Still to abject life he clung,
But he gnaws the dust in vain;
Earth abjures the living stain.

At the monarch's fatal glance
Round him gather bow and lance;
Fearful answer to his prayer,
O'er him sweeps the scimitar.
From the monarch's presence torn,
To the giant scaffold borne:
Thousands who had kiss'd the ground
At his courser's haughty bound,
Thousands rush to see him stand
Shrinking in the headsman's hand,
Thousands heap'd on roof and wall
Shout to see the tyrant's fall.
Be the slave the raven's food—
Blood be thus avenged by blood!

But within that palace gate,
Who in Persia's royal state

Rides, with shout and trumpet tone,
Mid the guards of Persia's throne;
Hail'd by Israel's ransom'd throng
With the freeman's holiest song?
Mordecai, that triumph 's thine—
On thy brow the jewels shine:
Mordecai, thine ancient hand
Bears the signet of command.
Israel shall no longer lie
Dreading or to live or die;
Free from sorrow and from stain,
Israel shall be throned again.

Εως.

---

## TO SOLITUDE.

O SOLITUDE! in thy lone bowers
We spend some sad yet soothing hours;
For when the heart 's oppressed with grief,
'Tis in thy shades we find relief.
When joys are fled and spirits gone,
We love to feel we are alone;
And as the tears abundant flow,
We lessen, not increase, our wo.
So, like the tempest, when 't is o'er,
The clouds are brighter than before;
The rain, like our refreshing tears,
The past relieves, the future cheers;
The sun illumes the darken'd sky,
And smiles succeed the tear and sigh. L. B. H.

# A SEA STORY.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

So lately as forty years ago, and upward time out of mind, the woollen manufactures of Scotland were principally supplied from the cottages and from the kitchens of the farmers. Over the whole of the lowland districts the *muckle wheel* was plied early and late. The old women carded, and the young ones span; and a more graceful employment for a handsome young woman never existed, as she flew backward and forward over the floor. Many cottagers depended solely on the sale of this yarn for their bread. The goodman's earnings were laid out in the purchase of wool, which his wife and daughters spun into yarn; and for this commodity there was always a certain demand and ready money; for the country swarmed with yarn-merchants, and among them there was a good deal of rivalry; so that there was little danger of the holder not making the most of it.

Among other itinerants was one John Robson, a very old man, but a great favourite with the wives. He had plenty of money, plenty of long prayers and graces, and plenty of long romantic stories of battles and perils by land and water; and with those advantages, John contrived to get the best bargains all over the country, and was sure of a snug lodging when night overtook him. Among his stories there was one which I heard him tell twice or thrice over, and which I re-

member very well, save that I do not recollect the place from whence the vessel sailed on her voyage homeward to the Clyde; but I think it was from some port in Spain. I shall tell it in John's own words, or, at least, in his own peculiar way.

"We were sailing and sailing as sweetly afore a gentle breeze as ever rippled the sea, when, ae morning after break o' day, we saw something floating lightly o'er and o'er the waves, like a buoy; and when it was pointed out to the captain, he had some curiosity to see what it was, and made us luff to come up with it. And what was it but a boy, sitting crying in a wicker basket! We were a' terribly astonished how the creature was preserved; for the basket was just like another basket; the water gaed through and through it as fast as it likit; but the lightness o't keepit it afloat. We hauled in the poor object without a moment's delay, or the least hesitation, and then he cried for his creel, until we were obliged to bring it on board likewise.

"As soon as we got time to look at him, we didna like him unco weel. He was a creature about four feet lang, wi' an auld withered face, like a fairy, or some o' thae half-earthly half-hellish beings. We gae him different kinds o' meat, and he eatit like mad, and seemed hardly ever to be satisfied. He spoke very readily, and very prettily too, but it was in a language that no ane o' us could understand a word of; sae we could neither learn what he was nor wha he was.

"But I think he hadna been ten minutes aboard, when

we heard a kind o' crash in the rigging o' the top-gallant, and at the same time the ship gae a rock like a crâdle. 'What the devil's that?' cried the captain. Every man declared his ignorance of the matter, for at that time we felt no difference of the breeze on deck, and saw not the slightest symptoms of an approaching gale; and while we were all standing gazing to see if we could discern from whence the shock proceeded, we heard a kind of moaning in the shrouds, like a wind wi' a voice in it; and in a few minutes crash went the upper shrouds a second time, and reel went the ship with double violence.

"The captain was now terribly alarmed at a thing sae contrair to a' that he had ever seen before; however, he commanded us to reef with all expedition, as there seemed a kind o' whirlwind descending on us. Never will I forget that morning; for, without the least prelude or appearance of a storm, the wind came on us thud after thud, and aye the last the loudest, till we were soon in the middle of sic a turmoil as e'e o' man never saw. The wind daddit us, and cuffed us, whiles on the ae side and whiles on the other, till at one time I really believed the ship was whirled up in the air. The beam wappit about backward and forward, knocking a' down that came before it; the rigging crashed, and the jib-sail went to tatters. All was utter confusion; and we were sometimes running in one direction, and instantly again in another. The waves o' the sea werena rowing away before the gale

wi' full sweep, but they were boiling and clashing against each other. The thunder roared, the fire flashed, and the hailstanes rattled; and there were we towering to the cludds, and then down with a dive into the channels o' the ocean. We gaed sae deep at ae time that I heard our keel play rusk against the gravel and sludge in the bottom.

"In short, as the hurricane had an unnatural beginning, so there wasna ae natural thing in it, and it was the greatest miracle that I ever saw how we escapit a' wi' life; but what need I say that? for our time hadna been come, nor the number o' our days fulfilled. At length there comes an auld man astern and he says: 'Captain M'Nicol, it strikes me that there's an Achan in the camp, a Jonah on shipboard; and it is better that he share the lot o' the prophet than that we should a' perish. Take an auld foggie's word for it, captain, this is nae natural convulsion of the elements, and it is my confirmed opinion that the creature we took out o' the weltering waves, sailing in a creel forsooth, is either a murderer, or a deil, or at the very least a water-kelpie.'

"The words gaed to the captain's heart, for, as he held on with both hands, he spake not a word, but stared wildly round him. There is no doubt that the whole of the circumstances taken together struck him as having a most ominous appearance, but yet he was mair awis than I could hae expectit. At length he said, 'What the deil shall we do? As it is, we must now go to

the bottom in a few minutes, or perhaps seconds, for the sea is going on like a boiling cauldron.'

"'Just pop the imp overboard into his native element,' said the old man, 'unless you wish every soul on board to perish. There 's nae fear o' him; he 'll haud away ower the waves like a toom barrel.'

"'It is a fearsome and a cowardly thing,' said I, 'to throw a poor little fellow, wham we saved from a watery grave already, into these merciless waves. Let us trust in Providence, and try to weather the gale. The Almighty can save or destroy us, as seemeth good to him; for, are not the winds and waves at his control, and what influence can a poor object like that have on them?'

"The captain was puzzled how to act, for the confusion on board had stupified him, and from the commencement of the hurricane he appeared to me as scarcely himself. But at that moment there was a great hubbub before the mast, and a mixed body of marines and sailors came rushing abaft to the captain, crying out—'We have caught the devil, sir! we have caught the devil! This little fellow here, sir, is the devil.'

"'How, the devil?' said the captain.

"'O, sir,' said one, 'him was running and jumping like a cat on all fours through the rigging in the midst of the fire of lightning, and screaming and laughing for joy.'

"'And please your honour,' said another, 'I seed

him sitting like a monkey with a tail on the top-gallant-mast, chuckling and making faces, and waving the storm to come on.'

"'Over the side with him! over with him! over with him!' shouted fifty voices at once; and, in spite of my efforts and some others who opposed it, they bore him to the very gunnel, while the creature fought and jabbered in a way that utterly astounded them, making many of them to lie senseless on deck; and he kept repeating one word, 'Batta, batta,' or some such sound, until one said that he was calling for his basket. 'Bring him his basket; keep nothing belonging to him,' cried the captain: and this was the only acquiescence he manifested in the horrid alternative. As soon as the creature got hold of his large basket he held by it like grim death, and overboard he and it were both plunged. The ship, for all the damage she had sustained, must then have been running at a terrible speed, for I only saw him once with his creel gaun skreeving ower the rigging of a wave behind us, as swift as the wind. He was then struggling with his basket; and when he reached the verge of the wave, he uttered a rending unearthly scream, dived into the gulf beyond, and was seen no more.

"The people stood and gazed on one another as if astonished at what they had done. But we had soon greater reason for astonishment, for in one minute afterward the storm began to abate, and in five or six minutes more it was as lovely an afternoon as it had

been a morning: we saw all around us, and the main ocean appeared never to have been agitated. And what was more curious, though not more wonderful, the rigging and sails, that during the height of the turmoil seemed to be tattered to pieces and flapping about our ears, we found now all standing in state and form: so that the whole repairs did not take above two hours, when we again held on our course. But the strangest part of all was, if true, that we were carried in a retrograde direction more than a hundred miles, which I never could believe, although it was affirmed both by the captain and boatswain. I said, if such a thing had taken place we must have been whirled up out of the sea and borne through the air, and that I once had a feeling of the sort as if we were. So superstitious are seamen, and so terribly were all the latent sparks inherent in their nature aroused that morning, that ere night it was talked of and believed through the whole ship, that we had been heaved out of the sea, and borne a hundred miles through the air!

"Now, I ken you are a' thinking that auld John Robson's story is dune,—and perhaps it 's mair than time it were dune; but sae far frae that, it is little mair than beginning yet. For, ye see, the next morning, about the second watch, the man at the mast-head bawled out—'A sail! a sail! Helm-a-lee, you lubber!—ahoy!—smack she goes!' with some other incoherent exclamations of horror. All hurried before the mast, and

Lieutenant Jones, being on duty, was there himself the very first; but, perceiving nothing, he shouted to the look-out man, inquiring what was the matter. 'We are struck, sir; there's a sail down,' was the reply. The lieutenant swore the man was raving, for there was no shock; however, he put about ship, and lay-to. But all was quiet; there was neither voice heard nor wreck seen; and when the man was examined, he affirmed that he saw a light vessel coming full sail a-head on an angle of six, and that she ran her ledges right against our prow and went down; that he perceived one man on board, and felt a slight shock. It was noted that Captain M'Nicol looked wistful and pale, but all on board besides only laughed at the story. He was heard muttering to himself—'So, then, it seems, we are not to get past this same latitude—this cursed spot!'

"But, behold, about the break of day it became apparent that the ship was water-logged. She ran deep before, refused the helm, and appeared to be fast sinking. All was now commotion and dismay; for, the hold being searched, there was no water found, and the pumps were soon drawn dry. Then there was such heaving of stuff out of the forecastle, and such searching; but all to no purpose, the leak could not be found; and in the mean time the ship continued to sink deeper and deeper: the crew became unmanageable, and had already cut the fastenings of the long-boat, when one of the searchers set his head out of the forecastle, and

cried, 'O Lord! come an' see what's here!' There were soon plenty to rush to the spot, and behold! there lay what they called 'the deil's basket,' the very individual machine which they had lifted from the waves, with a wretched human creature in it, and committed to the waves again! And as the group stared upon one another in utter consternation, they were startled by an unearthly chatter of a laugh behind them, and, on turning round, there was the creature itself sitting on a cask, with a countenance of stern and fearless defiance. The whole of the crew now fled from the face of the creature; but it pointed always downward to the cask on which it was sitting, and made signs and motions, as if it wished to have the cask to itself, or to have it examined. None, however, durst venture near it; but they began to think, from its signs and its gestures, that it wanted a word of the captain. When they told him, he became like one beside himself, and cried out to shoot it—to throw it overboard; and then to put out the long-boat, and let him escape. Lieutenant Jones and the boatswain opposed this, and proffered to accompany him to this strange visitant, as, perchance, it might be a mean of saving his Majesty's ship; and then, half by force, they led him away to the concealed corner where the wretch was sitting on its cask. Now this cask had never been seen by any of us before. It had been covered up with lumber and trunks, ever so deep, in its corner, till uncovered that night in the search for a leak that existed

not. The creature jabbered, and spoke, and pointed to the cask, while its eyes had a strange gleam of exultation, and still it beckoned the captain to approach. When, at last, he was forced near it, it sprang from its seat, and whispered only one word, or rather a name, in his ear, and then again took its place on the cask, shaking its head at him in a menacing manner.

"The horror of the captain was now quite unspeakable. So much was he overwhelmed with terror, that his officers wondered how so brave a man could be so much affected. He was completely in a state of derangement; and, indeed, an indefinable terror and confusion reigned on board. The ship grovelled and wallowed in the waves like an unwieldy hulk, and the seamen and marines were running about without order. Jones did all that a brave officer could to preserve subordination; for he ran about swearing terribly, belabouring some, and knocking down others. As for the captain, all his orders were about *the evil one*, or the *ghost*, as he now called it, which no one would face. This new appellation was unfortunate. The sailors were not so much afraid to face the devil; they were brought up in the knowledge that he was their enemy, and a cunning and dangerous one, whom it was their duty to contend with. But the idea of being haunted by a ghost had an implication that shook their very souls. The captain at first took shelter in the cabin; but the feeling of confinement shocked him, and terror lest the being should enter the companion-door be-

tween him and the open air, and cut off his retreat, shook his nerves, and from thence he flew to the top of the round-house, where, in a voice that trembled with agitation, he ordered both boats to be put out, and the ship to be set on fire. 'Over with the boats, over with the boats!' now resounded from one part of the crew, and 'No, no!' from another; and, in the midst of this confusion, out comes the creature from the forecastle, carrying its cask and a hatchet, as if with intent to have it broken up; and, with its gleaming eyes fixed steadily on the captain, it made straight toward him. The crew fled from before it, some into the shrouds, and some into one place, and some another; but the captain, with a maniac yell of the most dreadful horror, jumped on deck, threw himself overboard, and disappeared.

"The creature then uttered an eldrich laugh, flew to seek its basket, and with that in both its hands jumped overboard after our unfortunate captain. The yawl was put out and manned by the boatswain and other two; but ere ever they could get free of the ship (for they were not over-fond of their employment), those on board saw the demoniac creature pick up Captain M'Nicol and drag him into the infernal basket, and away it went with the twain, like a blown-up buoy before the wind. We heard a few broken, short cries from the sufferer, and that was all. They were soon out of sight, and never more seen or heard of either on sea or land.

"The moment that the captain and his persecutor left the ship, she hove. She did not rise gradually to her former draught, but came up at one spring, which I both saw and felt, and can therefore bear testimony to its truth. But the most curious thing of all was this, which I cannot attest, not understanding these things; but it seems that we were carried a great way south by the hurricane, and on the intervening day having been sailing the same ground ower again, it so happened that this last catastrophe befel us on the very same spot with the first; and of this the captain was doubtless aware when he said, 'So then, it seems, we are not to get past this latitude—this cursed spot!'

"What had been transacted there on former days was only left to conjecture; and that you may all conjecture as well as any on board, I must tell you that as soon as we got our vessel again into sailing trim, the first thing that we did was to open the cask about which our hellish visitant had made so much ado. This was done on deck before a hundred witnesses, and all that it contained was the body of a young woman, which was disembowelled, cut in twain, and stuffed into a barrel of pickle. And it appeared further, that the woman had been murdered by the cutting of her throat; and this is all that I know for certain. I did hear afterwards, but that was long after I had come to Ayrshire, that once, on a former voyage, Captain M'Nicol having had two handsome young foreigners aboard, who were coming to Liverpool, the young man disappeared, and

it was certain the captain took possession of his mistress. But, as to whether this was her body, or not her body, I cannot tell. There is little doubt that some great and crying sin had been committed at or near to that spot on the high seas at which our captain met a fate so terrible. And it ought to be a warning to a' you young fo'ks wha hae the warld afore ye never to do ony dauring deed o' wickedness in hopes that it will remain in darkness. If ye will think but o' the chances that it has to come to light, and what shame and ruin would be attendant thereon, it will amaist restrain ye, if ye be nae perfect slaves to your own vicious inclinations. But at ony rate, ye may aye depend on this—that there is a day coming when every foul deed done in the flesh shall be laid open and exposed to the derision of men and angels."

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## WILLIAM TELL.

BY MRS. PERRING.

He stood! the arrow in his hand,
Cold drops of anguish on his brow,
Waiting the tyrant's dread command,
To lay his heart's best treasure low;
Unless the shaft in horror sped,
Should cleave the apple on his head.

Moment of agony!—his eye
To heaven in fervent prayer
Is turn'd; but from his breast no sigh
Is suffer'd to declare
That fear could for an instant dwell
Within the heart of WILLIAM TELL.

Breathless, in expectation, stand
The multitude around:
And, see! that never-failing hand
Is raised!—"The signal sound!"
'Tis done!—the arrow speeds its flight!
Oh, God of love, direct it right!

Now bursts the loud, long, deep acclaim
From out the assembled crowd;
Glows in each breast the patriot-flame;
Each kindred spirit proud
To make the mountain echoes swell
With the just praise of WILLIAM TELL.

"Thy life is ransom'd!" Gesler cried;
"But wherefore dost thou wear
A second arrow at thy side?"
"Tyrant! thy wrath I dare!
If this right hand my son had slain,
*Thy* life-blood should have dyed the plain!"

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THE FALSE ONE.

# THE FALSE ONE.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I KNEW him not,—I sought him not,—
He was my father's guest;
I gave him not one smile more kind
Than those I gave the rest:
He sat beside me at the board,
The choice was not my own,
But oh! I never heard a voice
With half so sweet a tone.

And at the dance again we met,
Again I was his choice,
Again I heard the gentle tone
Of that beguiling voice;
I sought him not,—he led me forth
From all the fairest there,
And told me he had never seen
A face he thought so fair.

Ah! wherefore did he tell me this?
His praises made me vain;
And, when he left me, how I long'd
To hear that voice again!
I wonder'd why my old pursuits
Had lost their wonted charm,

And why the path was dull, unless
I leant upon his arm.

Alas! I might have guess'd the cause;
For what could make me shun
My parents' cheerful dwelling-place
To wander all alone?
And what could make me braid my hair,
And study to improve
The form that he had deign'd to praise?—
What *could* it be—but love?

Oh! little knew I of the world,
And less of man's career;
I thought each smile was kindly meant,
Each word of praise sincere.
His sweet voice spoke of endless love—
I listen'd and believed,
And little dreamt how oft before
That sweet voice had deceived.

He smiles upon another now,
And in the same sweet tone
He breathes to her those winning words
I once thought all my own.
Oh! why is she so beautiful?—
I cannot blame his choice,
Nor can I doubt she will be won
By that beguiling voice.

# DADDY DAVY, THE NEGRO.

A TRUE TALE.

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

"'A negro has a soul, an 'please your honour,' said the corporal (doubtingly).

"'I am not much versed, corporal,' quoth my uncle Toby, 'in things of that kind; but I suppose God would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me.'"

STERNE.

"I HAVE now no written memorandums of the storms, the battles, and the scenes which I have witnessed—no descriptions of the beautiful shores of the Mediterranean, the ice-bound rocks of Greenland, the burning regions of the Torrid Zone, or the mild and salubrious climate of the Rio de la Plata. In my youth I trusted to a retentive memory, little thinking that time and the cares of the world would obliterate the recollection of past events."

Such was the apostrophe of my worthy grandfather, a veteran captain in his majesty's navy, one winter evening when, a little orphan, in my seventh year, I climbed upon his knee (which he always called one of his timbers), and begged very hard that he would tell me some pretty story. The candles were not yet lighted in the parlour, but the glowing fire sent forth its red blaze, and its cheering heat seemed ten times more grateful from a heavy fall of snow, which was rapidly collecting in piles of fleecy whiteness on the lawn.

My grandfather was a man of a kindly and compassionate heart; and, though I used to play him many a sly trick, and sometimes grieve his spirit, yet he was always lenient to my failings; and now that he lies in yonder village churchyard, this often causes me a pang of unfeigned contrition for the past. It was my chief delight to hear him tell of the roaring of the guns when ships met in deadly strife, or the howling of the winds when the bitter tempest and the raging sea threatened destruction to the mariner; and he would so mingle his stories with the generous sympathies of his nature that many a night has sleep dried the tears from my eyes, as I lay on my pillow, after retiring to bed.

I had taken my favourite seat on the evening I have mentioned, just as a poor negro with scarcely any covering appeared at the window, and supplicated charity. His dark skin was deeply contrasted with the unblemished purity of the falling snow, whilst his trembling limbs seemed hardly able to support his shivering frame; and there he stood, the child of an injured race, perishing in the land of boasted hospitality and freedom!

With all the active benevolence which my grandfather possessed, he still retained the usual characteristics of the hardy seaman. He discouraged every thing which bore the smallest resemblance to indolence. The idle vagrant dared not approach his residence; but he prized the man of industrious habits,

however lowly his station; and his influence was ever extended to aid the destitute and to right the injured.

On his first going to sea he had been cabin-boy on board a Liverpool ship which was engaged in that horrible traffic—the slave-trade; and towards the poor anathematized descendants of Ham he had early imbibed erroneous prejudices, which after-years could not wholly eradicate, though they were chiefly manifested in the unmeaning jokes so common among British sailors. He had also held an official appointment for several years in the island of Trinidad, where the negroes were more rigorously treated than in any other part of the West Indies, and where their debased condition rendered them more depraved in their habits and more treacherous in their actions. In England, however, the very colour of the skin is a passport to commiseration, and my grandfather no sooner saw the dark countenance of the perishing creature than he hastily rang the bell, and a footman entering, "Robert," said he, "go and bring yon *pale-face* here directly."

"Pale-face, did you say, sir?" inquired the man.

"Yes, yes," replied my grandfather, "yon black fellow—fetch him hither to me."

The servant quitted the room, and it was not without some feelings of fear as well as hopes of amusement that, a few minutes afterwards, I saw the poor African stand bowing at the parlour door. The twilight had faded away, and except the reflection from

the snow, night had thrown its sable shadows on the scene; but, as the bright gleam of the fire shed its red hue upon the jetty features of the negro, and flashed upon his rolling eyes, he presented rather a terrific appearance to my young mind.

"Come in!" exclaimed my grandfather in a shrill voice; but the poor fellow stood hesitatingly on the border of the carpet, till the command was repeated with more sternness than before, and then the trembling African advanced a few steps towards the easy chair in which the veteran was sitting.

Never shall I forget the abject figure which the poor black displayed. He was a tall, large-boned man, but was evidently bent down under the pressure of sickness and of want rather than of age. A pair of old canvas trowsers hung loosely on his legs, but his feet were quite naked. On the upper part of his body was a striped flannel shirt, one of the sleeves of which was torn away. He had no covering for his head; and the snow which had fallen on it having melted in the warmth of the room, large, transparent drops of clear water hung glistening on his thick, woolly hair. His look was inclined downwards, as if fearful of meeting the stern gaze of my grandfather, who scanned him with the most minute attention, not unmingled with agitation. Every joint of the poor fellow's limbs shook as if struck with ague, and the cold seemed to have contracted his sinews; for he crouched his body together, as if to shrink from the keen blast. Tears

were trickling down his cheek, and his spirit seemed bowed to the earth by distress.

"Don't stand showing your *ivories** there," said my grandfather; "but tell me, sir, what brought you to England, and what you mean by strolling about the country here as a beggar? I have a great mind to order you to be put in the stocks."

"Ah, massa!" replied the negro, "Buckra† never hab stocks for negur-man in dis country; yet negur-man die if massa neber give him something for fill hungry belly."

Whilst he was speaking, my grandfather was restless and impatient. He removed me from his knee, and looked with more intense eagerness at the black, who never raised his head. "But we have beggars enough of our own nation," said the veteran, "without having a swarm of black beetles to eat up the produce of our industry."

"Massa speak for true," replied the African meekly; "distress lib everywhere; come like race-horse, but go away softly, softly."

Again my grandfather scanned the dark features of the negro, and showed signs of agitation in his own. "Softly! softly!" said he, imitating the black; "that's just your negro cant! I know the whole gang of you; but you are not going to deceive me. Why, sirrah!

* "Ivories" is a common term among the negroes for "teeth."

† White man.

I know you would sacrifice me and all I'm worth for a bunch of plantains*."

"Massa hab eat de plantains, den," responded the black; "and yet massa think hard of poor negur who work for make him grow. Gor Amighty send rain—Gor Amighty send sun—but Gor Amighty send poor negur too."

"Well, well," said my grandfather, softening his voice to its accustomed tone of mildness, "the Omnipotent is no respecter of colours, and we must not let you be put in the stocks till the morning, daddy†; so, Robert, tell the cook to get some warm broth for this shivering *piece of ebony;* and bid her bear a hand about it."

"Gor Amighty for eber bless massa!" exclaimed the negro; and his countenance underwent an instantaneous change, as he listened to the order, and keenly directed his eye towards the person who had issued it; but my grandfather had turned his head towards me, so that his face was concealed from the grateful black.

"So! I suppose you are some runaway slave?" said my grandfather harshly.

"No, massa!" rejoined the African, more assured;

* The plantain is a fruit which when ripe is very sweet, but roasted when green, it resembles a chesnut in taste. It is a general article of food, instead of bread, in the West Indies.

† Daddy is a familiar term of kindness used by the male negroes to each other, as "Aunty" is used by the females; and it is nothing uncommon to hear children, as soon as they can talk, calling one another "daddy" and "aunty."

"no, massa; neber run away—I free man. Good buckra gib freedom; but den I lose kind massa, and—"

"Ay, ay," replied my grandfather, interrupting him; "I think you said something about Plantation Josef in Trinidad."

"Ky!" responded the negro, as his eyes were bent upon his interrogator, who again concealed his face; "da buckra sabby [knows] ebery ting; him like angel of light for know de secret of de heart."

"Come nearer the fire, Daddy Davy," said my grandfather, as he extended his hand to the poker, and bent down his body to stir the burning coals.

Never shall I forget the look of the African: joy, wonder, and admiration, were pictured on his countenance, as he exclaimed, whilst advancing forward, "Da buckra know my name too!—how dis?"

My grandfather, having rekindled a bright flame that illuminated the whole room, turned his face carelessly towards the black; but no sooner had the poor fellow caught sight of his features, than, throwing himself at his feet, he clasped the old man's knees, exclaiming, "My own massa!—what for you give Davy him life? what for you give Davy him freedom? and now de poor negur die for want! But no!" checking himself, "neber see de day for go dead, now me find my massa!"

"Confound the cold!" said my grandfather, thrusting his thumb and forefinger to his eyes; "how it makes one's eyes run! William, my boy," turning to me, "fetch that pocket handkerchief off the sofa."

I immediately obeyed, and felt as if the cold had affected me too; for I employed my grandfather's handkerchief two or three times to wipe the trickling drops from my face, before I delivered it into his hands.

At this moment the footman opened the door, to say that the broth was ready, but stood transfixed with amazement at seeing the half-naked black at his master's feet.

"Go, Davy," said my grandfather, "go and get some food; and, Robert, tell the cook to have a warm bath ready, and the housemaid must run a pan of coals over the little bed in the blue room, and put some extra blankets on. You can sleep without a nightcap, I dare say, Davy; and, Robert, tell the butler to give you a bottle of Madeira—simmer half of it over the fire, and, when heated, beat up an egg in it—it will be better than cold sangaree, Davy—and, d'ye hear, Robert, grate a little nutmeg on the top, and carry it to the *pale-face* as soon as he gets into bed. There, go along, Davy, go along;" and the gratified negro left the room with unfeigned ejaculations of "Gor Amighty for eber bless kind massa!"

As soon as the door was closed, and I was once more seated on my grandfather's knee, he commenced his usual practice of holding converse with himself. "What could have brought him here?" said he. "I gave him his freedom, and a piece of land to cultivate. There was a pretty hut upon it, too, with a double row of cocoa-nut trees in front, and a garden of plan-

tains behind, and a nice plot of guinea-grass for a cow, and another of buckwheat--what has become of it all, I wonder? Bless me, how time flies! it seems but the other day that I saved the fellow from a couple of bullets, and he repaid the debt by rescuing my Betsy—ah, poor dear! she was your mother, William, and he snatched her from a dreadful and terrific fate. How these things crowd upon my mind! The earthquake shook every building to its foundation—the ground yawned in horrible deformity, and your poor mother—we can see her grave-stone from the drawing-room window, you know, for she died since we have been here, and left her old father's heart a dreary blank.—Yet not so, either, my child," pressing me to his breast and laying his hoary head on mine, "not so, either, for she bequeathed you to my guardian care, and you are now the solace of my gray hairs."

"But the earthquake, grandpapa," said I, "the earthquake?"

"And your poor father," continued he, absorbed in his subject, "as brave a lad as ever broke a king's biscuit, to become a prey to the sharks, with the ocean for his grave—but there, don't cry, my boy, don't cry; you shall never be wrecked upon a lee-shore whilst I can keep you afloat; and when this old hull is stowed away in the ground tier, I shall leave you to the protection of HIM who gives the fleecy coat to the tender lamb, and feeds the young ravens when they cry. But it puzzles me a little to think how this black rogue got

to England, and what he can have come for. He was a faithful servant, that Davy, and I picked him up in a strange way, too, a very strange way, for in another half hour he would have been food for the fishes. It was in ninety-eight, when I commanded the Zephyr sloop of war: we were cruising off the river Plate, when a schooner hove in sight and showed American colours; so I bore up to speak to her, and just as we got within hail we heard the report of firearms, and saw a negro fall from the schooner's side into the water. At first I thought it was some poor wretch relieved from his earthly misery whom they were burying. As he sank in the ocean, the billow closed over his dark form, but the next instant he rose, struggling on the surface of the wave, and the white foam around him assumed a red and gory tinge. Again he sank, and again the sea rolled smoothly on, but that poor murdered wretch rose no more. We were now close to the schooner, and I commanded her crew to heave-to for a boat, which, after some hesitation, they obeyed. Curiosity, and perhaps a little compassion, induced me to visit the schooner; but oh! what a scene of horror presented itself! I have witnessed in my youth enough to make my heart callous, if any thing could, but this exceeded all I had ever seen. The schooner had a cargo of slaves from the coast of Africa; but not men—not women—no, no; there were ninety-seven little children, from four to twelve years of age, in the most horrid and emaciated con-

dition. The space in which they were kept was so confined that they could scarcely sit upright, and, having nothing but rough planks to lie upon, the rolling of the vessel had chafed their joints into wounds; they looked as if perishing with hunger. You shudder, boy, and well you may. The helpless creatures were ranged upon the deck, and close by the gangway lay four young negro men, wounded and in fetters, but who did not seem otherwise much the worse for the voyage. Another was placed astride the gunwale, with his arms pinioned behind. Seated on the companion abaft, appeared a stout tall man, in a white shirt deeply stained with blood; his head was bandaged with new cotton, through which the blood was still oozing; his left arm was bound up, and he seemed to have suffered in some desperate conflict. This was the captain; and the crew, more or less hurt, showing visible marks of a recent fight, stood near him, and every one displayed strong indications of intemperance. On a hencoop by the captain's side lay a long-barrelled pistol; the fellow to it was grasped in his right hand, and, with the rolling eye of intoxication, he first glanced at the instrument of death and then at the poor wretch who sat with an unmoved countenance upon the gunwale. 'You are just come in time, sir,' said the captain, 'to witness an act of justice, for I guess, though you've got the British buntin* at the peek, you come

* Buntin is the stuff of which flags are made.

from the land of the stripes and the stars *. But you shall see, sir, how cleverly I'll put a brace of balls through that mutinous rascal.' He raised the pistol to a level with his eye; his forefinger was on the trigger, when I hastily struck it up with my hand, and the bullets whistled over the negro's head without doing him any injury. But he had experienced only cruelty from white men—he had expected death, and could not suppose that one of the fair-skinned race would rescue him from the fate of his companion. As soon as he heard the report of the pistol, he fell forward on his face, but my boat's-crew ran and saved him from going overboard. 'What is the meaning of all this,' said I, 'thou disgrace to manhood? I am a British officer, and to me you shall be accountable for your demoniac conduct. What has that poor creature done? and these, too, on the deck? Release them, my men!' and my boat's-crew had soon broken off their fetters.

"The negro whom I had saved from the murderous intention of the captain could not exactly comprehend the scene, but, when he found that he was safe, and knew me for his deliverer, he clung round my knees—ay, just as the fellow did to-night, for it was no other than Davy himself. But I can't think what brings

* The captain thought the vessel was in the service of the United States, their colours being striped red and white, except the upper quarter next the staff, which is blue, and bears as many stars as there are States in the Union.

him here to England, away from the pretty hut, and the cocoa-nut trees, and the guinea-grass."

"But what became of the little black children, grandpapa," inquired I, "and the other four men and the wicked captain?—and where did you take Davy to?—and——"

"Stop, stop, child!" said my grandfather; "don't overhaul your questions so fast, and I'll tell you; for the sight of the dog is a memorandum one cannot meet with every day. The captain had freighted his schooner at Loando, in the Congo country, with one hundred and thirty male and female children, and six fine young men. Thirty-three of the children had died on the passage, and been thrown overboard. The crew of the schooner, fearing nothing from the poor emaciated innocents, and trusting to the half-starved weakness of the young men, indulged in drinking to excess. But, to the surprise of the captain, these latter began to recover their sleek and healthy appearance; and he was calculating upon getting a handsome price for them in the market, when, the very night before I fell in with the schooner, the young men rose upon the crew: they attacked the captain in his bed, and inflicted several severe wounds on his body and head. But what could these poor creatures do against a superior force, who were well acquainted with the use of arms? the negroes were overpowered and put in irons; and the wretched man whom we had seen shot before getting alongside was the ringleader. But now

mark me, boy!—On inquiry, I discovered that the plan had been a long time in agitation, and these injured and devoted children had daily set apart a portion of their own very scanty food to strengthen the men for the enterprise. Most of them knew of the attempt, yet none betrayed the secret. I bought Davy of the captain, and went up the Plate as far as I could (for the schooner was bound to Monte Video), and then was compelled to quit her, for she was under the flag of a neutral power; besides, our own country was then engaged in the same traffic."

"And what became of the children, grandpapa?"

"All sold into slavery, my dear!"

"And Davy, grandpapa?"

"I took him with me: but what he has done with the hut and the plantain-ground, I can't tell."

"And the earthquake, grandpapa?" for I had not forgotten that.

"You want to know every thing, boy, and you forget that my memory fails me. However, I'll try and recollect that too for some other night; but you must go to bed now, and to-morrow Davy will tell you all about it."

I afterwards learned that Davy had rescued my dear mother from destruction, at the risk of his own life, during an earthquake in Trinidad, for which my grandfather had given him his freedom, together with the hut and the land. But the free black had no protector in the west: the slaves plundered his property;

sickness came, and no medical attendant would minister to his wants without the accustomed fee: he contracted debts, and his ground was sold to the estate on which it was situated, to pay the lawyers. He quitted the island of Trinidad to go to Berbice; but, being wrecked near Mahaica Creek, on the east coast of Demerara, he lost his free papers, was seized by the government, and sold as a slave, to pay the expenses of advertising and his keep. He fortunately fell into the hands of a kind master, who at his death once more set him at liberty, and he had come to England in the hope of bettering his condition. But here misfortune still pursued him: the gentleman whom he accompanied died on the passage; he could obtain no employment on his landing; he had been plundered of what little money he possessed, and had since wandered about the country till the evening that he implored charity, and found a home.

My worthy grandfather is now numbered with the dead; and I love to sit upon his grave-stone at the evening hour; it seems as if I were once more placed upon his knee, and listening to his tales of bygone years. But Daddy Davy is still in existence, and living with me. Indeed, whilst I have been writing, I have had occasion to put several questions to him on the subject, and he has been fidgeting about the room to try and ascertain what I was relating respecting him.

"I am only giving a *sketch* of my grandfather, Davy," said I.

"*Catch*, massa! what he call *catch*?"

"About the schooner, and Trinidad, and the earthquake, Davy."

"And da old massa what sleep in de *Werk-en-rust* *?"

"Yes, Davy, and the snow-storm."

"Ah, da buckra good man! Davy see him noder time up dere," pointing towards the sky.—"Gor Amighty for ever bless kind massa!"

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## THE PRISONER TO THE SUNBEAM.

BY CHARLES BICKMORE, ESQ.

FAINT beam of light, that glancest through my cell!
Why dost thou, glimmering, come to mock the gloom
Which ever hangs around the prisoner's doom,
And which thy flickering ray cannot dispel?
Why dost thou visit the pent wretch, to tell
That there are happy beings still, for whom
The skies yet brighten, and the fresh flowers bloom?
That some still blest with light and freedom dwell?
To me nor flowers nor brightening skies are given;
The cheering sun displays in vain for me
His morning beams o'er the rejoicing heaven;
For me, in vain his lovely light at even:
This changeless twilight all I ever see—
This narrow dungeon all my liberty.

* *Werk-en-rust*, literally work-and-rest, is the name given to the burying-ground at Demerara, but here it is meant to apply generally to all places of sepulture.

# THE CAVE OF LEMORNA;

A LEGENDARY TALE.

BY THE REV. R. POLWHELE.

AMIDST Lemorna's* sullen cave
The Druid-harp shall sound no more,
To join the murmurs of the wave
That restless beats the shelving shore.
Yet crimsoning slow its cloud of gold,
Here, while the tints of evening spread,
I love to hail the bards of old—
Dim visions of the silent dead.
Yet here I listen to the strain
That echoes from some airy shell,
And scarce believe the phantom vain,
Where white robes float in yonder cell.
But, as I rove along the coast,
The full moon silvering wide the sea,
I mourn Lemorna's Druid lost,
And look, sweet Arven, oft for thee!
How many a time did Arven's eye
O'er the smooth sands in rapture stray!—
Hast thou not seen the fawn frisk by?—
'T was thus she tripp'd her careless way.
But Arven (such the historic tale)
Soon droop'd amidst a chilling gloom;

* A romantic cave on the south-west coast of Cornwall, which the author visited about fifty years ago, when he wrote the above tale, now found among his MSS.

So rues the flower the frost's keen gale—
Nor summer-airs restore its bloom.

Not distant from the cave, with towers
Long ivy-crowned, a castle rose;
The foliage of its ancient bowers
Breath'd o'er the scene a deep repose.
Here Rathmar lived in elder days;
His proud demesnes were stretch'd afar;
By none surpass'd in valour's praise,
He urged, like flame, the scythed car.
Thither young chiefs with ardour flew;
(How slow their faltering steps to part!)
Whilst Arven, his gay daughter, drew
Around her many a throbbing heart.
With jealous fires their bosoms burn:
Nor Malo's eyes Cuthullin brook;
And Conrad marks, with glances stern,
The expression fond of Oscar's look.
Ah! safer, as deep dales inspire
The chase, to hunt the antler-prey,
Than urge the course where fierce desire
To one fair object points the way.

Why rises thus the rosy light
O'er Arven's breast, that pants in sighs?
Ah! why that virgin blush so bright,
To lure to love unhallow'd eyes?
But see—on *one*, whose tender tale
Had murmur'd through the secret shade,

As Hesper soften'd all the vale—
  See Arven smiles, a melting maid!
The rest—lorn chiefs!—In vain the power
  Of mirth ye hail, to speed the day;
Though erst in Pleasure's gilded bower
  Ye laugh'd the moments wild away.
Go, hapless thanes! no more frequent
  The high-roof'd hall, the glimmering grove,
Where Fancy, fond deceiver! lent
  The languish of propitious love.
From one alone, whose auburn hair
  Half shaded his cheek's vivid glow,
Not idly to the assenting fair
  Congenial vows and wishes flow.

Light o'er the harebells down the glade,
  When whisper'd scarce the dying breeze,
And, silent as their lengthen'd shade,
  In sabler masses gloom'd the trees;
Her fairy robe of gold and gray,
  Whilst Eve with gradual fingers wove,
And stole from sight the footworn way,
  And waked the rills through glen and grove;
Light o'er the harebells down the glade,
  And fresh as the moist cups they closed,
The virgin of the castle stray'd,
  And placid on the scene reposed.
Yes! she was calm as summer wave
  When hovering blue-birds hush the deep:

But Heaven to gentle Arven gave
A heart to sigh, an eye to weep.
Yet, far from all the trying scenes
Where shivering Want and Grief retire,
She knew not what the sorrower means,
Who saw his last faint hope expire.
Yet, far from bristling spears or mail,
Where vengeance bids the battle glow,
She shrank, too tender, from the tale
Of sanguine strife or silent woe.
Now to Lemorna's cavern brown
Her steps through evening shades repair,
Where surges swell and carnedds frown,
But roams nor spleen nor withering care.
To view the Druid's sacred rite,
The cromlech, the red victim-stone,
The circling fire's resplendent light,
To listen to the rude harp's tone,
Inspired the maid with awe. To chant
The hymns, the misletoe to mark,
To muse amid the mystic haunt
Ere yet the fading scene grew dark,
She loved. Her look serene the sage
Bless'd with an hospitable smile:
His treasure was a good old age,
Nor chill'd by fear nor stain'd by guile.

"Hail, Arven!" cries the Druid, "hail!
In thee joy's living rosebud glows;

Yet, though the bud be crimson, pale
Shall droop, ere long, the full-blown rose.
O, let not pomp, whose sweeping pall
Is fraught with sweets from flattery's shrine;
Or castle tower, or banner'd hall,
To haughty chiefs thy heart incline.
Be Arven's lot, indulgent Heaven,
Be Arven's lot a parent's love!
Say, can a richer boon be given,
If parents watch and Heaven approve?
The maids who fly domestic ease,
And scenes of dissipation court,
Who triumph in the freaks that seize
Applause, the glances that transport
The giddy throng, and vaunt their charms
As revelry around them reels;
Who boast (where no affection warms)
A herd of rivals at their heels:
Be theirs to snatch the fleeting joy;
Let rapture gild their midnight hour,
And fancy labour to destroy
In idle dreams reflection's power.
Though 't is not thine, of noble stem,
To bend unseen thy quiet way;
Through wilds thy reason would condemn,
Ne'er may thy wishes learn to stray.
Though 't is not thine, from every eye
Retired, obsequious crowds to shun;

Yet never be thy fate to sigh
For transient praise by beauty won."

Why murmurs the night-warbler near,
Faint echo of departing joy?
Hark, Arven shrieks!—a glittering spear
I see uplifted to destroy.
'T is Conrad: on the dim rock gleams
His cuirass to the lunar ray;
On his dark brow the silver beams
Blazon him pouncing on his prey.
" Relentless girl!" (the chieftain cries,)
" Doth Conrad all thy beauties blast?
A demon in thy purer eyes,
That each fond glance on Oscar waste?
Yet, till she grant my slighted prayer,
In Treryn's walls the maid immure:
There may she greet the billows! There
Lone lingering days—pale nights endure."
He paused; and ere again he spoke,
A ruffian-band from out the wood,
Like wolves that howl to horror, broke—
In rapine prompt, and bathed in blood.

" Hie hence!" the priest exclaims, " avaunt!
Nor with a breath pollute my cell!
Fly, Conrad! fly this sacred haunt,
Where, Heaven-elect, high Druids dwell.
Tremble, thou wretch! nor dare assail
With wild desires so chaste a maid;

Your vengeance may the miscreant wail—
  Just gods!—with strength your Druid aid!"
"Thy prayers flow fruitless!" Conrad cries,
  "And idle every boasted rite:
Thus—thus—Lemorna's Druid lies,
  Plunged by this hand in endless night."

And is the Druid's spirit fled?—
  Saved from the pangs her lovers share;
Whilst Arven, senseless as the dead,
  To Treryn's walls the ruffians bear.
Yet shall she wake, while tempests lower,
  And round the maddening billows rave,
As she who lone in Sestos' tower
  Wept o'er the thunders of the wave.
Still on the rockstone, cold and drear,
  Unnoticed is the Druid laid;
His quivering heart-pulse beats.—Draw near
  Some friendly traveller, and give aid.
But o'er the cavern seems to steal
  The star of night in lustre clear,
And drop, as if that wound to heal,
  To Pity's self a balmy tear.

And now a flood of orient day
  Dispersed the dawn's impurpled shade;
And shrill the throstle's early lay
  Cheer'd the green hill, the steaming glade.

And, lo! a swain in blithesome mood,
  Lemorna's uplands wandering o'er,
And piping many a ditty rude
  To sportive echo down the shore,
Saw—dreadful to the startled view!—
  What seem'd a bloody corse below!—
Back he recoil'd, then nearer drew,
  Descending from the mountain brow.—
Stretch'd on the rock the Druid lay:
  His eye, half-raised, implored the swain:
Its silent water sank away—
  One tear—nor did it ask in vain.

Full soon the tale of Arven's woe
  Transfix'd her hoary father's breast:
"Alas!" he cried, "I struck the blow!
  Hailing too many a suitor-guest.
For her no more the goblet's stream
  Shall sparkle in my castle-halls;
And to a thousand tapers beam
  No more those richly-storied walls.
For her, to grace the solemn chair,
  No bards, where Molfra's valley blooms,
Shall seize their harps, or charm her ear,
  From Karnbré's consecrated glooms!"

Not so did Oscar hear—not so
  Did Oscar heed the fateful tale;

Mute, motionless he stood—the foe
To meet, then snatch'd his helm, his mail!
No rivals for a fancied wreath,
The chiefs rush'd forth. Mad passions rose
In either breast; the barrow'd heath
Was startled from its pale repose.
Fierce were the steel-clad steeds! the sound
Of hoofs the waste with terror fills;
Like torrents foaming o'er their mound,
Or thunder on the darken'd hills.
His spear wild Oscar couch'd, and threw
With deathless aim, and couch'd again;
Nor, till his thirsty dirk he drew,
Bade gasping Conrad bite the plain.
Lo! Conrad's shield (like the grim cloud,
Resting on horizontal heaven,
Ere the storm bursts in peals aloud)
With one dire crash asunder riven—
He dies!—To soothe his angry ghost,
No bard shall chant his funeral strain;
Nor e'er his dreaded memory boast
The three gray stones that mark the slain.
Soft maids, untouch'd by Conrad's doom,
Shall bid the yew's dark branches wave,
And nightshade blend its baneful bloom
With hemlock, o'er his hated grave!

Again, while bounds the lover's heart,
The golden dreams of fancy play!

And, see! the lamp of hope impart
To Arven's sire a gladsome ray.
Yet hark! a voice from Conrad's dome:
"Thy Arven wanders far from thee!
And vain thy ships through ocean-foam
Would seek her on the distant sea!"
'Tis Conrad's spirit in the blast—
And other sounds doth Oscar hear?
Behold! the hero sinks aghast—
Is it a death-shriek smites his ear?
I hear it, where the white waves gleam;
Yes! where they lash yon struggling sail—
Say, is it Arven's; or the scream
Of that fell spirit in the gale?
But light as air along the sands
That gliding shape!—how still the deep!
Are they not Arven's lily hands?
Yes, sure, her mortal frame in sleep—
Death's sleep—is lock'd!—Your gentlest girl,
Ye sea-sprites! bid your Arven rest;
And where ye pave with choicest pearl
Your grots, in coral sheathe her breast!
No, no! 't is Arven's earthly form!
Her own blue eyes, her lips, her cheek,
To bless her Oscar, from the storm
Escaped, like Maia's morning break!

Turner del.

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J. C. Stadler Sculp.

AN ITALIAN SCENE.

# AN ADVENTURE IN ITALY.

BY W. H. HARRISON, ESQ.

"Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you."

SHAKSPEARE.

IT was towards the close of a beautiful autumnal day that two travellers were pursuing their journey through a tract of that luxuriant and romantic scenery with which Italy abounds. The younger, having the appearance of being about eight and twenty, was of a tall though compact figure, the expression of whose very handsome features, glowing with health and exercise, was rather heightened than diminished by the tint they had derived from exposure to the sun. His dress and bearing indicated what he really was, an Englishman of rank. The other, his elder by some years, was of about the same stature, though of a squarer and more robust make, with a cast of countenance decidedly Hibernian, in which an air of openness and good humour compensated for whatever it might want of comeliness. They stood towards each other in the relation of master and servant.

The master, whom I shall call Vernon, had sent his carriage on before him, having determined on performing the latter part of his journey on foot; a resolution adopted rather on the impulse of a somewhat romantic temperament, than in obedience to the dictates of prudence, since the police of the district, at no period very effective, was, at the time of which I am writing, in so relaxed a state as to encourage rather than repress the

outrages of those predatory bands by which Italy has always, in a greater or less degree, been infested.

Having arrived at the ruin of one of those architectural monuments of its ancient splendour, with which the country is interspersed, Vernon paused to survey the magnificent prospect it commanded. The setting sun was shedding his parting glories upon a noble stream that expanded to the breadth of a lake in the extreme distance, and pursued its devious course through a thickly wooded country, in which, for some miles, it was buried from the traveller's eye, and then flowed within a few hundred yards of his feet. Here and there, among the woodlands, were scattered the castles and palaces of the ancient nobility, and the temples of classic times, lifting their tall summits into the sunshine above the trees, and imparting an air of grandeur to the scene, of which none but those who have gazed upon an Italian landscape can form an adequate conception.

"A fine country this!" exclaimed Vernon, after a long pause, to his attendant, who, as an old servant of the family, was a sort of privileged person.

"Your honour may say that," was the reply; "but to my humble thinking, the sight of an inn, or even an alehouse, would improve it greatly."

"Why, I must confess, Terence," cried his master, "our own prospects would be none the worse for such an addition. I begin to fear we have taken the wrong road."

"A road your honour calls it?" rejoined Terence. "Faith, and it's doubtful I am if any foot but a brute beast's has been upon the path we're treading for this many a day. It's benighted we'll be, any how."

"Not quite so bad as that, Terence," said his master, "I hope: you appear to be quite out of spirits on the occasion."

"That's true for your honour," replied Terence, mournfully, "for sorrow a drop of Innishowen's in the bottle."

"Nay, I did not allude to your whisky-flask; I meant that you looked on the dark side of the matter."

"Will your honour see any other side of it by this light?" inquired the man; for the sun had then dropped behind the mountain, and the mists were beginning to come up from the valley.

"But surely," continued Vernon, "some of the buildings we see around us must be inhabited."

"O yes!" was the reply; "I'll be bail for them they are, but it's by them that don't cook their victuals before they eat them. Troth, and it's a wild place we're in, your honour; the more by token that a big fox came out of a bush just now, and may be he did not look up in my face as *bould* as if he never seen a Christian before in his born days."

"Your eyes were sharper than mine, then, Terence."

"How would your honour see it, and you busy reading the inscription down there? And it's glad I'd

been if ye 'd lighted on 'Good Entertainment for Man and Horse,' instead of that same."

"If my eyes deceive me not, Terence," exclaimed his master, "that is certainly a light glimmering from a window down in the valley there. Let us make towards it."

"O, then it 's myself would go after your honour any where," was the reply; "but I hope you won't find yourself up to the chin in a bog, as I did, one night, when I 'd a fancy for following a light as like that to the fore as two peas."

Regardless, however, of his servant's apprehensions, Vernon pressed forward in the direction of the light, followed by Terence. They were just entering a defile of the valley, when they were startled by a voice commanding them to stop; and, on looking upwards, they perceived the figure of a man standing upon a projection of the rock, in high relief against the twilight sky. The travellers, neither admiring the tone in which the mandate was uttered, nor the appearance of the speaker, continued to advance, when the challenger unslung his carbine and presented it. Before, however, he could adjust his aim he received a pistol shot in his arm, which dropped useless by his side. "Put that in your pipe, and smoke it," exclaimed Terence, who, having been a little in the rear of Vernon, was not at first observed by the robber, and had fired immediately on perceiving the danger

to which his master was exposed. Scarcely had the smoke dispersed when they were surrounded by a dozen banditti, by whom they were, after a short but severe struggle, secured; not, however, until Terence had wounded another by the discharge of his remaining pistol, and brought a third to the earth with the butt end of it; while his master received a slight wound in the shoulder, a favour which he acknowledged by placing a brace of his assailants on the pension list for life. The travellers were then disarmed, and marched off, in the midst of the band, to headquarters, to be examined and plundered at leisure.

The reader is mistaken if, judging from what he has seen on the stage, or read in a novel, he imagines the captain of the band to have been a fellow six feet high, with a corsair cast of features, and differing from a hero of the first water in no other respect than his having preferred to make war and levy contributions on his own account, instead of for the benefit of his country. The chieftain to whom our travellers were introduced was a short, bloated man, between forty and fifty, with a red nose, small but fiery eyes, and a countenance whose general expression bespoke him vulgar, sensual, and cruel by nature, and brutalized by intemperance.

The robbers were exasperated at the resistance they had encountered, and disappointed on finding that the property on Vernon's person consisted chiefly of letters of credit, which to them were useless: while their

apprehensions were excited by the discovery of the rank of the party on whom they had committed the outrage.

It was under the combined influence of these considerations, any one of which would have decided their fate, that the captain informed the prisoners they must prepare for death, for that they should be shot the next morning at sunrise. It was in vain that Vernon backed his remonstrances by the offer of procuring a ransom to any amount they might name. Their reply was, that any communication they might suffer him to have with the capital for that purpose would be more likely to bring a troop of horse down upon them than the money. The prisoners were then conducted to an apartment, secured by a grated door, before which was placed a sentinel with a loaded carbine.

The approach of dissolution, under whatever circumstances of preparation, must always be viewed with awe: on the bed of sickness, although the mind becomes in some degree familiarized with the idea, and bodily anguish may have made life a burden, it is painful to look our last upon a world, which, with all its anxieties, holds much that is dear to us; but to receive the dread summons when health and hope and happiness are around us, is indeed to taste of death in all its bitterness and sorrow.

Vernon was constitutionally brave, but it is one thing to encounter death amid the excitement of

battle, and another to meet it in the form under which it was then approaching him. The possessor of most earthly sources of happiness, the object of a mother's hope, a sister's pride, and the idol of one to whom a few months were to have given a name "dearer than all," it was some time before he could sufficiently abstract his mind from the world he was about to quit, in order to a preparation for that to which he was hastening.

Terence, however, though not deficient in courage, and with fewer ties to bind him to existence, appeared much more incapable of applying himself to so serious and necessary a task, for he took his station at the grating of the prison, and watched the sentinel with great attention, until, catching his eye at last, he said—"Is that yourself, Tim?"

The man started at hearing himself thus called on by name, but turned away his face, and remained silent, when Terence continued:—"Tim—Tim Dolan, I say! it's the bad thing ye're doing!" and then, after a pause, during which he received no reply—"Maybe you think I don't know your mother's son behind the black crop you've sown on your lip there. I'll tell you one thing, Tim, it's make your soul of the same colour you will." At length, getting out of patience, Terence exclaimed —"Is it deaf you are? or is them the manners you've come all the way from Mullinahone to learn? I might as well be talking Latin to a goose."

"Asy now, Terry," said the sentinel at last; "what a bother you make! don't you see I'm on duty?"

"Is it duty?" said Terence. "Oh! then it's a queer notion you have of that same, to be lending a hand to cut the throat of two honest men, and one your countryman and cousin-german to boot. 'T would be more like a decent christian, I'm thinking, to be dropping the bar outside there, and letting us out."

"I tell you I can't, Terence; it's more than my place is worth."

"And that's little enough, Tim, any how. It is not for myself I care so much, for, go when I will, I'll be no loss to any one; but it's for the sake of the master, here to the fore, that I'm asking the kind thing of you. Oh Tim, Tim! think upon his young blood, and that it will be red upon your soul, if it's shed by them ruffians, and you able to prevent it. Think, Tim, upon the old gray-headed man in Mullinahone, who'd curse the hour you were born, if he knew his son was bringing disgrace upon his name and his country in this fashion."

This last appeal appeared to touch the sentinel, for he answered in a softer tone than that which he had hitherto adopted:

"Oh! then it isn't myself would refuse to help a friend at a pinch, and that you know yourself right well; but where's the use of my opening the door when the only way out of the place is through the room they're drinking in?"

"That's our concern," said Terence: "you might give us a squeak for our lives at any rate."

"And get my own throat cut for my pains."

"And what's the reason you can't take your chance with us? Wouldn't it be better to die in a good cause than to be strung up by the neck some day between earth and heaven, as if you had no business in either. The master wouldn't be the man to forget the kind deed, I'm thinking."

At this juncture Vernon, who had been an attentive listener to the latter part of the conference, came forward, and enforced Terence's arguments by promising to open the way for Tim's return to an honest path in life, and to reward him liberally besides, in the event of his co-operation in their escape proving successful.

Dolan, who had joined the band in a fit of disappointment, and had more than once repented of the act, was not without his feelings, and, after some farther hesitation, consented to aid their escape. Accordingly, after releasing them from prison, he restored to them their arms, to which he had access, with the means of reloading them, and furnished them each with a sword in addition.

As they approached the scene of the robbers' carousal, the boisterous sounds of conviviality which saluted their ears inspired them with a hope that the revellers were too far gone in their cups to notice their attempt, or to frustrate it if they did. A single glance,

which they were enabled, unperceived, to get at the party, was sufficient to destroy so vain an expectation. The robbers had drunk wine enough to inflame their ferocity, without disarming their vigilance, and had so disposed themselves that it was next to impossible for the fugitives to gain the opposite door without coming in personal contact with one or more of the band.

A large torch was fixed on the table round which they were sitting, and, while it flung its red glare upon the forbidding countenances of the banqueters, illuminated the remotest corner of the chamber. Dolan, as the best acquainted with the path, led the way upon his hands and knees, and, crawling close under the wall, succeeded in gaining the door unperceived by the robbers. Terence, elated by the successful example of his countryman, followed in his steps, but, either from want of sufficient care, or from the circumstance of his being a stouter man, he, on squeezing himself between the wall and a barrel on which one of the banditti was seated, overturned the latter, and thus betrayed himself and his master to the view of the robbers.

"Treason, treason!" exclaimed the band in concert, as they started to their feet, and, with their swords flashing in the torchlight, rushed upon their prey. Vernon, with a presence of mind peculiar to gallant spirits, instead of making for the door, sprang to the table, struck down the torch, and involved the whole party in darkness. He was, how-

ever, seized at the same instant by the captain, who clung to his throat like a bloodhound, and by his weight dragged his captive to the ground. A fearful struggle ensued, during which Vernon and the robber-chief were alternately uppermost, the former being deterred from discharging his pistol by the fear of discovering their relative positions by the flash, while the rest of the band refrained from using their weapons in the dark, where they were more likely to smite friends than foes.

Vernon at last succeeded in placing his knee upon the neck of his antagonist, and compelling him to relinquish his hold. After some difficulty, he was so fortunate as to gain the door, and passed through it into the court-yard, which, with the exception of an angle of it, was illuminated by the beams of the full moon. As, however, he was making his way toward the outer gate, he had the mortification of perceiving two of the robbers running for the same point, with the view of cutting off the retreat of the fugitives, while he heard the footsteps of the rest in close pursuit at his heels. Before he could decide upon the alternative of pressing forward or surrendering, two shots, fired simultaneously from the shaded angle of the court-yard, which was by the gate, stretched the robbers in advance upon the grass, and, at almost the same instant, he perceived the figures of Terence and Dolan dart through the portal. Vernon followed with the speed of light, and had no sooner over-

taken them, than Tim seized him and Terence by the arm, without speaking, and dragged them down an almost precipitous descent, covered with briars and underwood, by which their clothes were nearly torn from their backs, and their persons much lacerated before they reached, or rather rolled, to the bottom.

As soon as they gained their feet, Dolan whispered, "Now run, boys, for the bare life, and keep out of the moonshine, or its kilt and murdered ye are, intirely." The caution was not needless; for, as they followed in his steps, they heard the robbers, who had hit upon their track, breaking through the bushes about two hundred yards in their rear, while their random shots were whistling among the leaves about the fugitives in all directions. After running for about a quarter of a mile, they arrived at a shed, in which were tied the horses of the banditti. To select one each, and to slip the bridles over the heads of the others and turn them loose upon the road, was the work of a moment, and the next they were galloping off at the top of their speed towards the river. Arrived at the brink, they pushed their horses into the stream, and were soon on the opposite bank. Thus safe from pursuit, they continued their journey at their leisure, and, after an hour's riding, arrived at the town to which Vernon had sent forward his carriage.

Dolan was rewarded for his services beyond his expectations, and is now respectably settled in his own country, an honest and useful member of society.

# THE ELVES OF CAER-GWYN.

BY H. F. CHORLEY, ESQ.

"Heaven defend me from that Welch fairy."
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

"All courteous are by kind, and ever proud
With friendly offices to help the good."
THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF.

THERE remains to this day, or, at all events, there did remain till within the last few years, the spacious ivy-covered manor-house of Caer-gwyn, one of the finest specimens of domestic architecture in that part of the principality. It is situated far from any town, in the midst of its broad lands, and sheltered by hills, in the lone recesses of which is hidden many a secluded valley with its tiny rivulet, and sparingly scattered among the extensive sheep pastures are small antique farm-houses, looking as though they were a part of the primitive rock on which they stand. There is, however, on the estate, one ravine in particular of great beauty, though little known to the tourist; it is terminated by a waterfall, where the brook, after having long been pent up in a narrow channel, shoots over a perpendicular rock of considerable height into the valley below: a rude path has been formed beneath the fall, so that you can return by the other side of the stream, after having passed under the cascade. Large trees have grown in the crevices of the stones, their branches in many places meeting above the water; ferns and other shade-loving plants spring up on every side in rich profusion, and, for many yards, the path

is overhung by a luxuriant drapery of ivy, the branches of which nearly sweep to the ground. In short, it is a haunt of such wild and lonely beauty, that it is not difficult to believe the popular tradition, that elves and fairies there loved to dwell and disport themselves; and a cave is yet shown said to be their chosen stronghold and retreat. Many are the stories extant among the aged peasants of their tricksy gambols; and those who love a tale of their days and deeds for some stormy winter evening, when the fancy is set free, and there are none stern or unimaginative enough to chide or check her flights, may perhaps read, with some interest, my legend of the Elves of Caer-gwyn.

Few families of note lived in the fairy-favoured days without their signs or omens attendant on good and evil fortune, and the house of Caer-gwyn was by no means an exception to this general rule. Its family sprites, too, were supposed to exercise an unwearied, and often an unwelcome interference in the destinies of the sons and daughters of its race—nay, rumour-loving gossips declared that, owing to their influence (*how*, it was never very accurately explained), the lady Jane Welles, then heiress to the property, broke her faith with a long-attached lover, and married Sir Cyril Vavasour. The rejected one went abroad upon her marriage, and never returned to England; his lands were left to the care of a steward, and, as little was heard of him for a long series of years, his name, at length, seemed gradually to pass from remembrance;

except when, twice a-year, old Barnabas opened a part of the desolate manor-house, when the tenants came to pay their rents; and then, as they went homewards, the honest farmers would spend themselves in conjectures (for Barnabas was impenetrable to questions), as to what had become of Mr. Tyrrell.

It was on a very stormy evening in the autumn of 17—, that a gentleman reined up his steed at the door of a miserable hut, and, knocking loudly, requested shelter and rest, at least till the thunder and rain, which fell in torrents, should have abated. He had travelled far, and ridden hard all day, through a wild and thinly peopled district; and though his good horse had long been tired, and his rider anxious to pause upon his journey, this dwelling, in a lone and craggy valley, was the first he had seen for many miles. It was situated at a little distance from the road (if road that might be called, which in many places was nothing more than the bed of a mountain torrent, where the stream had been diverted to some other channel), and a smoke rising among the trees had directed him, through a kind of rift in the rocks, to a small hollow, surrounded on every side by huge, fantastically-shaped fragments of stone. Among these there seemed hardly room for the cottage and its garden, and the wanderer wondered what singular being could inhabit such a strangely-situated dwelling. After some pause the door was opened by a tall, stern-looking woman, far advanced in years, as might be seen by the wrinkles

on her brow, and the whiteness of her hair, though her figure was still erect and unbending. Her dress was very clean and neat; she even wore ornaments of some cost—rings of gold upon her fingers—and a bunch of keys suspended at her side by a silver chain. Almost before she could open the door he heard her say, "Why have you come so much too early?" but when she perceived that her visiter was no inhabitant of that country, but young and handsome, and richly dressed in a foreign costume, she stepped back, and seemed to hesitate, when he said, "I am a stranger in these parts, and have lost my way; can you give me shelter?" "I do not know," she replied ungraciously, "this is no house of entertainment for wayfaring folk;" and then, looking out upon the stormy sky, she added, "but you may come in." "And my horse, good mother?" "I will show you where you may stable him," said she, pointing to the door of a small shed in another corner. Upon this the rider dismounted, and, having led the tired steed to the stable, and with some trouble found for him a small bundle of musty hay, he next began to think of his own comforts, and returned to the cottage, which promised warmth at least from the bright fire blazing within.

The inside of the small dwelling suited well the neat appearance of its owner. At first, Launcelot was too intent upon drying his wet garments, and doing justice to the good cheer of bread, eggs, new milk, *et cetera*, set before him, to notice much else; but when

his hunger was in some measure satisfied, and his hostess left him, he began to use as keen a pair of black eyes as were ever set in human head, to make observations withal. The apartment was strangely set out with old furniture, which had once been handsome and costly; and by degrees he came to the conclusion that this must be the dwelling of some devotee who had withdrawn herself from the world to this retired spot. He was confirmed in his conjecture, by observing in one corner, above a slab of stone, the image of a saint rudely carved; and on a table within reach of his hand was a huge black-letter Bible. There was no sign of any other inhabitant, and he was beginning to meditate a chain of subtle questions, which might throw some light on the history and calling of his stately hostess, when she entered, and, after removing the food from the table, drew a chair to the fire, and commenced the conversation herself.

"The storm is over," said she, "and your garments (laying her hand on his cloak), are dry; are you ready to depart, or have you any further business here?"

"Why, my good lady," said the youth, "you would not surely turn out a stranger who has lost his way, and who cannot tell where else he is to find a night's lodging. How should I have any other business here who never was in the country before?"

"It matters not," she said; and then in an undertone began to think aloud. "No one will be coming to-night, and if he be a stranger, he will never be able

to find his way out of this place in the dark;" then raising her voice, "if you think you can sleep in this chair, I shall be glad to accommodate you for the night."

"Sleep! I could sleep anywhere after being tossed about for a week on shipboard," rejoined Launcelot good-humouredly, "and, upon my honour, this is the only clean cottage I have seen since I set foot in Wales—but do not you find it very solitary to live here all alone?"

She answered coldly in the negative, and there was again a dead pause, when suddenly she drew close to her guest, and said, in a low and earnest tone, while she fixed her cold gray eyes steadily upon his, "Young man, have you ever an enemy on whom you wish to be avenged?"

"*Parbleu!* mother, what a question!" replied Launcelot, a little startled: "I cannot guess what interest you can have in knowing my enemies."

"What if I could help you to a revenge upon them?"

"Upon my honour this is a strange country, where I cannot sit comfortably down by the first good fire I have seen, without having to answer such inquiries. No, mother!—once for all, I have no enemies that I remember just now; and, if I had, this good sword of mine is sufficient to chastise them all."

"I am satisfied," she said, and then again sunk into a moody silence. Her guest, after one or two more vain attempts at conversation, was silent too—with him an unusual circumstance.

Thus passed on an hour, when suddenly she sprang from her seat, saying hastily, "I hear feet!—Young man, you must hide yourself."

"Nay—I will fly from no danger!—and let me still sit by this warm fire," replied the youth, who had curled himself up into an attitude of great comfort, and was fast approaching a happy state of forgetfulness.

"No, no—you must either be contented to hide for a time," replied his hostess, "or at once leave the house.—Here, this way—Coming!" she cried, in answer to a low tap on the door; and she thrust her guest, who was too sleepy to resist much, behind a clay partition, where was a chair, cautioning him to be silent.

People are rarely too drowsy for curiosity, and Launcelot (who had yielded because he knew not whether his non-compliance with her request might not involve his hostess in some danger), having found a loophole of observation in the ruinous wall, soon awakened up to a brisk interest in what passed; and the scene was truly a singular one.

The door was opened, and another woman entered, obviously of a much lower rank than his hostess, who testified much surprise on beholding her.

"Why, Winifred, are you here again?" said she; "and such a distance as you have to come. What has brought you out to-night?—The old errand, I suppose—and you wish me to show you the way to the well?"

The old woman, when she had recovered her breath, made some answer unintelligible to the listener.

"And who is it that you wish to doom now?" inquired the other eagerly.

"Take a piece of lead, and write the name I shall tell you."

"What! is old Purvill's turn come at last?" exclaimed the sibyl of the spring, when she had traced the required name for her visiter, whose own palsied hand was unable to aid the scheme of vengeance. "It is no more than I have long expected; but what has he done to you?"

"He has sold my last cow for my rent; and it was but the other day he bade his bailiff whip my poor little Morgan, for only gathering a few nuts in his wood, the Saxon! And you know"—here she lowered her voice, and the listener could only catch the words "my daughter."—"Well," added she, in her usual tone, "they say now that he is going to court Sir Cyril Vavasour's lady daughter.—Evil befall them both!"

"Hush, hush, Winifred!" said the sibyl; "but where is your money?"

The old woman produced from her pocket a piece of silver, and then her hostess opened the Bible, and, pointing to a few verses, desired her to follow her, while she read them backwards. Then came a muttered imprecation on the head of her victim—"that his eyes might fail, that his body might grow thin, that his heart might be grieved, that his flocks might die,

that his corn might be blighted, that he might not sleep by night, and that the curses of the poor and houseless might attend his up-rising and down-lying." These, and other such wishes, were poured forth in profusion, with all the earnestness of concentrated malignity; and then Launcelot watched them leave the cottage, and, in an instant afterwards, heard distinctly the sound of a plash in water. Presently they returned, but the ceremony was over; and, as there was nothing more to be learned, for they spoke fast and fluently, but in such a low voice that he could not comprehend or follow the subject of their discourse, he became again overcome with sleep, which, in spite of his efforts, compelled him to yield to its influence.

He prepared, as soon as he awoke, which was very early in the morning, to continue his journey; and when he sought his hostess to recompense her hospitality, she returned his money to him, saying, "Keep your gold—I do not need it; but if you fancy that you owe me any thing, let me ask you a favour, which is, that you will promise me, on the word of a gentleman, never to mention what you saw or heard last night." Launcelot carelessly gave the required promise, and, after having received some necessary directions as to the road he was to follow, departed.

A week from that time found Launcelot Bellasis an inmate at Caer-gwyn. He had brought letters of introduction from the continent, and old Sir Cyril Vavasour, who had been somewhat of a courtier in

his youth, was so much pleased with the sprightliness and polish of his manner, that he requested him to prolong his stay. Lady Vavasour, too, who had for many years been a confirmed invalid, seemed to find some enjoyment in their guest's society: but these would have weighed little with the young man as inducements to remain, had there not been another inmate in the old manor-house, sweet Anne Vavasour. Inexperienced and country-bred; only seventeen, and beautiful withal; of a rare and radiant loveliness; with the grace and symmetry of a fairy, and with all the frank confidence of a guileless and simple nature—neither concealing nor wishing to conceal the delight she took in Launcelot's merry tales and courtly songs—in having some more gentle companion on her riding excursions than old Gregory the huntsman, and a French master, who taught her twice as well and ten times as pleasantly as Father Edwards the priest—was not this beauty, this confidence, likely to enchain a heart as frank and as open as her own? Never had Caer-gwyn been so cheerful for many a long day: the house was full of the sounds of merriment and music, and at evening the hall rung with the hearty laugh of the old knight, who looked on and enjoyed their mirth. And, in fact, they were never grave, except for one half hour, when they differed on the colour of a set of ribbons Anne was to wear at the approaching harvest-home festival, which was to be kept with all the gaiety and profusion of former days in honour of their guest;

and, on another occasion, when Sir Cyril, at breakfast, announced, looking very significantly at Anne, the approaching arrival of Master Purvill, and bade her put on her best looks to welcome her bridegroom.

Launcelot bit his lip on hearing this intelligence, and after breakfast demanded a private interview with Sir Cyril. He told him at once that he was in love with his daughter; and, when he had finished his tale, waited breathlessly for an answer. The old man sighed and spoke kindly; but he replied, that, by an old family compact, Anne had long been engaged to marry Master Purvill—that, in fact, they were betrothed; and he felt that in honour he could not retract from the agreement: but he told Launcelot, that if he would promise not to attempt to engage the affections of his daughter, and remain with them patiently, then, should any circumstance occur to break a connexion, which must otherwise, he said, go on, he might renew his suit, nor fear rejection. It was in vain that Launcelot besought some further mark of grace: the old gentleman, who had passed his word, was inexorable, even when Launcelot urged that he was of Welsh origin, the son of the long-departed Mr. Tyrrell, who had married abroad, and taken his wife's name, whereas Purvill was an Englishman. To his pleading Sir Cyril answered, that he had given his word; and extorted from him a further promise, that he would not directly or indirectly make Anne acquainted with what had passed; and thus the interview ended.

On the second evening from this day arrived Mr. Purvill, to the great discomfiture of Anne, and the great diversion of Launcelot, who saw at once that his chance was better than he had dared to hope. "Old Purvill" (as he was unanimously called by every one in the house, from the father-in-law to the bride-elect) was singularly ungainly and awkward in his appearance. He had a stoop in his shoulders; he was slightly lame; he was slow in speech; and he never looked any one in the face to whom he was speaking. His demeanour was as disagreeable as his appearance: he came into the house with the air of one who knows he is, or is to be, lord and master; and, excepting the moments in which he was left alone with Anne (who took care that such opportunities should be few and far between), his manner was insufferably overbearing, as he took little pains to conceal how regardless he was of pleasing any one. There was soon a very substantial enmity kindled between him and Launcelot. They were careful, however, that no one should perceive it; and each was to the other "civil as an orange, and somewhat of the same jealous complexion." On some pretext or other, the gay young cavalier would always contrive to join the riding party, or break off the interview by his intrusion; and a fortnight passed on, bringing the harvest-home revel very near, without the occurrence of any decisive event.

Nevertheless, the family of Caer-gwyn was, during that time, far from being a comfortable or settled

household. The servants at first, one by one, began to complain of nocturnal disturbances: they could not sleep as they used to do. Gradually these rumours increased; and then, they knew not how, it was discovered that no domestic work prospered: the milk would not make butter as it should do, the fires would not burn, the chimneys smoked, the cows overthrew three milkmaids in succession, the horses were restive and broke the fences, and every thing animate and inanimate, from the chamber of dais to the *basse cour*, seemed out of order and out of joint. Presently Sir Cyril and Lady Vavasour complained that they lost their rest; or, if they did sleep, that their dreams were sprite-haunted: then Anne began to grow pale and vigilant like the rest, and to tell of whispering voices heard in the corridor at midnight. As to Master Purvill, the gay wooer, he was seized with a violent fit of the cramp; and all, except Launcelot, seemed to be the prey of some trifling but frequently repeated annoyance, whence Master Purvill charitably conjectured that *he* was the cause; and endeavoured, by frequent insinuations to that effect, and by dwelling upon the circumstance of his being the son of Sir Cyril's rival, to darken his sunshine at Caer-gwyn. So came on the harvest festival: and the hall, dressed out with huge bunches of autumn flowers, and such green branches as could be procured, presented a cheerful and lively sight that evening, filled as it was with the sturdy yeomen, their wives and fresh inno-

cent-looking daughters, collected from far and near, and all in their gayest holiday clothes. The dancing commenced early, and was carried on with spirit; though the lights went out once or twice in a most unaccountable manner, and the harper declared that he had never known his strings break so often. But these were minor failures, and the entertainment was proceeding much to the enjoyment of the company, when Launcelot, rather than endure the unwelcome sight of Anne dancing with Master Purvill, walked out into the bright moonshine to digest his vexation as best he might.

It was a glorious night, mild, and fresh, and clear—a night on which the spirit of rancour might well feel its own petty jealousies rebuked by the silent loveliness of the sleeping earth and the solemn majesty of the sky; and Launcelot, though he had that day received much provocation from his rival, which had bred high words between them, felt his own chafed spirit imperceptibly soothed by the tranquillity of all around him. On he went, scarcely knowing whither he was wandering, till upon rousing himself from a reverie he perceived that he was at the entrance of the Fairies' Glen, which looked so bewitchingly lovely in that soft and bright light that he went in, though he remembered countless legends, told him during many a forest walk, of charms wrought there on the night of the full moon, and the sometimes beneficent, sometimes malicious, deeds of the small people who dwelt

therein. But he had a good conscience and a careless heart, so he feared not: indeed, as he walked along he could not forbear singing to his guitar, his constant companion, this romance, the remembrance of which that fairy-haunted valley seemed to awaken:

I would I were a fay,
To dwell beneath a tree,
And sleep the noon away,
Where none my rest might see:
But when with stars the sky
By night was shining gay,
Perchance the poet's eye
Might mark me floating by.
I would I were a fay.

Then lightly would I pass
To where tall night-flowers spring,
And in the dewy grass
The fairies trace their ring:
I'd feast beneath their oak,
And join their charmed lay,
And hear the echo mock
Their music from the rock.
I would I were a fay.

When winter nights are cold,
And lords and ladies sleep
In the castle parlour old,
To its warm fire I'd creep;
Or weave a vision bright
Where Beauty slumb'ring lay,
That she might bless the sprite
Who brought her dreams by night.
I would I were a fay.

There was yet another verse unsung, when, on pausing for an instant to adjust the strings of his guitar, his attention was immediately arrested, and he stood fixed in an attitude of amazement; for some musician (and he thought by the sound some one almost close to him) took up the air, which was a very remarkable one, and sung, in a distinct voice, the words of the last verse. Launcelot crossed himself, for he believed that none in England knew that song but himself; and then, as silently as he could, advanced in the direction whence the sound seemed to proceed; but he saw nothing save the waterfall, which appeared as a stream of silver falling from heaven to earth—when again the verse was repeated. He was now close beneath the cascade; but the shrill clear strain of the music rose high above the steady and measured cadence of the water, and then ceased.—Still he saw nothing. In great perplexity Launcelot bethought him to try another air, pausing in the middle as before. After a moment's silence the viewless minstrel again answered it, completing the strain; and as often as he repeated the experiment, so often did he meet with the same result. The moon was then in her zenith, pouring a flood of light through the most shady places, when, on raising his eyes towards the sky, he imagined that about half way up the rock he descried a pair of very bright eyes like sparks of fire. A little observation confirmed this, and presently he became aware that they belonged to a very small creature clad

in green, who was gazing down upon him; while every now and then was heard the suppressed sound of laughter, as though others were behind him in that rocky recess.

"So you have found us out at last, Launcelot," said the tiny minstrel. "Come up, and you shall hear some good news."

Launcelot was bold enough to say—"And who are you that live in such a place? and why cannot you come down to me, if you have any thing to say?"

Here there was a louder laugh from the rock.

"Oh! most doughty champion of the Lady Anne, you are afraid," answered the little man promptly; "nevertheless you must come up and hear the good news. We have taken a fancy to your music, and will do you no harm. Mount, I say!"—and the youth, who loved adventure and feared nothing, managed by dint of branches and projecting stones to raise himself, and, in a few minutes, to gain the platform whence the voice proceeded.

When he had fairly reached the small shelf of rock, he perceived that he was at the entrance of a vast cavern. The walls were formed of glittering spar of every colour of the rainbow, and the interior was brilliantly illuminated by countless pendent lamps. At the entrance were seated in great state about seven small beings, all richly clad in green: beside each was laid a musical instrument. They received their guest with another chorus of laughter.

"What a mighty trouble the gentleman has taken!" said the spokesman of the party.

"Yes," cried another mischievous-looking little personage, who had just laid aside a trumpet as large as himself; "when there are only such a handful of us to receive him. Pity our master and mistress are not at home."

"Why, where are they gone?" asked the first.

"Oh! they are down at Caer-gwyn," was the answer.

"But, gentlemen," said Launcelot good-naturedly, though he felt rather strangely when he saw their wild looks and heard their shrill voices, "as I have come, I hope that you will not disappoint me of the good news you promised me."

At this there was another loud burst of laughter, and the elves cried, "Oh ho! so you cannot wait till our master comes home. Well, you are a good sort of fellow, and belong to our craft, so we will sing you a stave, and then you must be gone." Thus saying, they arose, and all standing on tip-toe, as though they wished to exert their voices to the utmost, they joined in a melody quaint and sweet, which filled every crevice of the vaulted chamber, and was answered by a distant and musical echo. The *refrain* ran thus:

"Peace shall come to never a one
Till the accursed home is gone."

These homely words were reiterated again and again, with every change of melody; and then the musicians,

with many a fantastic gesture, disappeared into the cavern. As suddenly, the light which had illuminated the interior faded away, and in an instant all was dark. It was like one of the changes of a dream. There was the waterfall roaring within a yard of him, and above were the dark ivy-branches waving in the air; but, in his excited state of mind, he almost fancied that a whispered sound, as of "Go! go!" mingled with the gentle night wind. He felt that he was to expect nothing more that night; and after having vainly sought the entrance to the fairy cavern, now no longer visible, he descended the rock, full of the oracular distich, the melody of which was yet ringing in his ears.

But his adventures were by no means at an end. He was hastily returning homewards, for the first time remembering how long he had been absent, when he heard footsteps near him, beneath the deep shadow of the trees. He stood entirely still to listen whence they proceeded; but they ceased as suddenly, and for an instant all was breathless silence, which was succeeded by another sound, the motive whereof he could not misunderstand:—it was the cocking of a pistol. In a second, ere his eyelid could drop, he had sprung to one side: that very instant the piece was discharged; and, guided now by the sound of retreating footsteps, he rushed through the brushwood, while the distinct and crashing tread of his unseen adversary was a certain guide. But the person whom Launcelot pursued knew the woods much the better of the two. Launcelot, in-

deed, was every instant stumbling over huge stones, or coming to tangled places impossible to pass, while the fugitive was obviously escaping, as the sound of his steps gradually grew fainter; and, ere long, Launcelot saw, in the clear moonshine, a figure cross the path at a lower point, and again disappear in the darkness. Aware that the individual was now beyond his reach, he made the greatest haste homewards, resolving, if possible, to arrive at the house first; for he was sure that this must be some one who had marked his departure, and dogged him unseen; and he knew of only one person who could bear any grudge towards him.

His suspicion was speedily destined to become certainty. On approaching yet nearer to the house, he perceived that its inhabitants and guests were all gathered together upon the lawn. There were Sir Cyril Vavasour, and his servants, and the priest, all talking at once. What was the centre of the circle he could not at first discern; but, on coming nearer, he heard the knight say, in a tone that savoured of much contempt, "Nay, Lord help thee, Master Purvill! but try to bear it like a man.—Why, Lancie, thou art come back in good time: here has our Master Purvill been a night-walking too; and, missing you both from the hall, I stepped out, judging it best that you should not meet, if I could help it, when I heard something roaring like a bull; and on coming here, I found this poor fellow lying—a most pitiable figure as you see—crying for mercy in a voice loud enough to reach to Caermar-

then, and he cannot yet tell what has befallen him. Come, get up, and tell us what is the matter."

"I am fairy-struck! Release me! oh, release me!" cried the prostrate lover, who certainly looked any thing but amiable; his clothes torn with briars, and his wig having fallen off, while he yet lay on the ground, kicking fiercely at every one who approached. "I will never fire pistol more! I will never be married! never! never! Why do you pinch me so?"

"Let *me* come near him," said Father Edwards, who bustled through the crowd; "I will drive out the evil one!—Anathema, Sathanas!"—as he spoke, making the sign of the cross in the air, and sprinkling his face with a few drops of holy water. "Come, sir, rise! your tormentors have left you." And assisting Master Purvill to rise, "See! my brethren," he said, taking a pistol from his unresisting hand, "how vain is the arm of flesh to prevail against the powers of darkness! Tell me, did you wrestle sorely with them ere you were overcome?" But Master Purvill, although restored to his senses, seemed confused, and in no wise willing to speak.

It was now Launcelot's turn to step forward. He took his rival's hand, and, pressing it emphatically, said, "My good sir, I am glad to see you restored; but I fear that the air of Caer-gwyn is not salutary to you, and these moonlight walks after fairies must be very prejudicial to your health. I have studied medicine abroad, and would recommend your returning

homeward as speedily as may be: you require rest and quiet, and cannot find it here."

"Any thing!—that is—to-night, if you please!" gasped out the much-humbled man. "I will not sleep another night within those walls, to suffer a repetition of what I have already undergone."

"I am sorry, Master Purvill," said Sir Cyril gravely, "that you should have been so much disturbed as to be obliged to carry fire-arms in my peaceful house; but we will say nothing more about it now, and talk these things coolly over to-morrow."

"Yes," cried a shrill voice from the crowd; "and

> "Peace shall come back anon,
> When the accursed is gone."

"Who spoke?" cried Purvill wildly; and then turning to his host in an agony of fear—"As you are a Christian man, I pray you let me depart to-night."

"Well, Master Purvill, as you please; but my daughter?"—And just then, as they reached the hall door, the blithe face of the Lady Anne was seen, who eyed her betrothed with a glance in which merriment and contempt were blended.

"Let me speak for the gentleman," said Launcelot. "I have good reason to know that circumstances have happened to-night which render him no longer desirous of the honour of the alliance; only he is diffident, and finds it not easy to speak upon the matter. Is it not so, sir?"

"Yes, yes!" replied Purvill. "Since I have thought on it I have never had an hour's peace. Pray for me, and let me depart."

"Oh, sir," said Sir Cyril, with the air and tone of a much-injured and proud man, "you shall not be compelled to fulfil your engagement. And now, as the hour is late, let us all to bed. Come with me, Lancie, and tell me all about these strange passages." The guests then departed, busily talking over the late events; and, for the first time since the arrival of Master Purvill, all the inhabitants of Caer-gwyn enjoyed good rest.

The next morning found Anne and Launcelot at an unusually early hour standing in the porch to watch Master Purvill's departure. To her, and to her alone, did he ever tell the tale of his encounter with the fairies, whose malevolent influence, it was said, ceased from that hour for ever. There was now no obstacle to the happiness of the lovers. In a few weeks they were married; and, truly, they prospered as much as if the tales of fairy gifts were true. I must tell, ere I conclude, that Master Purvill did not long survive the breaking off the connexion. The cursing-well remains to this day, and is yet resorted to; though I am not aware that any of those sprung from Launcelot Tyrrel and Anne Vavasour have ever had recourse to its waters for the purposes of vengeance, as they have the reputation of being an unusually good-humoured and placable race.

# THE CAT'S-PAW.

BY W. H. HARRISON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF A PHYSICIAN."

"A false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses."

SHAKSPEARE.

I HAVE a deep respect for that dear sex,
Gallantly named, *par excellence*, the tender;
Though some are tough, and beaux and husbands vex
By their extreme reluctance to surrender.
I knew a damsel, on the prudent side
Of thirty, whose refined fastidious fancy
Was hard to please, and hence the dame defied
Ten years' assault;—'t was called the siege of Nancy:
Disdaining of her heart to yield possession,
She was as obstinate as Harry Tudor;
So, rather than surrender at discretion,
She married her tall footman John: *proh pudor!*

I crave the reader's pardon, though: confessing
I'm shamefully addicted to transgressing,—
And lamentably wanting in that ease
With which some plunge, *pêle mêle, in medias res.*
Yet to my subject: in my introduction
My deep devotion to the sex I cited;
And thus, for their particular instruction,
The apologue which follows have indited.

In some rich nabob's house, among a number
Of useless creatures, which the Scots call *flunkies*,

Drawn by Wm. Hogarth. Pubd. by I. Bowles at the Black Horse in Cornhill.

THE CAT'S-PAW

Was kept, to swell th' amount of living lumber,
An individual of the race of monkeys.
He was an ugly brute, as you 'll suppose,
But not the less a coxcomb for all that,
For, with a visage as a pancake flat,
He piqued himself upon his Grecian nose.
He was a finish'd master in the art
Of flattery withal; and had a heart
As hard as was his native rock Gibraltar.
His paws for ever were to mischief turn'd,
And, being a huge thief, he daily earn'd
An undisputed title to a halter.

Co-servitor with Jacko was a pussy,—
A sly sleek-coated mouser—as demure
In look as though her velvet paws were pure
From midnight murders and stol'n cream, the hussy!
But that you 'll say was all in her vocation,—
Most true, Sir Sage, but Rumour has divulged
That, 'spite of her demureness, she indulged
With Jacko in most scandalous flirtation.
'T was matter, sir, of public notoriety;—
They walk'd about together paw in paw,
As most *pas pas* it was, and 'gainst all law
Of animal decorum and propriety.

But what was most surprising, and, of course,
Made Pussy's indiscretions ten times worse,
(Such conduct was of folly the quintessence)

She had three sons grown up to cat's estate,
Four marriageable daughters, besides eight
  In various states of feline juvenescence.
The cat loved flattery, and she had enough,
For Jacko cramm'd her with all sorts of stuff;—
  Declared he never heard one sing so sweetly,
Alluded to her beauty with much tact,
Extoll'd her slender shape, her air,—in fact,
  Bamboozled Mistress Pussy most completely.

In Jacko's metaphysical formation,
  The aptitude for theft was most predominant;
In truth, the organ of appropriation
  Rose on his cranium singularly prominent.
In one of his marauding expeditions,
Some chesnuts were among his acquisitions,
  Which, raw, are not so easy of digestion.
It chanced, too, that our monkey was dyspeptic,
And in the Abernethian code no sceptic,
  So how to cook them next became the question.
Not having near at hand a fork to toast them,
He placed them on the laundry stove to roast them.

This method answer'd just as he desired,
  While Jacko on his roast exulting look'd;
And, before twenty minutes had expired,
  No dish could possibly be better cook'd.
He found them to the touch though far too warm
  For one of his refined organization,

So cast about for one who could perform
The task, as merchants sign, *per procuration.*
Now Jacko, never in expedients sterile
When his own precious person was in peril,
Thought of his feline friend in his distress:
And straight the old sure game of flattery plied
To coax our flirting pussy to his side,
And, sad to say, with most complete success.

Our monkey then began t' enact the lover,
And squeez'd her paw with fervour while he press'd—
The cunning rogue!—her head into his chest,
The better from her eyes his aim to cover;
Then gently stretch'd her paw towards the stove:—
"He used to prate about the warmth of love,
But this," said Pussy to herself, "beats all."
Next moment, though, a most emphatic squall
Spoke her alive to Jacko's vile invention:
Stung by the monkey's baseness and the pain,
Puss turn'd on her betrayer, and the twain
Came tumbling on the floor in fierce contention.

Our monkey battled stoutly—kicking, biting;
While Puss with right good-will return'd the loan:
I have remark'd, though, when it comes to fighting,
That most of the dear sex can hold their own.
Puss knew his face was his most tender part,
And, plying her keen talons with much art,

Made sundry memoranda in red ink
On Jacko's visage, who was glad to slink
Back to his kennel, roaring mad with pain,
And never ventured to the *scratch* again;
While Puss retired triumphant from the strife,
  Though not without her portion of vexation:
She made a vow to lead a single life,
  And—broke it on the very next temptation.

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## THE MANIAC'S SMILE.

BY MISS S. E. HATFIELD.

Saw you that smile upon the maniac's cheeks,
  So cold, and wild, and transient—as the light
    Of the pale meteor spirits of the storm
From the dark-bosom'd clouds in fury breaks,
    Which only drearier shows the heaven's drear form,
  And mocks with hope of brightness the deep night?
Such was that smile, but 't was not always thus:
  Oh! there were days on which those faded eyes
  Threw out a lovelier radiance, and the skies
Seem'd purer azure, while they met their gaze,
To those who loved their beams.—And whence this
      change?
Ask the dissembling heart that loves to range
O'er every human sweet, then casts away
Its beauties all despised—that guilty heart can say!

# THE GRAVE OF THE INDIAN KING.

BY WILLIAM L. STONE, ESQ.

"When the hunter shall sit by the mound, and produce his food at noon—
'Some warrior rests here,' he will say, and my fame shall live in his praise."
OSSIAN.

NATURE seems to have made the fair west in one of her sweetest and kindest moods. Beyond the Onondaga hills, for a long distance, there are no mountains lifting their bleak and rugged summits to the clouds to break the landscape; no beetling cliffs and shagged precipices frowning upon the startled beholder; no dark and gloomy ravines, "horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn;" but the whole region, for hundreds of miles, presents a scene of placid and uninterrupted beauty, varied only by gentle hills and moderate declivities, broad plains and delightful valleys. The entire face of the country is, moreover, diversified by a succession of clear and beautiful lakes—fit residences for the Naiads—and traversed by rivers, which wend their way tranquilly to the north, until, by one mighty bound, they leap from the table-land into the embrace of the majestic Ontario, and are lost in the immensity of its waters. But, of all the lesser lakes with which this charming country has been rendered thus picturesque and delightful, Skaneatelas is deemed by all travellers the most beautiful. Its very name, in the language of the proud race who once ranged the forests, and bounded along its shores with the lofty tread of heaven's nobility, or darted across its bright surface in

the light canoe with the swiftness of an arrow, signifies the LAKE OF BEAUTY. It is true that, being thus divested of the wildness and grandeur of mountain scenery, the stranger's attention is less powerfully awakened at the first view, than if it had been cast among the adamantine towers of a more rugged region; but there is in the country by which it is surrounded a quiet loveliness, an air of repose, eminently calculated to please and to captivate the heart. The lands descend on all sides in a gentle slope to the margin of the lake, forming as it were a spacious amphitheatre, having a fountain of liquid silver sparkling in its bosom. Its shores are alternately beautified by the hand of man with cultivated fields, adorned by the living verdure of the meadow, or fringed with banks of flowers; while, to augment the charm of variety, some of Nature's own stately picturings are left, consisting of groves of the primitive forest, here towering aloft in giant pride, and there overhanging the shore, and dipping their pendent branches in the clear cool element, in which every object is reflected with fresh and vivid distinctness. Combining so many of the elements of beauty, few spots in the broad map of the occidental world have equal pretensions to admiration. Still, however, in the eye of untutored man, how much more beautiful must the Skaneatelas have been before the dense forests in which it was embosomed fell, as though struck by the wand of a magician; when it lay amidst the awful stillness and venerable grandeur which pre-

vailed around—the dark foliage, the rich and solemn covering of the woods, giving it an air of indescribable magnificence and beauty, in perfect keeping with the moody and contemplative habits of the mighty chieftains of the wilderness.

The attractive sheet of water which we have thus briefly described is sixteen miles long, and from one to two miles in breadth. The village, which takes its name from the lake, is pleasantly situated upon a little plain at its western extremity, elevated but a few feet above the pebbly beach, upon which the little crisped billows break so gently as scarcely to give sound enough to hush an infant to repose. The view is charming at all times; but nothing can be more delightful, more exquisitely beautiful, than the prospect from this lovely village on a cool summer's evening, when the queen of night throws her silver mantle over the sparkling waters, lighting them up like a mirror of surpassing brightness. Behind the village the land rises, by an easy ascent, into a hill of moderate height, upon the summit of which an open grove of primitive forest trees, to the extent of some fifty acres, has been suffered to remain by the proprietor—an English gentleman, who has thus far followed the westward march of empire. From this elevated spot the prospect is enlarged, and if possible yet more attractive than below. It includes a wide sweep of fertile country, embracing sections both wild and cultivated, farm houses and country seats, fields diversified with gardens, and

meadows, orchards, copses, and groves. Near the centre of this forest rises a little mound, covered with wild and luxuriant herbage, like a Druid's grave; and which, time immemorial, has been respected by the pale-faces, who have succeeded the dusky lords to whom the Creator originally granted the fee-simple of the soil, as the lone and hallowed sepulchre of an Indian king. Indeed, tradition has invested it with more interest than often attaches to the last narrow habitation even of those who may have figured largely in story or in song. Be mine the humble task to gather up the history of the sacred spot, and rescue the fleeting tradition alike from the danger of exaggeration or the yawning repository of oblivion.

The district in which the incidents of our drama occurred is situated in the heart of what was formerly the territory of the Five Nations of Indians—the Iroquois of the French, and the Mingoes of the early English history. These nations consisted of the Mohawks, the Oneydoes, the Onondagoes, the Cayugas, and the Senekas. They were a noble race of the American aboriginals, and have been appropriately designated as the Romans of the western world. Their league resembled a confederated republic, although they had not advanced much beyond the first stage in the science of government. Their conquests, like those of the Romans, were pushed to a vast extent, so that, by the right of inheritance, or of arms, their subject territory extended from the mouth of the Sorel, on

the St. Lawrence, up the great chain of lakes to the Mississippi, thence to the junction of the Ohio with this Father of Rivers, thence south to the country of the Creeks and Cherokees, and back on the whole extent, from the ocean to the lakes. Like the Romans, they added to their strength by incorporating their vanquished foes into their own tribes; and, of the prisoners thus adopted, those who behaved well were treated as though of their own blood. If wise at the council-fire and brave on the war-path, they were advanced to posts of honour. Like the Romans, moreover, they were ambitious to extend their conquests, even when their power and influence were on the decline. They cherished a high and chivalrous sense of good faith and honour, according to their own rude notions; and carried on a war of thirty years for a single infraction of the rights of the calumet. Their power was great, and their name a terror to other savage nations, long after the Whites had planted themselves over a wide space of the country. The grand councils of this powerful confederacy were held in the deep and romantic valley of the Onondaga, where, as they believed, "there was from the beginning a continual fire kept burning."

The Five Nations, moreover, being the friends and allies of the English, were consequently much of their time involved in hostilities with the French, then in possession of the Canadas, and also with the Indians, who had been induced to adhere to them by the Jesuits;

for "The Holy Order of Jesus" had even thus early insinuated its priestly emissaries into every tribe. Indeed, their fidelity to the English was sometimes put to the severest trials; and whoever traces their history will find their conduct to have been regulated by an elevated and punctilious regard to honour, and marked by disinterestedness "above all Greek and Roman fame." "When the Hatchet-makers," said the eloquent Sadekanaghtie to Governor Fletcher, at Albany, in 1694, "first arrived in this country, we received them kindly. When they were but a small people we entered into a league with them, to guard them from all enemies whatsoever. We were so fond of their society that we tied the great canoe which brought them, not with a rope made of bark, to a tree, but with a strong iron chain, fastened to a great mountain. Then the great council at Onondaga planted a tree of peace at Albany, whose top will reach the sun, and its branches spread far abroad, so that it shall be seen a great way off; and we shall shelter ourselves under it, and live at peace without molestation. The fire of love burns at this place as well as at Onondaga; and this house of peace must be kept clean. Let the covenant-chain be kept bright like silver, and held fast on all sides; let not one pull his arm from it." Alas! noble, generous chief! how fleeting were thy glowing visions! and thy brightest anticipations of peace with the white man, how soon were they overcast! How soon, in the bitterness of grief and disappointment, wast thou com-

pelled to exclaim—"Our arms are stiff and tired of holding fast the chain, whilst others sit still and smoke at their ease. The fat is melted from our flesh, and fallen on our neighbours, who grow plump while we become lean. They flourish, while we decay." Even the race of the tribe which numbered the illustrious Sadekanaghtie, Tachanoontia, Decanesora, and Garangula, whose simple and unstudied eloquence, clothed in the rich and beautiful imagery furnished from this store-house of Nature, shone more brightly than the blaze of their council-fires, has been swept from the face of the earth; and a few straggling remnants of the other tribes, who formed this celebrated confederacy, are all now left of the once mighty and terrible ONGUE-HONWE*. But, in our desire to bestow a passing tribute of honourable and well-deserved praise upon an illustrious race, whose merits have never been properly appreciated, whose noble qualities have not been well understood, and whose proud character all history has united to calumniate, we may have digressed too far, and will now return to our subject—"The grave of the Indian King."

The frequent hostilities in which the Five Nations were involved with the Canadian French and Indians, in consequence of their alliance with the English, have already been mentioned. And cruel were the conflicts and retaliatory massacres on both sides, as might be

* Signifying "Men surpassing all others;" a name which the Five Nations conferred upon themselves.

instanced in the battle between the Five Nations and the Hurons, near Quebec, the destruction of Schenectady, and the slaughter at Montreal. Too often, moreover, were they encouraged and pushed into hostilities by the English, and in time of need left without adequate succour or supplies. In the year 1690, Count Frontenac, one of the most efficient and politic, as well, perhaps, as the most cruel of the French governors in Canada, attempted to detach the Five Nations from the friendship of the English colony, and to negotiate a separate peace. With this view, through the agency of the Jesuits, the Count succeeded in persuading the Indians to call a grand council of their chiefs at the old council-fire in Onondaga, to which he dispatched messengers with his proposals. There were present eighty sachems; and the council was opened by Sadekanaghtie. The French commissioners laboured assiduously to accomplish their purpose, and the conference continued several days. But a messenger from Albany informed the chiefs that a separate peace would displease the English, and the proposals were therefore promptly rejected. Shortly afterwards, the Count determined to avenge himself on the Five Nations, for having preferred maintaining inviolable their good faith and honour, to the peace which he had proffered. For this purpose he assembled all his disposable troops, amounting to four battalions, with the Indians in his service and under his control; and departed from Montreal on the 9th of July, with two

small pieces of cannon, two mortars, a supply of grenades, &c. After a wearisome march of twelve days, during which the utmost circumspection was necessary to avoid ambuscades, the Count reached the foot of the Cadarackui lake (now called Ontario), and crossed thence in canoes to the estuary of the Ohswega river, which flows from the northern extremity of the Onondaga or Salt Lake; the Onondaga river flowing into the southern end, near the great salt licks. The expedition cautiously ascended the Ohswega, and crossed the salt lake, keeping strong scouts on the flanks, to prevent any surprise that might be attempted by a crafty enemy. This precautionary measure was the more necessary, inasmuch as the Indians against whom they were marching, with their wonted chivalry, had given the French notice that they were apprised of their hostile approach. A tree had been discovered by one of the scouts, on the trunk of which the savages had painted a representation of the French army on its march; and at the foot of the tree two bundles of rushes had been deposited, serving at once as a note of defiance, and giving the invaders to understand that they would be compelled to encounter as many warriors as there were rushes in the bundles. These being counted were found to number fourteen hundred and thirty-four.

The castle of the Onondagas was situated in the midst of the deep and beautiful valley to which we have already referred, and through which the Onondaga river

winds its way to the lake. Count Frontenac with his motley forces had made a halt near the licks, and thrown up some temporary defences. The site of the castle was but five or six miles distant from the French camp. It was a sacred spot in the eyes of the Indians, as the seat of the grand councils which had for ages regulated the affairs of the fierce and wild democracy of the Five Nations. They had, therefore, resolved to defend it to the last, and their women and children had been sent from the rude village deeper into the recesses of the forest. Circumstances, however, changed this determination on the morning of the day upon which Count Frontenac intended to advance. Two of the Hurons deserted from the forces of the Count, and gave the Onondagoes, to whose assistance neither of the associate tribes had yet arrived, such an appalling description of the French, that they dared not remain and give battle. Yonnondio's * army, they said, was like the leaves on the trees —more numerous than the pigeons that fly to the north after the season of snows. They were armed, they said, with great guns, that threw up huge balls high towards the sun; and when these balls fell into their castle they would explode, and scatter fire and death everywhere. Upon this intelligence, the sachems gathered into a group around the council-fire for consultation. Their piercing eye-balls, which were at first burning with in-

* The name by which the Five Nations designated the French governor. *Cayenguirago* was the name they gave to the English governors.

dignation, soon dropped suddenly to the earth, as they reflected upon the impossibility of contending against such weapons, while their dusky countenances gathered darkness with the gloom. Some of the principal chiefs having interchanged a few words in an under-tone, there was a call to bring Thurensera* to the council-fire. A dozen young warriors instantly sprung upon their feet, and bounded towards the principal wigwam of the village with the swiftness of greyhounds. Ere many seconds had elapsed they returned, bearing upon a rudely-constructed litter an aged and venerable-looking chief, whose head was whitened by the snows of more than a hundred winters. He had been foremost on the war-path and first at the council-fire, before the great canoes of the pale-faces had touched the shores which the Great Spirit had given them. The young men treated their burden with the utmost care and deference, and the aged chieftain was seated at the foot of a tall, weeping elm, against the huge trunk of which he leaned for support. A brief but solemn pause ensued, during which all eyes were directed to the venerable father of the council. At length the veteran sachem raised his head, and, looking about upon the group of chiefs and warriors gathered anxiously around him, he broke silence as follows:

"Why have my children brought Thurensera to the council-fire? The Great Spirit will soon call him to

* A name among the Five Nations signifying the "Dawning of the Light."

his hunting-grounds. Thurensera's eyes are dim, and his limbs, no longer like the bending sapling, are stiff, like the scathed trees of the burnt prairies. He can no more bend the strong bow. He cannot go forth on the war-path, or recount the deeds of his fathers to the young men at the council-fire. Thurensera is a woman, but his father was a great chief; and," elevating his voice, he added, "I can now see him sitting upon a cloud fringed with the red lightning, and beckoning me to come. Why have my children called Thurensera? and why do their eyes rest upon the ground, and their spirits droop like the hawk, when struck by the young eagle?"

After another pause, and a moment's consultation among the chiefs, one of the bravest warriors informed the sage of the intelligence received from Yonnondio's camp, and of the peril of their situation: they had, therefore, sent to their father for council in this emergency.

Once more there was silence—still as the forest shades, when not a leaf rustles in the breeze, not a stick breaks beneath the light tread of the fox. The venerable sage hid his furrowed countenance in his withered hands, as if deeply engaged in thought, while the dark group of chiefs and warriors gathered more closely around, all ready to obey his counsel, be it what it might; and all anxious, as it were, to drink in the wisdom that was for the last time, perhaps, to flow from his lips. At length the chieftain of more than

thirteen hundred moons slowly raised his head, and spake as follows:

"My children! a cloud has gathered over our council-fire, and you must fly! Yonnondio is come among us with his people, like a flock of birds. You must not wait till you see the big ball of thunder coming to your destruction, or the star of day and night, that breaks when it falls to burn your castle and your wigwams.

"My children! you have been like the lynx on the trail, and made the war-path red with the blood of your enemies. But you must fly, until joined by the Oneydoes, the Cayugas, and the Senekas, when you can come back upon your enemies, and spring upon them like the hungry panther. You will spring on them while they are asleep, and the fire-balls cannot burst upon you, to kill my warriors and burn up their wigwams.

"My children! Thurensera will stay to show Yonnondio's pale-faces how to die. Yonnondio shall see what a Mingo can bear without a cry of pain. He shall see what his children will have to fear, when my sons assemble their warriors, and come upon his settlements in their wrath.

"My children! when you pass this way, look for my bones. Bury them deep in the bosom of the earth, who is my mother, on the hill looking towards the rising sun, by the lake that is beautiful. Put into my grave my pipe, my hatchet, and my bow, that I may chase the moose and the buffalo in the hunting-grounds

of the Great Spirit. Put in my canoe, that is on the beautiful lake, that when the Great Spirit tells me I may come and look upon my children, I may paddle again on the bright waters of Skaneatelas. I will come when the moon in her fulness steals over the lake to let her light sleep on its calm bosom. As I glide onward, the lovers among our young men and women will dream of other days; and the spirits of the clouds will whisper—'The grave of the old warrior, who taught Yonnondio how to die.' They will tell the white man to cross it with a soft step.

"My children! you must fly! Keep the covenant chain of our tribes bright as silver, and let it bind you together like strong iron. Put the brand to your castle and your wigwams, that Yonnondio may get no booty but the scalp of Thurensera. Let the rain of heaven wash all the bad from your hearts, that we may again smoke together in friendship in the happy country of the Great Spirit. Thurensera has no more to say."

The aged chief was listened to throughout with the most profound attention. The subsequent deliberation was brief, for time was pressing, and the decision of the council was unanimous, to avoid an engagement and retire into the forest. The chiefs and warriors, and the young men in particular, were exceedingly reluctant to leave the venerable sachem, by whose wisdom they had so long been guided, and by whose arm so often led to victory; but he was resolute in his purpose, and

inflexible in his determination. He gathered himself into an attitude of perfect composure, and, turning his face in the direction from which Frontenac was expected, prepared to meet his fate. Meantime the sachems and warriors, having hastily completed their arrangements, took their final leave of the old chieftain, applied the brand to their dwellings, and disappeared in the thick wilderness.

The Count Frontenac, astonished at the sight of the ascending columns of smoke, as they rose in dense and curling masses towards the sky, moved rapidly forward, but it was to an empty conquest. The huts and the rude works of the Indians were already in ashes. The old chief, Thurensera, was found by the trunk of the elm, with the same stoical composure with which he had been left; and Frontenac's Indians had, by his permission, the pleasure of tormenting him. He bore their tortures with unflinching firmness. Not a muscle moved, not a limb quivered: not a sigh, not a groan escaped him. At length they stabbed him in several places.

"Go on, ye tormentors!" he exclaimed with an energy belonging to former days: "the old eagle has received the death-arrow in his breast. He will never soar again but in the bright skies of the Great Spirit. You cannot harm him. The Great Spirit," he continued, "has touched my eyes, and I see through the clouds of death the warriors who have raised the war-cry with me in other times. They are walking on the

winds, and playing on the clouds. I see the dark waters which all must pass. Those dark waters are the tears shed by the Great Spirit for the evil deeds of his children. Go on, ye tormentors! ye Indians who take the scalp for Yonnondio! ye dogs of dogs! but why stab me with the long knife? You had better burn me with fire, that the Frenchman may know how to die. Tear me to pieces: roast me at the war-feast: scatter my ashes to the winds: crumble my bones in the salt lake. Yonnondio's Indians! listen to the voice of the Manitto, while he bids Thurensera tell what is to come upon you. Your race is to be as the river dried up—as the dead trees of the forest, when the fire has gone over it. The white man who sent Yonnondio over the great salt lake, in the big canoe, will lose his power. A *Wolf* is to walk abroad, that will scatter the pale-faces at Quebec like a flock of sheep, and drive them out of the red man's land. The white men with Cayenguirago, who is our friend, will come over the land like the leaves. The panther is bounding to the setting sun; the bear moves slowly off the ground; the deer and the buffalo leap over the mountains and are seen no more. The forest bows before the white man. The great and little trees fall before his big hatchet. The white man's wigwams rise like the hill-tops, and are as white as the head of the bald eagle. The waters shall remain; and when the red man is no more, the names he gave them shall last. The Great Spirit has said it. A hundred warriors are

coming to lead me on the trail to the happy hunting-grounds. Think of me, ye tormentors, when my sons come upon you like the chafed panther in his swiftness and his strength. Great Spirit! I come!" Thus died Thurensera, with a greatness of soul worthy of a sachem of the Five Nations.

When the invader had retired, the Onondagoes conveyed the remains of the lofty Thurensera to the hill of the Skaneatelas, and buried him in the "Grave of the Indian King." And in this hallowed spot his ashes have reposed in peace, the little mound becoming more holy by the lapse of years, and the tradition more interesting as lights and shadows were imparted to it by those whose imaginations were kindled by the relation, until the autumn of the year of grace 1829, when it was visited by an English *savant*, who spent some months with the hospitable proprietor of the consecrated mound. This gentleman had travelled much, and been a great collector of curiosities. He had killed alligators in the Delta of the Mississippi, and chased buffaloes in California. He had hunted elephants in South Africa, and tigers in the jungles of Bengal. He had rescued an urn from the ruins of Herculaneum, and dug an Ibis, and a thigh-bone of one of the Pharaohs, from the pyramids of Grand Cairo. And he was resolved to penetrate the secrets of the Indian's grave, and if possible to obtain the pipe, the tomahawk, and the hunting apparatus, if not the canoe, of the venerable chief, to enrich the great

museum of the capital of his native land. Accordingly, with great secrecy, he repaired thither one moonlight night in October, armed with crowbar and shovel. But, alas, for the worthy collector of curiosities, and the veracity of traditional history! a bed of compact limestone rock, within a few inches of the surface of the earth, soon taught the Gothic invader of the Grave that no grave had ever been there!

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## CONTEMPLATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GARLAND," &c.

'T WAS on a mossy bank beside a brook,
Shaded by verdant alders, that I lay,
Reclined, in contemplation. 'T was a nook
Fitted for lonely musings, and the play
Of silent feelings, such as garish day
Suits not; for there are passions of the mind,
Scorn'd by the vulgar eye, as the mild gray
Of morning by the noontide beam—refined
And tender passions, which come o'er the soul,
As music o'er the ear. 'T is then I love
To quit, awhile, the revel, song, and bowl,
And, where the gnarled oak's scathed boughs outspread,
Court the wild night-breeze, with lone footstep rove,
By Contemplation's kindred spirit led.

*J. Wright pinx.t* *Pub.d by R. Ackermann 101 Strand* *H. Sharon sculp.t*

THE PAINTER PUZZLED.

## THE PAINTER PUZZLED.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

"Draw, sir!"——
OLD PLAY.

WELL, something must be done for May—
The time is drawing nigh—
To figure in the Catalogue,
And woo the public eye.

Something I must invent and paint;
But, oh! my wit is not
Like one of those kind substantives
That answer Who? and What?

Oh, for some happy hit! to throw
The gazer in a trance:
But *posé là*—there I am posed,
As people say in France.

In vain I sit and strive to think,
I find my head, alack!
Painfully empty, still, just like
A bottle—on the rack.

In vain I task my barren brain
Some new idea to catch,
And tease my hair—ideas are shy
Of "coming to the scratch."

In vain I stare upon the air,
No mental visions dawn;
A blank my canvas still remains,
And worse—a blank undrawn;

An "aching void" that mars my rest
With one eternal hint,
For, like the little goblin page,
It still keeps crying "Tint!"

But what to tint? Ay, there 's the rub
That plagues me all the while,
As, Selkirk-like, I sit without
A subject for my *ile*.

"Invention's seventh heav'n" the bard
Has written—but my case
Persuades me that the creature dwells
In quite another place.

Sniffing the lamp, the ancients thought
Demosthenes *must* toil;
But works of art are works indeed,
And always "smell of oil."

Yet painting pictures some folks think
Is merely play and fun;
That what is on an easel set
Must easily be done.

But, zounds! if they could sit in this
  Uneasy easy-chair,
They 'd very soon be glad enough
  To cut the camel's hair!

Oh! who can tell the pang it is
  To sit as I this day—
With all my canvas spread, and yet
  Without an inch of way?

Till, mad at last to find I am
  Amongst such empty skullers,
I feel that I could strike myself—
  But no—I 'll "strike my colours."

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## SONG.

BY H. F. CHORLEY, ESQ.

Go hang my lyre upon the wall,
  And let its chords neglected break;
For all its plaintive tones recall
  A thousand thoughts that should not wake;
And there unseen by human eye,
In shade and silence let it lie.

And in that mournful, mouldering lyre
  An emblem of my fate I view;
For ever quench'd my youthful fire:
  And were there not the loved, the true,
That fast to earth my spirit bind,
I 'd gladly leave its cares behind.

# TIME AND LOVE.

BY CAPTAIN LONGMORE.

"Oh! make the most," said Time, "of hours,"
To a fair maiden's heart;
"For see'st thou those bright, beaming bowers—
There Love and thou will part!
The world accuse my sober wing
Of robbing them of joys;
But mine's not half so sharp a sting
As yonder fickle boy's."

The maiden heeded not the strain,
But still framed visions wild,
Believing Time's dull warning vain;
For at her side Love smiled.
The bark which bore them as its freight
Now soon her anchor cast;
Ah, maiden! would that silent fate
Had moor'd thy hopes as fast!

Love kiss'd her cheek, and leap'd on shore,
Saying, "We soon shall meet;
But I have known this isle before,
And have some friends to greet."
He went, but ne'er return'd to bring
His offering, like the dove's:
Ah! then she learnt, Time had no sting
So sharp as fickle Love's.

# THE BENSHEE OF SHANE.

A TRADITION OF THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

"The night hath been unruly . .
. . . . . as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;
And prophesying—with accents terrible
Of dire combustion!"

MACBETH.

THE shades of evening were veiling the romantic woods that encircled the ancient castle of Shane, when Moira O'Neill walked joyously and lovingly forth, leaning fondly on the arm of her idolized Meredith, to whom, on the evening of the third day from that period, she was to be united for ever.

How holy is the loveliness of nature! and how thrillingly is it felt by the young, by those whose hearts glow with almost ethereal fire, and who, deeply loving and as deeply loved, behold in its deliciousness an answer to, and a felicitation upon, their own immeasurable bliss! The lovers wandered on, silent from excess of happiness, but beautiful and light of step as the guardian angels of those delicious solitudes. The dreamy wind of holy evening, lavish of woodland odours, sighed around them. The brilliant glow of rich sunset, streaming at intervals through breaks in the luxuriant bowery foliage, shed on their sweet countenances "celestial rosy red, love's proper hue;" and their minds, lulled to a blessed and indescribable repose, intensely participated in the sylvan voluptuousness around them. The gentle rush of waters down

mossy crags—the farewell song of some lone, silvery-voiced bird to dying day—the aromatic odour of dark sad pines, with that besides of a thousand greenwood and mountain plants—the celestial tones of a bugle heard afar, and seeming in that dim, tender hour, the sad, sweet voice of the spirit of the wilds—and the luxurious affection of confiding and guileless hearts, formed in the apprehension of the devoted Moira and Melville a very heaven upon earth.

The sky deepened to a darker gray, the pale full moon edged the forest trees and turrets of Shane's Castle with silvery light, softened the rough contour and aspect of the mountains, seemed cradled in the clear placid waters of Loch Neagh, and glinted in the little joyous cataracts that dashed down many a rock, when a lugubrious wail, heard now as if from some aërial being hovering over the castle, and now as from one floating above the woods, startled the lovers, and broke the ethereal repose of their souls.

"It is Mavin Rho," sighed Moira; "this is her hour, and ill methinks does her superhuman lament bode to us, dear Melville!"

"Let us return," replied Meredith, passing his arm round the waist of his trembling betrothed, and urging her on towards the castle. "Who heeds the Benshee now? say rather the *owl*, for an owl indubitably it is. Come, dearest, we are out too late!"

"And owls," replied Moira, "do not they also screech to warn of approaching death? But sure

is the Benshee's cry, and long, long hath she flitted and shrieked about the ancestral patrimony of the O'Neills!"

"And yet, Moira, not one O'Neill hath died of late—why so superstitious?"

"Ah, Melville! and do you accuse me of *superstition*, who know so well the acts of Mavin Rho, the Benshee of Shane's Castle, and the mysterious influence she possesses over the destinies of its inhabitants?"

Meredith kissed the affrighted girl's pale cheek, and was silent; first, because he liked not to dispute with Moira; and secondly (although he wished to conceal the fact even from himself), because he was but too sensible that round his heart also crept a cold fear, as he heard floating in the breeze tones at once so dreary, melancholy, and wild. Silently and swiftly he walked on, catching, in mere absence of mind, at every protruding twig from every bush in his way.

"Oh Melville, Melville! what have you done?" cried Moira, as they stood in the moonlight on the steps of the castle. "Put it down, put it down immediately!"

"Ay," replied Meredith, smiling: "What indeed! I suppose our Benshee, like the rest of her race, will be for avenging the rape of the white thorn; but, Moira, as for putting it away, that, craving your pardon, I certainly shall not do: in an hour I return to Antrim, and this little branch will serve me as a me-

mento of the past and an anticipation of the future. When we are married, I may perhaps oblige you."

At this instant a fierce and dismal yell, as if from a fiend perched on the turrets of the old castle, harrowed the souls of the lovers, who immediately retreated some paces from the edifice and looked up, but in vain; they could discover nothing. A sound, however, resembling the tempestuous roaring of a conflagration, now struck their astonished senses, whilst the words "*Away! away! away!*" were distinctly uttered by an unearthly voice, shrill as that of the curlew in the storm, and sad as that of the angel of death. Meredith hurried Moira into the castle; there the ominous voice had been heard, and the portentous sounds of destruction; and in the great hall its denizens had assembled in the utmost consternation. The father and brother of Moira advanced to meet her, but the terrified maiden, hiding her head in her mother's bosom, wept, and rejected all consolation and all endeavours to prove her presentiments groundless.

Now rushed in, with eyes fixed, and glaring wildly, as if opened to behold some being of the viewless world, and with his long silver locks streaming in disorder over his pale and haggard features, Ryan O'Neill, the bard of Neill O'Neill's household, and one of the poorer members of a branch of that family.

"And did I not see her?" exclaimed he; "and will I not know again Mavin Rho, the ould Benshee, that screeched when my angel-child lay dying?"

"The *what* have you seen?" asked many voices, whilst all attention was quickly transferred from Moira to Ryan; around him every creature thronged in an agony of curiosity and superstitious terror.

"Didn't she, thrice ere my Vauria died, clench her cloudy hands, and shake her sad, sad face at me? and didn't she do it *now?*—Didn't she then stand at the entry of this castle, even as now she's just in the middle of this hall?—See ye not, hear ye not, the wild Benshee? Her dim form is like a cloud in the moonshine, and vivid roaring fires are about her!"

Ryan fell back, with eyes upturned, with mouth open, with a countenance distorted and ghastly pale, whilst every limb of his aged frame shook with convulsive tremors. His affrighted auditors cast a fearful glance around the hall, where nothing save themselves being visible, they promptly afforded succour to the wretched bard. During this interval, Meredith contrived to slip the bridal ring into the hand of his affrighted Moira, and, in spite of tears, remonstrances, and tender entreaties, tore himself from her, and proceeded on his wild and solitary road to Antrim.

When Ryan O'Neill recovered from the species of ecstacy into which he had fallen, he rose and commenced chanting an irregular, melancholy song, conceived in numbers, to which his gigantic stature, his impressive gestures, the worn and pallid appearance of his venerable face, and the deep pathos of his hollow voice, gave dreadful import and interest, although,

from its oracular incoherence and the disturbed state of his auditors' minds, they gleaned from it little, save that some horrible catastrophe threatened the house of O'Neill; that "the brightness and the darkness of destruction would shortly envelope Shane's Castle," which Mavin Rho could not save; for, that the numerous and powerful enemies of the *White Thorn* were now to have their hour to prevail and to rejoice.

Now, to Benshees of every grade, and belonging to every ancient family, the white thorn, it is well known, is sacred, which accounts for the alarm of Moira on observing a spray of that plant in the hand of Melville Meredith; and the prophecy of Ryan seemed to every individual in Shane's Castle indicative of supernatural conflicts and the desertion of the family and castle by Mavin Rho, who, though she was accustomed to wail ominously to prepare the O'Neills for a family loss, was upon the whole regarded as a friendly and guardian being. The domestics, and some cottagers, whom strange aërial cries without the castle, and stranger reports of what was passing within, had drawn thither, eyed Neill O'Neill askance—for rumours of unhallowed confederacies into which he had entered, and arts, mysterious and forbidden, in which he was engaged, were current amongst the tenantry of Shane. But far more did all eyes turn suspiciously upon the lord of the castle, when, upon the proposition of the domestic chaplain, that, in this harrowing juncture, the aid of the Ruler of Spirits should be sought, Neill O'Neill

exclaimed—"*Pray* ye that will; prayer suits not me!" and, ordering a plentiful supply of whiskey to be distributed amongst his drooping vassals, he quitted the hall. Moira, and the remainder of her near and dear relations, also left the apartment; and the dependents, commencing a hearty carousal, related deeds of the invisible world fully sufficient to make their flesh quiver and creep upon their bones. All that dreary night was a voice heard moaning and lamenting above the old castle; and though its tones were low and plaintive, yet, in the still murky hour, they seemed to penetrate the most secret recesses of the antique structure, and to search the finest fibres of the heart.—That voice was the voice of *Mavin Rho!*

Next day the preparations for Moira's bridal recommenced with abundant activity, and the arrival of a party of gay young people, who had been invited to attend the ceremony, would, it was hoped, revive the drooping spirits of the bride, especially, too, as some of them had that morning seen and spoken to Melville Meredith in the town of Antrim. Moira, however, brought up in the beautiful and sublime solitudes of the castle and vicinity of Loch Neagh, suffered to wander at will, and alone, through wood, wild, and the passes of the mountains, and to imbibe a taste for the mythology of the peasants, where every cottage afforded its hoard of tales of terror, became strangely timid and superstitious. In the night-hour, oft would her heart beat, almost to bursting, at the remembrance

of those supernatural stories; oft, in broad daylight, would she tremble, she knew not why, save that she seemed to *feel* the presence of some invisible being; and oft would she rush homewards from the lone romantic beauties that she loved, impelled and harrowed by a fancy that portrayed a thousand beings, viewless to human ken, peopling the deep sylvan solitudes, a thousand voices roaring in the winds and waters, and a thousand careering wings pursuing her in the fleet blasts, whose song was so unearthly, between the mountains. Moira, a prey to such appalling phantasms, secretly believed that her friends had seen and conversed with Meredith's *fetch* and that she should, in the course of the day, hear of his demise, or see his corpse brought in covered with gore, or sodden by the waters of the lake; therefore, though tranquil, she was sad, and under forced gaiety but ill concealed the disquietude of her soul.

That night mirth was within Shane's Castle, and the voice of Mavin Rho without. Loud and long, fierce and drear, was the Benshee's cry, and there were who heard, if the lord of the mansion did not, "*Up! Up! Neill O'Neill! why tarry here?*" But O'Neill when he retired to rest was informed of this circumstance, as also that some of the villagers had discerned the misty, indistinct figure of a woman, standing on one of the parapets, wringing her hands, and uttering grievous lamentations, whilst a dun, fiery halo seemed to surround the castle as if to consume it.

"Pshaw!" cried O'Neill, "very pretty stories to scare the village brats; but I'm not so to be imposed on."

"*O'Neill! O'Neill!*" shrieked a voice, apparently at the casement of the chamber, "*why tarry here?*"

The fearless lord of Shane's Castle then said, after a while, to his terrified lady, in a low smothered tone, and with a countenance of ghastly affright, "Let your servants attend you; *this* is *no* imposition; I must see the chaplain." In half an hour the chapel-bell had rung, and the festive castle-party, together with most of the domestics, and a few villagers, whom the novelty of the sound had attracted from their quiet pillows, were at public prayers in the sacred fane; exhibiting on the part of Neill O'Neill, who had scoffed at the means of averting calamity until a warning had been particularly addressed to himself, a very striking instance of the perverseness and presumption of man. The remainder of the night passed tranquilly, and the blush of morning relieved the fears of Moira for the safety of her lover, since Meredith himself appeared with the break of day.

More lovely than the roseate tint of early morn is the blush that mantles on the cheek of the youthful bride upon the blessed day of her espousals; more radiant and joyous than the newly-wakened sun is the smile that lights her delicate features, and the bliss that gleams in her loving eyes. Such beauty arrayed the countenance of Moira, and, in a less degree, that

of the elegant Melville, when, meeting on this happy morning, the enamoured pair knew that in this world they should never, never part again.

The interesting ceremony was fixed to take place in the evening, according to a custom prevalent in many noble families; and, after "one long summer's day of holiday and mirth," which, but for a sultry and tempest-boding afternoon, would have been perfection, the hour arrived, and at about ten o'clock the happiest of bridal parties entered the chapel of Shane's Castle. Moira was arrayed in white, and a beautiful wreath of green clustering shamrock encircled her bright hair. She trembled as the awful ceremony commenced, but became like an aspen-leaf when the terrific shriek of Mavin Rho, mingled with the growling of distant thunder, rang through the chapel. The good priest paused, and thrice the shrill cry of "*Away!*" accompanied by the same awful and unaccountable sound of a devouring conflagration, which had caused so much alarm on the third previous evening, chilled the assembly, and the dismayed lovers gazed on each other in unutterable sorrow and despair.

"*Lost! Lost! Lost!*" shrieked the dreary and superhuman voice; a vivid flash of red and angry lightning preluded a thunderclap that rocked the castle from its foundations, and stunned its horrified inmates, whilst cries and shrieks of the most hideous kind were heard above and around it. Every soul rushed for protection to the altar; the sacred apartment became filled

with vapour, and in the centre of it was apparent, all misty, and in lineaments undefined, a female form. "*'Tis she! 'Tis she!*" cried Ryan O'Neill, and hid his face in his hands, whilst most of the spectators of this unexpected apparition fled from the chapel as for their lives. Dim were the lineaments and features of the Benshee; her cloudy frame was like the mists of night when moonbeams faintly struggle through; her countenance was not unpleasing, but very, very sad, and resembling that of a female O'Neill who had years before been burnt to death in Castle Shane: her attire was strictly antique, and exactly similar to the old costume in which the unfortunate Hilda hung portrayed in the great gallery. The apparition shook mournfully her misty head, and fixed, in melancholy gaze, her vapoury, dim eyes upon the few trembling beings who yet remained at the altar. Her pale, thin lips emitted mournful screams, such even as proceed from the agonized hearts of the despairing dying. She wrung her airy hands, apparently in excessive sorrow, and floated slowly forward to the altar.

"Fire! fire!" now shouted that multitude, who, having quitted the castle, beheld it almost immediately enveloped in volumes of fierce flame and sooty smoke. "Fire! fire!" The terrible cry resounded far and wide, and the tenantry of Neill O'Neill quitted the bridal festivities to aid their lord in this dreadful extremity. Shouts, shrieks, lamentations, tremendous thunderings, terrific lightnings, red, streaky fires, that

seemed aspiring to the very heavens; black, heavy clouds of smoke, slowly rising from the conflagration, and adding, in their solemn spread, a lurid darkness to the night, combined to form a scene of horrors surpassing description.

But louder, far louder, than the voice of man and the roar of the elemental conflict, were the direful and exulting shouts of malignant powers, who, black and fearful in form, were, by the red light of the flames, beheld fluttering over this scene of devastation, and chasing each other on busy wing, with infernal laughter, through the terrific fires and curled volleys of dense suffocating smoke.

Morning presented a spectacle too dismal to be delineated, and to the last degree affecting and awful, when the desolated and incinerated relic of Shane's Castle was compared with that proud structure, in the brilliancy and joyousness of the preceding day! Let us be brief: our tale would record events that have formed for years a portion of the superhuman lore of the peasants who reside on or near the O'Neill estate, and the borders of Loch Neagh; but events that are now fast fading into oblivion. Neill O'Neill was found scorched to death; as it was apprehended, the flames had seized him during his flight from the chapel towards his laboratory. The eye-sight of Ryan O'Neill was extinguished for ever; but he survived the destruction of the castle for some years, and was supported by the only son of Neill O'Neill, who had

escaped without injury, and afterwards rebuilt the edifice, and inherited the domain. The mother of Moira, the domestic chaplain, and some of the servants, were found dead beside the altar, to which they had fondly clung for protection, destroyed either by fear or suffocation. Moira and Melville were never heard of more. Some pretend that Mavin Rho transported them uninjured to Fairy Land; some imagine that, in striving to escape through the fire and smoke, they perished—a circumstance at least probable; nevertheless, the chapel remained unscathed by the flames, whilst neither they nor any remnants of them were ever discovered. Some assert that they have met, when belated in the woods of Shane's Castle, rather floating forward than walking, a youth and a maiden of blessed and smiling aspect; sometimes they are silent, sometimes they seem to converse; and the virgin, clad in pure white, which glistens in the pale moon rays, wears round her golden hair a coronet of clustering shamrock, that sparkles with the clear and vivid light of the green gem of other climes. And others affirm, that when the enamoured moon throws over the loch her pale, broad blaze, a bark, swifter and fairer than was ever mortal vessel, glides over the quiet, shining expanse of dreamy waters, whilst voices, sweet as the voices of the just, issue thence, uttering delicious songs! Oft, too, is that aërial music heard in melancholy wood and sequestered dell, or amid the lonely, gusty passes of mountains, romantic and sublime, flinging afar, in

the deep silence of holy night, its tones of unutterable peace and blessedness! But for Mavin Rho, it is generally agreed, that on the night of the burning of Shane's Castle, the friendly Benshee resigned her trust; never since has she there been heard of or beheld. Some also, in these latter days of scepticism and refinement, pretend, notwithstanding the preceding authentic tradition of her actual apparition, to doubt that she ever existed. To such we might reply in the sacred words of Holy Writ, did we not fear to commit profanation, in mingling the Scriptures of Truth with a wild legend of Erin. M. L. B.

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## TO THE SPRING.

BY CHARLES BICKMORE, ESQ.

ONCE more, beloved season of delight!
Upon the bosom of the deaden'd earth
Thou breathest the breath of life, and into birth
Dost call a new creation, glad and bright;
The leaves are dancing in the greenwood's height
In joy at their new being, and with mirth
The air is vocal; for the winter's hearth,
And the long silence of the winter's night,
How sweet th' exchange, thus on thy breast to lie,
And listen to the spirit-soothing sound
That bees are making, where fresh flowers abound,
While busily their pleasant toil they ply;
To share, beneath the influence of thy sky,
The patient joyfulness of all around.

# SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[The author of the following verses, on hearing the *jeu d'esprit* in the first couplet, added, in the same strain, the two immediately succeeding. The recollection of the pleasure which he had derived from perusing the writings of the illustrious bard led him to add the rest by way of *amende honorable*.
The lines alluding to Greece were written when Ibrahim Bey and his Egyptians were desolating that fine country, and carrying the fairest portion of its population into captivity.]

"On Waterloo, that fatal spot,
None fell so dead as Walter Scott."

No, not on Waterloo he fell,
But by the famed 'St. Ronan's Well:'
His name renown'd might time defy,
Had he not made St. Ronan dry.

Mourn, sons of Scotia, mourn the day
Your poet ceased his magic lay,
Where, as he sweeps the chords among,
All hush to hear the minstrel's song;
Or as he soars on eagle wing
To paint the field where Scotia's king,
With gallant knights and warlike train,
Descended to the fatal plain,
Where Flodden changed his azure flood,
And rolled along—a tide of blood *.

Or list we to the note from far—
'Tis Bruce's trumpet calls to war
That patriot band, a chosen host,
Which turned to nought proud Edward's boast.

* The name of Flodden is here substituted for the Till, which flows by Flodden Field.

Around their chief of mighty name,
Of noble deeds, of deathless fame,
In number few, yet fix'd, they stand
The rampart of their native land,
Rooted as mountains, that defy
The war of elements on high.
Soon in the front the Bruce appears,
A king his country's standard rears;
One look commends the friends he chose
To meet—to crush—his country's foes;
Approves their mien—then with a smile
He views the countless throng defile
To where, ere sultry noon was past,
They sunk beneath the whirlwind's blast.
Their ashes still by Bannock's ford
Proclaim that Bruce was rightful lord
Of Scotia, which, by Heaven's decree,
His patriot arm and sword made free.

So sung our bard. In sweeter lays
Poet ne'er sung his country's praise—
Seeks he some hoary crag sublime,
To view the fields of olden time;
The massy towers, where vassal train
Met to defend their lord's domain;
The halls, where Love with garlands crown'd
The knight for noblest deeds renown'd?
Strikes he his lyre?—from graves we see
Chiefs rise in iron panoply,

Bold vassals rush from hill to plain,
And knights lead on the marshall'd train,
While ladies from the turrets wave
Banners in honour of the brave,
Who haste the battle to begin,
The meed bestow'd by love to win.

O Scotia! round thy rocky shore
Tempestuous winds and billows roar,
And oft thy mountains veil'd in clouds
Pour o'er thy dales the wintry floods;
Oft volume dense of fog and rain
Spreads cheerless darkness o'er the plain:
Bleak though thy hills, and cold thy soil,
Nurse of a race inured to toil;
From thy rude clime though strangers fly
To seek a purer, brighter sky;
Yet when our bard takes up the lyre,
Touch'd by a poet's, patriot's fire,
Thy cloud-capt mountains rise to view,
Robed in the sweet heath's purple hue;
While, bursting from thy thousand hills,
Sparkling descend their countless rills,
Now seen, and now conceal'd from view,
Through chasms, o'er rocks, their way pursue
Down to thy vales, where winding slow
Through verdant flowery fields they flow,
Midst shady dells; and oft the song
Of mirth is heard thy groves among;

Oft martial note swells on the ear,
To rouse the sons thy mountains rear,
Who dauntless stand in battle's shock
Unmoved, as stands their native rock;
Or sweep the field with mighty force,
Resistless as the torrent's course.

Is then the bard of Scotia dead?
Or is his minstrel genius fled?
"Land of the mountain and the flood!"
Oft hath he sung thy fields of blood;
Thence arm'd with an immortal shield,
How could he fall on that famed field,
Where thy brave sons upheld thy fame,
And gain'd a never-dying name?
And flowers there are round Ronan's Well,
That mark it was not there he fell.
But why no longer in his lays
Wakes he the song of Scotia's praise;
Why mute his harp, and all unstrung,
By Melrose fane why has it hung,
E'er since the bard, at festive board,
Was hail'd the knight of Abbotsford*?

A soldier, who had lost his zone†,
For courage long conspicuous shone;

* Abbotsford, the country seat of the poet, is about two miles distant from the celebrated ruins of Melrose.

† Luculli miles. Hor. Epist. II. ii. 26.

First in the field to rush to fight,
Or storm the castellated height;
Fierce as the wolf for prey he fought,
And gain'd the prize he long had sought.
His chief now calls on him in vain
To prove his courage on the plain,
Or mount the breach: no words of praise
Fire him for deeds of former days.
But cautious grown, he shunn'd the field;
Though ne'er in battle known to yield,
Refused to storm the moated wall—
"Go," said he to his chief, "go call
A soldier who has lost his zone:
'T is he will do it—'t is he alone."

Has thus our *poet* ceased to write
E'er since we hail'd him ballad knight?
Rests he, pleased with his former fame,
Nor seeks, as bard, still higher name?—
Avails it not that, early taught
By mountain muse, his ear first caught
Those magic sounds, which poets tell
'Mong cavern'd rocks and dark woods dwell;
Such sounds as wandering minstrels say
Oft cheer them on their lonely way;
Or the sweet strains that rose in song
His native vales and hills among,
Where thoughts high fancy might combine
He learn'd to give to "verse divine?"

Has he not seen, where rude winds sweep
O'er Scotia's hills, from rocky steep
The eagle spring, perch on the height,
Then rise on his aërial flight,
And soar with still ascending force,
Yet ne'er find limit in his course?
Or is there now no theme unsung,
That the loved harp is thus unstrung?
No theme to swell the tide of song,
When Virtue mourns, when triumphs Wrong?
No warlike note to rouse the brave,
Him who was free from bonds to save?
To rescue from a ruffian band
The daughters of that favour'd land,
Where erst the Muses loved to dwell
Midst sons of song ere Freedom fell?
Mourn they not Greece? though vision high
Foretells that powerful help is nigh;
That, ere the oppress'd to tyrants yield,
Around them Heaven will cast its shield,
That though man should his aid delay,
Heaven will its potent arm display,
And smite the foe, until no trace
Be found of Afric's ruffian race;
That Freedom's standard high shall wave
From Athens' height o'er tyrants' grave,
The parent land of song to save,
And midst her groves sweet Liberty
Will chant the hymn of victory.

Or are there not in Land of Heath
Fresh flowers to deck our poet's wreath?
The Muses' voice hears he not still?
They call their votary to the hill,
And fairy scenes before him spread,
Which earliest, richest fancy bred;
And still they rouse him to prolong
The harp's soft sound, the spell of song.

Far up the rocky mountain's side
Our bard has soar'd, the Muse his guide.
Why stops he in his high career?
Waits he till evening's light draw near?
Are Fame's proud steeps then won so soon,
That they who seek them sleep at noon*?
Yet oft we see, on winter's day
That bright bursts forth its morning ray,
Its noon obscure, clouds in the sky
That dim the noble orb on high,
While beams forth, ere his course be run,
The splendour of the setting sun.

Wake, Scotia's bard! thy harp resume,
Let gayest flowers around it bloom;

* It may seem superfluous to remark, that this can only apply to the long poetic silence of the illustrious bard. Of poetic fame he has already won enough, did he not show that he could run a still nobler course. No one, it is presumed, will consider the reason alleged for his silence to be seriously given. We may find sufficient cause in the *vaga voluntas* of the poet.

For round thee circle young and gay,
Impatient for their minstrel's lay:
The sage, too, sues for thy "*Old Play.*"
E'en blushing maidens ask thy song
Of love, of war, of courtly throng,
Of damsels fair (whose witching smiles
Oft cheer the bard and sooth his toils),
Of knights famed for their courtesy,
And noble feats of chivalry.

Wake, Scotia's bard! thy harp resume,
Let gayest flowers around it bloom;
And one more grace add to thy wreath,
Some flow'ret cropt in Land of Heath.

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## LOVE AND AMBITION.

BY MISS SUSANNAH STRICKLAND.

Love, laughing, to Ambition said,
"Resign thine iron crown to me!"
The mighty conqueror shook his head:
"My bride is Immortality!"

With that the urchin drew his bow,
And, smiling, fix'd his keenest dart;
So true the aim, so sure the blow,
It struck the tyrant to the heart.

The laurel wreath lies all unbound,
The banner in the dust is furl'd,
The trumpet spreads no terrors round;
What now to him is all the world?

# THE HAUNTED HOGSHEAD.

A YANKEE LEGEND.

BY RICHARD THOMSON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF AN ANTIQUARY," ETC.

"Oh, wonderful! wonderful! and most wonderful, wonderful! and yet again wonderful! and after that, out of all whooping!"

SHAKSPEARE.

You don't live to Boston, then, do you? No; I calculate you are from the old country, though you speak English almost as well as I do. Now, I'm a Kentucky man, and my father was to Big-bone Creek, in old Kentuck, where he could lather every man in the state, but I could lick my father. Well! when I first came to Boston, I guess, I was a spry, act*ive* young fellow, and cruel tall for my age; for it's a pretty considerable long time ago, I calculate. So first I goes to look out for Uncle Ben—you 've heard of him and his brown *mar*, I reckon—and I finds Uncle Ben at Major Hickory's Universal Transatlantic Hotel, by Charles Bay, in East Boston, taking a grain of mighty fine elegant sangaree, with Judge Dodge and President Pinkney the Rowdey, that built the powerful large log mansion-house in Dog's Misery, in the salt-marshes out beyond Corlear's Hook, in New York. I was always a *leetle* bit of a favour*ite* with Uncle Ben, and so he says to me,—

"Jonathan W.," says he, for he calls me Jonathan W. for short; "I'll tell you what it is," says Uncle Ben, "you come out mighty bright this morning, I motion that you take a drop of whisky-toddy or so."

"Oh yes, Uncle Ben," says I; "I should admire to have a grain, if it's hand*som*."

"Considerably superb," says he; "it's of the first grade, I guess, for Major Hickory keeps wonderfully lovely liquors; and I can tell you a genu*ine* good story about them, such as, I guess, you never heard before, since you was raised."

And then he up and told such a tale, that the helps all crowded round him to hear it, and swore it was better than a sermon, so it was. And as you're a *strannger* from the old country, and seem a right slick-away sort of a chap, without a bit of the gentleman about you, and are so mighty inquisit*ive* after odd stories, why I don't mind telling it to the 'Squire myself; and you may depend upon it that it's as true and genu*ine* as if you had heard it from Uncle Ben himself, or July White, his old woolly-headed nigger.

You must know, then, that the Universal Transatlantic Hotel was built an awful long time before I was raised; though my Uncle Ben remembered a powerful grand wood house that stood there before it, which was called the Independent Star of Colombia, kept by Jacobus Van Soak, who came to Boston from the old, ancient, veteran Dutch settlers of New York. It was some time after fall in the year 77, that a mighty fierce squall of wind blew down some of the wall of the house where the cellar was, quite to the very foundation. I reckon that the old host was a *leetle* bit madded at this, he was; though he bit in his

breath, and thought to drive in some new stakes, put up fresh clap-boards, and soon have it all slick and grand again; but, in so doing, as he was taking out the piles underneath the house, what does he find but an awful great big barrel, and a cruel heavy one it was, and smelled like as if it was a hogshead of astonishingly mighty fine old ancient rum. I'll lay you'll never guess how they got it out of the cellar, where they found it, because they never moved it at all, I calculate; though some of the helps and neighbours pulled and tugged at it like *natur!* But the more they worked, the more the barrel wouldn't move; and my Uncle Ben said that mighty *strannge* sounds came out of it, just as if it didn't like to be disturbed and brought into the light; and that it swore at the helps and niggers in English and Spanish, Low German and High Dutch. At last, old Van Soak began to be a *leetle* bit *afeard*, and was for covering it up again where he found it, till my Uncle Ben vowed it shouldn't be buried without his having a drop out of it, for he was a bold act*ive* man, that cared for nothing, and loved a grain of rum, or sangaree, or whisky-toddy, or crank, or any other *fogmatic*, to his heart, he did. So down in the cellar he sets himself, drives a spigot into the barrel, and draws him a glass of such mighty fine elegant rum, as was never seen before in all Boston.

"Hand*som!* considerably hand*som!* mighty smart rum, I guess," says my Uncle Ben, as he turned it down; "mild as mother's milk, and bright as a flash

of lightning! By the pipe of St. Nicholas, I must have another grain!" So he filled him another glass, and then Jacobus plucked up heart, and he took a grain or two, and the helps and bystanders did the same, and they all swore it was superbly astonishing rum, and as old as the Kaatskill mountains, or the days of Wouter Van Twiller, the first Dutch Governor of New York. Well! I calculate that they might at last be a *leetle* bit staggered, for the rum ran down like water, and they drank about, thinking, you see, that all the strength was gone; and as they were in the dark cellar, they never knew that the day was progressing powerfully fast towards night; for now the barrel was quiet again, and they began to be mighty merry together. But the night came on cruel smart and dark, I reckon, with a pretty terrible loud storm; and so they all thought it best to keep under shelter, and especially where such good stuff was to be had free, gratis, for nothing, into the bargain.

Nobody knows now what time it was, when they heard a mighty fierce knocking on the top of the barrel, and presently a hoarse voice from the inside cried out, "Yo ho, there, brothers! open the hatchway and let me out!" which made them all start, I calculate, and sent Van Soak reeling into a dark corner of the cellar, considerably out of his wits with fright and stout old rum.

"Don't open the hogshead," cried the helps and neighbours, in mighty great fear; "it 's the Devil!"

"Potstausend!" says my Uncle Ben;—for you must

know that he 's a roistering High-German:—"You 're a cowardly crew," says he, "that good liquor's thrown away upon."

"Thunder and storm!" called out the voice again from the barrel, "why the Henker don't you unship the hatches? Am I to stay here these hundred years?"

"Stille! mein Herr!" says my Uncle Ben, says he, without being in the least bit *afeard*, only a *leetle* madded and wondered he was; "behave yourself hand*som*, and don't be in such a pretty particular considerable hurry. I'll tell you what it is; before you come out I should like to make an *enquerry* of you:—Who are you? where were you raised? how have you got along in the world? and when did you come here? Tell me all this speed*ily*, or I shall decline off letting you out, I calculate."

"Open the hogshead, brother!" said the man in the tub, says he, "and you shall know all, and a pretty considerable sight more; and I 'll take mighty good care of you for ever, because you 're an awful smart, right-slick-away sort of a fellow, and not like the cowardly land-lubbers that have been sucking away my rum with you."

"Hole mich der Teufel!" said my Uncle Ben, "but this is a real rig'lar Yankee spark, a tarnation stout blade, who knows what a bold man should be; and so, by the Henker's horns, I 'll let him out at once."

So, do you see, Uncle Ben made no more ado but broke in the head of the barrel; and what with the

storm out of doors, and the laughing and swearing in the cask, a mighty elegant noise there was while he did it, I promise you: but at last there came up out of the hogshead a short, thick-set, truculent, sailor-looking fellow, dressed in the old ancient way, with dirty slops, tarnished gold-laced hat, and blue, stiff-skirted coat, fastened up to his throat with a mighty sight of brass buttons, Spanish steel pistols in a buffalo belt, and a swingeing cutlass by his side. He looked one of the genu*ine* privateer, bull-dog breed, and his broad swelled face, where it was not red with rage, or the good rum, was black or purple; marked, I reckon, with a pretty considerable many scars, and his eyes were almost starting out of his head.

If the helps and neighbours were *afeard* before, they were now astounded outright, I calculate; and 'specially so when the *strannge* Sailor got out of his hogshead, and began to lay about him with a fist as hard and as big as a twelve-pounder cannon-shot, crying like a bull-frog in a swamp,—"Now I shall clear out! A plague upon ye all for a crew of cowardly, canting, lubberly knaves! I might have been sucked dry, and staid in the barrel for ever, if your comrade had borne no stouter a heart than you did."

Well, I guess, that by knocking down the helps and the neighbours he soon made a clear ship; and then, striding up to my Uncle Ben, who warn't not at all *afeard*, but was laughing at the fun, he says to him, says he, "As for you, brother, you 're a man after my

own kidney, so give us your fin, and we 'll soon be sworn friends, I warrant me." But as soon as he held out his hand, Uncle Ben thought he saw in it the mark of a red horse-shoe, like a brand upon a nigger, which some do say was the very stamp that the Devil put upon Captain Kidd, when they shook hands after burying his treasure at Boston, before he was hanged.

"Hagel!" says my Uncle Ben, says he, "what 's that in your right hand, my friend?"

"What 's that to you?" said the old Sailor. "We mariners get many a broad and deep red scar, without talking about, or marking them; but then we get the heavy red gold, and broad pieces along with them, and that 's a tarnation smart plaster, I calculate."

"Then," says my Uncle Ben again, says he, "may I make an *enquerry* of you? Where were you *raised?* and who 's your *Boss?*"

"Oh!" says the Sailor, "I was born at Nantucket, and Cape Cod, and all along shore there, as the nigger said; and for the Captain I belong to, why, he 's the chief of all the fierce and daring hearts which have been in the world ever since time began."

"And, pray, where 's your *plunder?*" says my Uncle Ben to the *strannge* Sailor; "and how long have you been in that hogshead?"

"Over long, I can tell you, brother; I thought I was never going to come out, I calculate. As for my plunder, I reckon I don't show every body my locker; but

you 're a bold fellow enough, and only give me your paw to close the bargain, and I 'll fill your pouch with dollars for life. I 've a stout ship and comrades ready for sea, and there 's plunder everywhere for lads of the knife and pistol, I reckon; though the squeamish Lord Bellamont does watch them so closely."

"Lord who?" says Uncle Ben, a *leetle* bit madded and wondered.

"Why, Lord Bellamont, to be sure," answered the *strannge* sailor, "the English Governor of New England, and Admiral of the seas about it, under King William the Third."

"Governor and Admiral in your teeth!" says my Uncle Ben again; for now his pluck was up, and there warn't no daunting him then; "what have we to do with the old country, your kings, or your governors? this is the Free City of Boston, in the Independent United States of America, and the second Year of Liberty, Seventy-seven, I reckon. And as for your William the Third, I guess he was dead long before I was raised, and I 'm no cockerell. I 'll tell you what it is, now, my smart fellow, you 've got pretty considerably drunk in that rum cask, if you 've been there ever since them old ancient days; and, to speak my mind plain, you 're either the Devil or Captain Kidd. But I 'd have you to know, I 'm not to be scared by a face of clay, if you were both; for I 'm an old Kentuck Rowdey, of Town-Fork by the Elkhorn; my breed 's half a horse and

half an alligator, with a cross of the earthquake! You can't poke your fun at me, I calculate; and so, here goes upon you for a villain, any way!"

My Uncle Ben's pluck was now all up; for pretty considerably madded he was, and could bite in his breath no longer; so he flew upon the *strannge* Sailor, and walked into him like a flash of lightning into a gooseberry-bush, like a mighty, smart, act*ive* man as he was. Hold of his collar laid my Uncle Ben, and I reckon they did stoutly struggle together for a *tarnation* long time, till at last the mariner's coat gave way, and showed that about his neck there was a halter, as if he had been only fresh cut down from the gibbet! —Then my Uncle Ben *did* start back a pace or two, when the other let fly at him with a pretty considerable hard blow, and so laid him right slick sprawling along upon the ground.

Uncle Ben said he never could guess how long they all laid there; but when they came to, they found themselves all stretched out like dead men by the niggers of the house, with a staved rum cask standing beside them. But, now—mark you this well—on one of the head-boards of the barrel was wrote, "W. K. The Vulture. 1701," which was agreed by all to stand for William Kidd, the Pirate. And July White, Uncle Ben's woolly-headed old nigger, said that he was once a loblolly-boy on board that very ship, when she was a sort of pickarooning privateer. Her crew told

him that she sailed from the old country the very same year marked on the cask, when Kidd was hanged at Execution-Dock, and that they brought his body over to be near the treasure that he buried; and as every one knows that Kidd was tied up twice, why, perhaps, he never died at all, but was kept alive in that mighty elegant rum cask, till my Uncle Ben let him out again, to walk about New-York and Boston, round Charles Bay and Cape Cod, the Old Sow and Pigs, Hellegat, and the Hen and Chickens. There was a fat little Dutch Parson, who used to think that this story was only a mighty smart fable, because nobody could remember seeing the Pirate besides Uncle Ben; and he would sometimes say, too, that they were all knocked down by the rum, and not by the Captain, though he never told Uncle Ben so, I calculate; for he always stuck to it handsomly, and wouldn't 'bate a word of it for nobody.

When Uncle Ben had finished, he says, "Jonathan W." says he, "I'll tell you what it is: I'll take it as a genu*ine* favour if you'll pay Major Hickory for the sangaree and the toddy, and we'll be quits another day." And so I paid for it every cent; but would you believe it? though I've asked him for it a matter of twenty times, and more than that, Uncle Ben never gave me back the trifle that he borrowed of me from that day to this!

*A. Chisholme pinx.t* *H. C. Shenton sculp.t*

THE POLITICAL COBBLER.

*Pub.d by R. Ackermann & Co. London.*

# THE POLITICAL COBBLER.

BY W. H. HARRISON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "TALES OF A PHYSICIAN."

"Ha! what are these? Sure, hangmen,
That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
Before the judgment-seat.——Shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield? no."—

MASSINGER.

MAN is an animal of strong propensities
For fighting with his species; and hence it is
We find e'en infants in the art quite handy,
Scratching their nurses, when their nails are long enough,
And then, with rival urchins, when grown strong enough,
Battling for gingerbread and sugar-candy.
Next comes the schoolboy, with this taste imbued,
Which into constant scenes of strife will drag him:
Now boxing with some tyrant who would fag him,
Now with audacious villagers at feud;
And thus, at either fisty-cuffs or clubbing,
Getting or giving, every day, a drubbing.

Nor does this pugnant mania diminish
When we've received our education's finish.
See Dick, for instance, earnestly petition
Papa to purchase him the king's commission,
And set his son up in the butchering line;
For wherein do these thirsters after fame
Differ from butchers, since their trade's the same?
The only point of variance, I opine,

Is that the knives which they cut throats withal
Are longer than those used at Leadenhall.
But then the honour!—which Jack Falstaff found
Was but a sorry styptic for a wound.

But war,—though wondrously in vogue with ladies,
  Who dote upon an epaulette and scarlet,
  Declaring 'tis Love's livery, the varlet!—
A meagre and unprofitable trade is.
  I had a friend, a gallant son of Erin,
Who served in the Peninsular campaign,
  Under the Duke of Wellington, and therein
Got some hard buffets, yet did he remain
  Full eighteen years a subaltern: my stars!
  But 'twas a long apprenticeship to Mars!
  At length, however, a good word was clapp'd in
  By some old comrade, and he 's now a captain.

Descend, my muse! for we must change our theme
From captains to a cobbler: it will seem
A difference as wide as are the poles,
'Twixt mangling bodies and repairing soles,
Which we must reconcile. Ben Nethersole
Endured some master-shoemaker's control
Seven mortal years; and when that his indenture
Had shed its teeth, he was too wise to venture
At once upon a shop, so he began
To tread life's journey as a journeyman:

And thus, by dint of industry and friends,
Gain'd ample means from somewhat slender ends.

Now Benjamin, 'tis fit that I premise,
Though not above the ordinary size
  Of men, was most compactly put together;
His shoulders were at least a yard asunder,
And such an arm!—it was a perfect wonder!—
  Its sinews were like thongs of tough ox-leather;
Its prowess had been proved in many a fray;
And then you might as easily essay
  To bend the kitchen poker as his wrist.
And that rough hand! grown hard in his vocation,
Its iron grasp was downright strangulation:
  And, oh! that thumb was in itself a fist.

Returning from his club-room, the "Free Britons,"
  One luckless night, he stumbled on a press-gang,
  Who ne'er had ta'en him had they been a less gang.
They fitted on his wrists two iron mittens,
  And dragg'd him, *nolens volens*, to the Tender.
The case was hard; but had one had a voice,
'Twere harder to have quarrell'd with their choice;—
  They couldn't have pitch'd on a more stout defender.
Thus, though subtracted from the list of freemen,
He swell'd the roll of able-bodied seamen,
Who, as land-lubbers sing, at honour's calls
Fight for their liberties and wooden walls.

He served the king in many a stormy trip,
And lived ten years on biscuit and salt junk;
On which sublime provocatives he 'd drunk
A *quantum suff.* of grog to float his ship.
Ben, in the main, was a well-order'd man,
Though somewhat disputatious o'er the can;
And thus it happen'd, I was told by one
Who sail'd with him, he 'd fought athwart a gun
As many battles as he 'd fought behind one.
Yet, maugre this, both officers and men
Were all exceedingly attach'd to Ben,
Who was an honest fellow, and a kind one.

Although he thrash'd his country's foes most dutifully,
The arts of peace he not disdain'd to follow:
He play'd upon the fiddle like Apollo,
Cut capers and tobacco-stoppers beautifully,
And executed ballads with much neatness;
'Tis true, his voice, the critic's phrase to borrow,
Was more remarkable for power than sweetness;
And though, whene'er he sung of love or sorrow,
Enraptured shipmates gather'd round in crowds,
Our tar's piano notes, there 's no gainsaying,
Were something like a sharp north-wester playing
On those Æolian harps, the frigate's shrouds.

Peace came at last, and, with it, his discharge,
And our bluff hero found himself at large

With a round sum in prize-money and pay,
Which, haply you 'll conclude, he flung away
In drinking, and a thousand superfluities:
But no, he said no land-shark should molest it,
And sent it to a friend, who did invest it
In the "Consolidated Bank Annuities."
Ben scorn'd an idle life, so posted down
To ply his trade in a small fishing town;
And, taking his old sweetheart, Poll, to wife,
There moor'd himself in Hymen's chains for life.

There was an nn or alehouse, the Blue Dog,
(I never saw a cur of that complexion)
Where, once a week, he took some slight refection,
And fought his battles, o'er six-water grog,
To a full audience, who were much delighted
In list'ning to the marvels Ben recited.
There was, among the group, a certain tailor,
A meddling, captious, mischief-making Snip,
Who always made a set at Ben the sailor,
Sneer'd at the yarns he spun about his ship,
Treating his tales with such irreverence
That frequent quarrels were the consequence.

This tailor was a lean and wither'd man,
With wrinkles in his cheeks which seem'd like gashes;
While his red nose, upon a face so wan,
Look'd a live ember on a heap of ashes.

His once black coat was rusty as his goose,
His breeches-knees were, like his morals, loose,
  Clean linen he deem'd quite a superfluity;
A dingy fillet, long estranged from soap,
His throat encircled like a piece of rope—
  Such were its hue and ominous tenuity.
His shirt was all unconscious of a collar,
And his whole wardrobe was not worth a dollar.

Yet Snip was not a fool: he had some smattering
And shreds of knowledge, and was always chattering,
  Or, as Ben term'd it, putting in his oar.
One night, on some debate—I cannot state if
The theme were politics—Snip said that Katif
  Was a small town on the Arabian shore.
Ben said he was a caitiff for the assertion,
And swore 'twas in that gulf they call the Persian.
"He ought to know, because as how he 'd been there;"
And straight began to tell the things he 'd seen there.
Both happening to be right, they argued stoutly,
Objurgating each other most devoutly.

A string of more original appellatives
They couldn't have bandied, had they e'en been relatives.
  'Twas thought, at last, they would have come to
    blows,
They were so fierce; but Ben would ne'er, he swore,
To such a shuttlecock play battledore.

At length Snip call'd him coward: Ben arose,
And pitch'd the tailor through the open casement;
'Twas lucky that the room was on the basement
For each belligerent—another story
Would scarce have added to our hero's glory.
Snip was not hurt, but rose in high displeasure,
Breathing revenge, and went—to take his measure.

He sped forthwith to one of the Unpaid,
Who 'd scarcely *νους* enough for his condition;
And was, besides, of treason so afraid,
He once took up a match-girl on suspicion.
The Cato-street affair had just occurr'd,
And he smelt powder in each breath that stirr'd.
This knight had a capacious pair of ears,
In fact, of downright Phrygian dimensions,
Which the malicious wielder of the shears
Made funnels for a thousand base inventions.
He gave a warrant, trembling in each nerve,
To Snip, who was a constable, to serve.

You 'll think he pull'd Ben up for the assault:
But no—Snip knew he 'd given provocation,
And might perhaps be deem'd as much in fault,
And, therefore, gain but sorry compensation:
So he prevail'd on this wise legislator
To authorise Ben's caption as a traitor.
The sly rogue qualified, I should premise,
With some few grains of truth his pound of lies,

Stating, that once he 'd seen the cobbler buy
An image of Napoleon; that his eye,
Into the interior of Ben's cottage prying,
Saw "Cobbett's Weekly" on the table lying.

Ben was a politician, there 's no doubt,
But not a radical; for it turn'd out,
So far from having said one sentence laudatory
Of Cobbett's principles, he much disputed them,
And, at his club, triumphantly refuted them,
As was allow'd by his enlighten'd auditory.
Unseen, at first, Snip spied out Ben alone,
Thumping a piece of leather on a stone,
Wishing devoutly 'twas the tailor's ears.
Snip for the warrant then began to fumble,
A wholesome reminiscence of his tumble
Rousing, what hate had conquer'd, all his fears.

With sundry qualms, Snip, raising up the latch,
Quiv'ring all over, like a fresh caught flounder,
The warrant held, as 'twere a lighted match,
And Ben a loaded two-and-thirty pounder.
The constable, affecting great humility,
Accosted him with singular civility,
And gave him courteously to understand
He 'd got a warrant under the knight's hand.—
"I 'll give you such a warrant under mine,"
Said Ben, and made a most pugnacious sign:

"Sheer off, or else, you buccaneering dog!
If I don't make you rue it, stop my grog!"

Scared by the terrors of the cobbler's fist,
The constable retired for a short season,
And call'd upon the lieges to assist
To take Ben's corpus on a charge of treason.
Meanwhile, Ben sent his wife to a relation's,
And set about defensive preparations:
He placed a chest of drawers against the door,
And next each window did securely close,
Save one, a port-hole, left, through which to pour
All sorts of missiles on his dastard foes;
Then stuck upon a pole a scarlet rag,
And thrust it up the chimney for a flag.

He fought with such good will, and aim'd so well,
That there was scarce a shot which did not tell
On the besieging *posse comitatus;*
One came by such a buffet with the heel
Of one of his own boots, it made him reel,
And in his grinders caused a vast hiatus.
The battle raged, with little intermission,
Until Ben's miscellaneous ammunition
Was quite expended: he had flung his *last,*
And rashly risk'd his *awl* upon a cast;
He then shut up his port-hole with an air
Which seem'd to say—"Now enter, if ye dare."

When they'd debated half an hour and more,
The knight rode up, and bade them force the door;
An object which the clumsy loons effected
With more facility than they expected,
  For it gave way immediately they tried it.
But, reader, judge their consternation, when
They saw a cannon pointing out, and Ben
  Smoking his pipe composedly beside it,
As though he did not care an orange rind for them.
  The mob made instantaneously a lane,
  As if they wisely deem'd th' attempt were vain
To stop the messenger which Ben design'd for them.

Like Jupiter, hight Tonans, in a cloud,
Ben whiff'd, and silently survey'd the crowd,
  Who eyed his pipe as 't were some dreaded comet.
At length a spark fell on the priming:—bang!!!
Off went the cannon; off too went the gang,
  As if each man had been projected from it.
Thus (but, of course, the rabble knew it not),
Though Ben's red nightcap was its only shot,
  Never did gun, in any naval action,
Such fearful execution; for the whole of them
Dispersed to the four winds, and not a soul of them
  Return'd to Benjamin for satisfaction.

"WHY, then, what in the wide world are ye standing there for, and the lugger coming up into your very mouths?" exclaimed a young peasant, as he joined a group who were inactively gazing on the scene before them.

"And don't you know, Jem," said one of the crowd, "that Serjeant Jones—bad luck to his ugly soul!—took every one of the oars from us, before we could put them *in* hide; and the Peelers [*anglicé*, police] are all along the shore; the devil so much as a cockle-shell can stir unknownst to them."

"I would not doubt him, the English blackguard," said the first speaker. "Isn't this a cruel case? and we breaking our hearts all the winter, making them caves; and now, between the Peelers and the revenee cruiser, 'tis empty they 'll be always."

"Whisht! whisht! Jem, you fool," said a patriarchal-looking old man, coming forward; "do you think the captain will let them on board of him? he 'd rather see the lugger and all down *Poul-carca*."

"And how can he help himself, why?" persisted Jem. "Won't them boats of the cruiser be at him, before he can say Jack Robinson? Oh! 'tis himself that 's fairly bothered, whatever came over him, that he didn't keep out at sea till the night. What 'll we do at all, and where 's Tom Sullivan?"

"Oh, then, where is Tom, sure enough?" said several voices eagerly.

"I'll tell you, boys," said the old man already mentioned, lowering his voice as the circle closed round him, "'tis on board of the lugger he is."

A general murmur of approbation broke from the crowd.

"And that same is a comfort, any way," said the loquacious Jem; "the never a one in the whole country is a match for Tom; he 'll give 'em the slip surely." And all agreed that "there was no coming up to Tom."

Now, perhaps, the reader may wish to learn where and wherefore all this consultation was held. The group stood on the extreme point of one of the many little promontories, which with their corresponding inlets are included in a large bay, the most fatal to mariners of any on the iron-bound south-western coast of Ireland. Many are the wild and dismal tales told by the peasantry of the shipwrecks which have from time to time occurred there; and for many years, no merchant vessel has been known voluntarily to approach the "Mal-bay," save one unfortunate ship, whose master, mistaking it for Galway bay, to which it bears some resemblance, ran in before the wind. He did not discover his error until too late; for, a gale springing up, his vessel struck upon a sunken rock, and instantly went down. She was freighted with a rich cargo; and elephants' teeth are still occasionally found by the fishermen amongst the rocks, perpetuating the recollection of her melancholy fate.

The bad character of the bay was rather favourable than otherwise to the practice of smuggling. The masters of vessels engaged in this illegal traffic made themselves acquainted with every lonely spot where it was possible to run their cargoes, and had acquired so accurate a knowledge of the position of every rock and shoal in the bay, as to render its very dangers subservient to their purposes, by enabling them to sail in safety where no other vessel dared to follow. They avoided the peril of lingering on that coast by the zealous co-operation of the peasantry, who, on the appearance of the smuggler, surrounded her in their canoes, (little wicker boats covered with horse hides, or tarred canvas) and conveyed her cargo, in an incredibly short time, to different places of concealment. Their eagerness to become purchasers of tea, brandy, &c., was quite unchecked by any apprehension of the consequences; and many, who were supposed to be literally penniless, often produced considerable sums of money to procure the proscribed luxuries, of which they afterwards found means to dispose on very advantageous terms.

It is a singular fact that, of the many hundreds by whose means these illegal practices were carried on, scarcely one individual could be found who entertained the least conscientious scruple with regard to them. Smuggling was almost universally viewed in the same light in which the Spartans are said to have regarded theft, viz. as highly meritorious unless discovered. To baffle the revenue officers, in their frequent searches

for contraband goods, was their greatest care, and the seizures were consequently rare and inconsiderable.

One of the modes of concealment which their ingenuity had devised deserves to be recorded. In a small island at the mouth of the bay, they formed several deep pits, working perpendicularly downwards for some feet; and then, enlarging the lower part, they placed small beams across to prevent the earth from falling in, and lined the whole carefully with timber. The only access to these *caves*, as the peasantry called them, was from above, by an opening about the size and appearance of a grave. This opening was occupied by a large box, the bottom of which rested on a ledge at a distance from the surface equal to its own depth. The box was nearly filled with earth, which was accurately covered with green turf, so that when the box was let down into its birth, it was impossible to distinguish the turf which was placed over it from the rest of the field, its verdure being preserved and its growth nourished by the earth beneath it.

It was early in the month of April, 18—, that the event occurred which forms the subject of this tale. The morning of the 13th was dark and lowering. The sea was unusually calm, though not perfectly still; for the strife of those great waters is unceasing. Even in the sultriness of the long midsummer days, when the air is motionless, and the burning sun has subdued all else into breathless stillness, the beating of the ocean surge against its rocky boundaries falls ever on the

ear, as if to tell that the pride of its mighty undulations may not be repressed save by the hand of the Eternal.

About noon, a light breeze sprang up, and a large schooner, rounding the headland of Moher, and emboldened by the impunity with which she had often before run her cargoes, stood in shore, without waiting, as was usual, for the obscurity of night. The tide of her prosperity had turned. The revenue officers at Kilrush had, the previous night, received intelligence of her intended visit to the coast, and hastily concerted a plan for her capture. Directions were accordingly sent to the powers at Miltown-Malbay, and measures were there taken, as we have seen, to prevent any communication between the lugger and the shore. A revenue cruiser, also, sailed from Scattery Roads, in the Shannon, with orders to lie concealed until the smuggling vessel had neared the land, when, appearing at the mouth of the bay, she was to cut off her retreat. This manœuvre was executed with the most complete success, and the new and beautiful schooner, with her valuable cargo, was left, apparently without a possibility of escape, to the tender mercies of the amiable guardians of his majesty's excise. But here a difficulty occurred in the eagerness of the aforesaid gentlemen to intercept their prey. The lugger kept so close in shore as to render it very dangerous, if not quite impossible, for the cruiser to approach her; and it would have been equally imprudent to attempt boarding an enemy so formidably

manned and armed with the small force which they could muster in their boats. It was impossible to procure any assistance from shore, as it was necessary that the few police there should be in readiness to oppose the landing of the smuggler's crew. The disconcerted cruiser was, therefore, obliged to be content with keeping a gloomy watch over her victim, until an additional force, which she had signaled for, should arrive. Her armed boats meantime rowed about the bay, to prevent any attempt of the smugglers to escape in their boats; but the commander of the cruiser, well knowing the danger of being left without a sufficient number of hands on so dangerous a coast, and also to guard against any stratagem of the smuggler to separate him from his boats, had given strict orders that they should keep within a certain distance of their vessel.

It was at this juncture of affairs that the conversation which has been recorded took place. We left the group rejoicing in the circumstance of Tom Sullivan's being on board the schooner. Now as Tom is, in some sort, the hero of our tale, and also a very fair specimen of his genus, it is fit that he should be introduced to the reader. But, to account for his appearance in "such a questionable shape," we must speak a little of his "birth, parentage, and education." His father, Patrick Sullivan, was a fisherman, who had added to his principal occupation the care of a few acres of land, which had prospered under his ma-

nagement, so that he was more comfortably established than "the neighbours." His cottage was situated on the sea-shore, under shelter of a steep hill, and flanked by one or two offices for the reception principally of those favoured animals, the pigs, which are generally allowed, at proper seasons, amongst the class to which Patrick belonged, an unrestrained freedom of access to all parts of their owners' cabins. Opposite to the front of the house, the shore was covered with huge stones, completely rounded by the action of the sea, nearly down to low-water mark; beyond which extended a low range of rocks, covered with short sea-weed. At either side the rocks rose into bolder and more varied diversities of form; and still farther on, high and abrupt cliffs opposed the waves. Three or four canoes, placed high on the beach, bottom upward, denoted Patrick's occupation, and the precaution taken to secure even the roof of his cottage from the effects of storms, by fastening on the thatch with straw ropes, hinted at the danger of his vocation. The interior of the dwelling scarcely differed in the least particular from those of his brother fishermen around; for he would be there considered a daring innovator, who should presume to deviate from their usual style of architecture, or system of internal arrangement. The unplastered mud walls, the earthen floor with its thousand irregularities, the huge tapering chimney with its coronet of straw, and the wicker half-door to keep the *childer* in and the pigs out,

at those seasons when their absence was considered desirable, were all to be seen in every fishing hamlet on the coast. The nets, lines, poles, and other apparatus were, as usual, stretched across the rafters; and sometimes, when all collected, formed a sort of ceiling, which gave the cottage a warmer appearance than if the rafters had been unfurnished with these implements of industry. Tom was a fisher*man* almost from his cradle, and had scarcely arrived at manhood before he was famed as being one of the most skilful and daring between Loop-head and Moher. His life, however, was not one of unremitting employment. The tempestuous Atlantic cannot at all times be spoiled of its finny inhabitants; and even the canoes, which live in a higher sea than any other description of boat, are sometimes obliged to lie idle on the beach. At these times Tom was at liberty to pursue his favourite sport. Pulling a rusty, dangerous-looking, old fowling-piece from under his bed, he would sally forth, and, taking a range of the shore for two or three miles, he was pretty sure to meet some one of those young sportsmen, who, with a laudable contempt of every less rational pursuit, devote themselves with untiring assiduity to the destruction of sea-gulls and cormorants, and who, were their abilities but equal to their zeal, would doubtless ere now have exterminated those obnoxious portions of animated nature. To such Tom was always welcome. He was familiar with every rock and cave in the whole bay, and was

generally able to procure for them better sport than they would have otherwise had. Indeed Tom was the most desirable guide that could possibly be procured. There was something infectious in his light-hearted gaiety, and his strokes of genuine Irish humour were quite irresistible. No one ever thought of keeping Tom at "a proper distance;" the thing was absolutely impossible. There was so much drollery and originality in his remarks, that you felt glad to have an opportunity of conversing with him on terms of equality. His natural shrewdness and quick insight into character were continually showing themselves, and there was never any offensive vulgarity to check the pleasure you felt in listening to him. Amongst his own class he was absolutely idolized. *A pattern* was not "a pattern" if Tom was absent; and in graver matters his advice and assistance were sought before that of many older and more experienced men. His very prepossessing personal appearance was no small addition to his other good qualities, in the judgment, at least, of his female acquaintance. But Tom was provokingly indifferent to the admiration which he excited in the fairer portion of the creation, and his careless hilarity was for a time unrepressed by any symptoms of the tender passion. However, the assertion of his invulnerability, which was a favourite one amongst the rural coquettes of the neighbourhood, was at length completely disproved. In other words, poor Tom fell *desperately* in love. Al-

though his passion was returned with equal warmth, yet the relative situation of the parties rendered it very unlikely that he should ever be able to attain the object of his wishes, by making the tall, slender, and even elegant-looking Mary Cassidy his wife. Tom's father and hers were the leaders of two adverse *factions,* and neither would listen to any proposals of so closely connecting their families. Since the time of the Montagues and Capulets, perhaps, no more sincere and lasting hostility had ever existed between near neighbours; and yet Tom was not without hope, that, could he amass what he considered a tempting fortune, it might prove a sufficient inducement to her father to forego all further hostility, and consent to a reconciliation and its consequences.

To this object he turned all his attention; and it was in the prosecution of this scheme that he had recourse to the rather exceptionable means which his being on board the smuggler implied. His conscience, however our English readers may doubt the fact, did not at all reproach him; and when at last he found himself outgeneraled, and counselled the opposing of force to force, he did so on the simple principle of self-preservation.

The bold and desperate crew of the smuggler, finding that all hope of saving their vessel must be relinquished, determined that she should be entirely destroyed rather than suffered to fall into the hands of the enemy. They therefore ran her on a rock, about a hundred yards from shore, and, having set fire to her in several

places, prepared to effect a landing in defiance of all opposition. In putting this hazardous purpose into execution, the presence of Tom Sullivan was particularly useful. As they had returned the fire of the cruiser, when chased in the morning, their lives depended upon their making their escape. Although the night had now set in, Tom was able to guide them to a spot apparently well calculated for their purpose. At the point which he selected, a ledge of rocks, which ran out into the sea from the base of the cliff, terminated almost perpendicularly. The face of this rock was not difficult of ascent, and at about five feet from the summit was a projection running along its whole length, from which, without exposing themselves, they might observe all that was passing to landward. They scarcely expected that they should be allowed to land without opposition; however, seeing that the police were disposed to remain on the cliff above, the boats were lowered, manned, shoved off, and almost at the same instant reached the rocks, so closely had they run the schooner to the shore. The first burst of flame from the burning vessel, while it announced to the police that the work of her destruction had commenced, gave also to view her two boats, as they at that instant left her side. The desired position was however gained before the police were able to offer any resistance; and as they at length began awkwardly to descend the cliff, the light from the blazing vessel became sufficiently strong to enable

the smugglers to wound two of the party severely, on which they quickly retreated to their former post.

In the mean time the flames increased rapidly on board the devoted schooner, and soon exhibited one immense sheet of flame, that cast a strong unearthly light on all around, while it was unsteadily reflected on the trembling waters. Vast numbers of the peasantry flocked together from all quarters, many attracted by the novelty of the sight, but by far the greater number influenced by a stronger feeling than mere curiosity. There was one group in particular which showed the deepest interest in what was going forward. In the midst stood Tom Sullivan's father. He saw his son's danger to an extent of which he could not himself have been aware when he led his party to the spot which they now occupied. He knew that, could they succeed in passing along under cover of the rocks for some yards, they would be able to approach the cliff at a point which, from its apparent inaccessibility, was left unguarded by the police; but he had not seen that, before they could gain this point, they must pass a spot where, from a cleft in the rock, they should be fully exposed to the fire of the enemy. To this spot the police had also turned their attention. They had thrown themselves on the ground at the edge of the cliff, and, pointing their carbines in that direction, remained motionless. One only of the party traversed a small space which separated them from the peasantry, as a precaution against surprise.

Tom Sullivan's friends hoped that he would perceive the danger before it was too late, and not make an attempt which must almost inevitably prove fatal. The smugglers, however, who, as long as the police were visible, had kept up a brisk fire, were deceived by their disappearance, and, concluding that they had retired from the cliff, were proceeding to that part of the shore from which, as we have said, they would have been almost certain to escape, when suddenly they came upon the opening in the rock, which was only about fifty yards distant from the cliff. The mate of the schooner passed forward. The instant his dark figure became visible, a volley was fired from above, and he fell lifeless into the sea. A murmur of horror ran through the crowd, who were spectators of this catastrophe. Though the night was extremely dark, yet every object was so brilliantly illuminated by the flames, that the sailor's dress of the unfortunate mate had been distinguished; and there was no apprehension that it was Tom Sullivan who had fallen. But his danger was now manifestly imminent. His distracted father was surrounded by numerous friends, all suggesting plans equally impracticable for his son's rescue.

"Oh! boys, boys!" whispered one of the party, "if 't was the red-coats instead of them Peelers we had to dale wid—." But the police were regarded with a superstitious horror, and no one dared directly to propose an attempt to overpower them. Indeed, the

attempt, had such been made, would probably have proved fruitless, as the police, who were apprehensive of an attack, had, in addition to the sentinel we have mentioned, placed themselves so as to interpose a high hedge between them and the people, whose numbers were now become very formidable.

"Only 'tis entirely impossible, Patrick," said our friend Jem, "I know the way to get them off clear and clean: but 'tis no use in life, unless they knew it themselves—and who's to tell them? 'T is myself would think but little of going down the cliff to them," continued he; "only 'tis a dead man I'd be, surely, before I got there. Look at them black divels watching the rock as a cat would watch a mouse's hole."

However, Jem's despair of the practicability of his expedient did not prevent him from communicating it to those around, and certainly, as he himself said, there was but one obstacle to its being put into execution. None could be found, even amongst those most solicitous for the escape of the little band, who would consent to face almost inevitable death. But there was one who had stood in silent agony during the whole scene, and who seemed unconscious that there was a thronging crowd around her, or that she was the subject of general remark and sympathy. She had remained with her eyes fixed on the fatal opening in the rock, and had witnessed the death of the sailor with less emotion than any other spectator. Her whole soul seemed engrossed by one feeling. It was Mary Cas-

sidy, Tom Sullivan's love. But when the possibility of his escape was suggested by some one near her, she started from her stupor, and, learning that his safety depended on communicating their plan to him, she burst wildly through the circle which surrounded his father, entreating to be sent on this errand, which the bravest shrank from. None could believe that she understood the full extent of the danger to which she would thus expose herself. They pointed to the police, whose eyes were fixed on the rock, by which it was death to pass; and they showed the precipice down and along which she must clamber. But she could only see that there was a possibility of saving her lover, and she was deaf to all remonstrances. In truth, these remonstrances were not urged as eagerly as in any other case they would have been, for there was a ray of hope which no one would intercept.

The hedge which we have said separated the people from the police, making at this point a sudden turn, was completely hid from the view of the latter. This was a favourite haunt of poor Tom's, and he used often to conceal himself in one of the many clefts in the rocks half-way down, to shoot at the large sea-gulls in their heavy coasting flight along the shore.

To an eye unaccustomed to these scenes, it appeared quite impossible to descend, and certainly no woman had ever before attempted it. But the delicate and timid Mary did not for an instant shrink from the dizzy precipice. Her friends could not venture

sufficiently near the edge of the cliff to witness her descent, lest they should have been observed by the police; but there was a death-like silence through all the people, which told their intense anxiety, as she passed from among them on her almost hopeless way. She had not foreseen many of the dangers which crowded round her as she advanced. The rock, which at first afforded a few natural steps, soon became broken and irregular, and afforded a footing so precarious, that the small stones on which she stepped often passed from under her feet, and went rolling and bounding into the deep and heaving sea beneath. But in spite of all dangers she, at length, stood on the natural platform, which we have described as running under cover of the rocks, along almost their whole length, and reached the fatal point where they ceased for a few yards to interpose between the cliff and the sea. She expected to have seen the imprisoned band on the other side of the cleft, and her heart died within her when she found herself disappointed. A little further on the rock again projected, and prevented her from seeing beyond; and, concluding that they were screened by it from her view, she closely examined her farther way, and perceived that there rose from the ledge or platform a very small portion of the rock, under which she thought she could creep without being seen from above. The poor girl trembled violently as she attempted this most dangerous experiment. Should the rock for a moment prove insuf-

ficient to conceal her, she would inevitably be fired on, as the police could not even suspect that any other than one of the smugglers could be there at such a moment. This, the greatest danger, was passed in safety; and almost overcome with excess of agitation, Mary, turning the projecting rock, stood before the astonished group. The superstitious sailors started back in horror from the pale phantom-like figure seen by the strong blaze of their own vessel; but Tom Sullivan knew that it was no apparition, and though his daring courage had not been shaken by all the past scene, he now burst into tears. But there was no time to be lost, and Mary rapidly pointed out the means of escape which their friends had devised, and which they instantly adopted with the joy of men already saved from death.

The whole party stood by the spot which Mary had just passed, and, every thing being ready, a pistol-shot, the appointed signal, was fired. Instantly there rose from the multitude on the cliffs a shout so simultaneous, so sudden, and so deafening, that the terrified police, concluding that the apprehended attack was about to be made by the people, drew together, and prepared for resistance. The shout died away, and unbroken silence again settled down on the assembled throng. The police again, though with more caution, returned to their watch; but the one moment gained was invaluable; the opening was passed, and the little band, ascending the cliff in safety, mingled with the

crowd. To this day, Tom Sullivan's share in the adventures of the night is not known by any but his own friends, comprehending, as has been shown, no very inconsiderable number; and it has often afforded matter of wonder to Serjeant Jones how it came to pass that Patrick Sullivan and Darby Cassidy, those inveterate foes, whose desperate battles he was often summoned to terminate with strong arm, should now be such *loving* neighbours; and, above all, how a wedding, which soon after took place, could ever be suffered to unite the families so long at deadly feud.

S. K. Hesketh.

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## THE BEE ORCHIS.

BY ROBERT SNOW, ESQ.

See, Delia, see this image bright;
Why starts my fair one at the sight?
It mounts not on obtrusive wing,
Nor threats thy breast with angry sting:
Admire, as close the insect lies,
Its thin-wrought plume, and honey'd thighs;
Whilst on this flow'ret's velvet breast,
It seems as though 't were lull'd to rest,
Nor might its fairy wings unfold,
Enchain'd in aromatic gold.
Think not to set the captive free—
'Tis but the picture of a bee.

Yet wonder not that Nature's power
Should paint an insect on a flower;
And stoop to means that bear in part
Resemblance to imperfect art—
Nature, who could that form inspire
With strength and swiftness, life and fire,
And bid it search each spicy vale
Where flowers their fragrant souls exhale;
And, labouring for the parent hive,
With murmurs make the wild alive.

For when in Parian stone we trace
Some best-remember'd form or face;
Or see on radiant canvas rise
An imitative Paradise;
And feel the warm affections glow,
Pleased at the pencil's mimic show;
'Tis but obedience to the plan
From Nature's birth proposed to Man;
Who, lest her choicest sweets in vain
Should blossom for our thankless train;
Lest beauty pass unheeded by
Like cloud upon the summer sky;
Lest mem'ry of the brave and just
Should sleep with them consign'd to dust;
With leading hand th' expedient proves,
And paints for us the form she loves.

## THE PAST.

THE past! the past! It is a word of many thoughts to me
And feelings, crowded like the waves upon a moonlit sea;
Its beauty comes upon me at morning's rosy prime,
In every breeze I feel its power, in every brooklet's chime.

I hear it in the skylark's voice, above the grassy hill;
I hear it when the linnet chants beside the shady rill;
I read it on the purple page of autumn's loveliest sky;
I feel its power when honey-bees go murm'ring softly by.

'Tis ever in the voice of spring, 'tis mingled with her flowers,
It is in winter's darkest sky, in April's clearest showers;
Oh! it comes upon me sweetly, like a child's remember'd dream,
'Tis bright as summer sunshine, 'tis warm as summer's beam!

But *most* I feel its influence in my visions of the night;
It speaks in every gale, and shines in every planet's light;
As I watch the dimpling river—'tis there too, it is there!
It follows me where'er I go—its power is *every where!*

R. T. H.

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THE JAPANESE PALACE,

DRESDEN.

## THE JAPANESE PALACE, DRESDEN.

Dresden, the capital of the kingdom of Saxony, is seated in a delightful plain, on both sides of the river Elbe, surrounded by hills, many of which are covered with gardens and vineyards, while others of still greater elevation bound the prospect in all directions. The Old and the New Town, standing on opposite sides of the river, are connected by the celebrated bridge, two of the arches of which were blown up by the French during the eventful campaign of the year 1813.

The New Town stands on the right bank of the Elbe; and the principal ornament of this division of the city is the Japanese Palace. This edifice is an oblong square, with projecting pavilions at the angles; two of these, bounding the garden-front which looks towards the river, are shown in the engraving. From this portion of the palace some notion of the style of its architecture may be obtained. Built in the beginning of the eighteenth century by field-marshal Flemming, and purchased by king Augustus II., this structure consists of a basement and two other floors, and has a copper roof. The sovereign destined it for a summer residence, caused the apartments to be decorated with Japanese and Chinese porcelain (whence its name), and furnished with Indian carpets, but died before the completion of the work. His late majesty fitted up the palace at a great expense for a different purpose, making it a depository of the treasures of art

and science collected by his predecessors, and denoting the use to which it is applied by this inscription on the frieze: MUSEUM VSUI PUBLICO PATENS.

This museum, which, in several of its departments, is not equalled by any in Europe, consists of the gallery of antiquities, the cabinet of coins and medals, the collection of porcelain, and the tapestries after Raphael's Cartoons, on the basement floor, while the library occupies the first and second story. What an immense field is here opened for the study and researches of the antiquary, the artist, and the connoisseur, may be conceived when it is known that the antiquities alone fill ten spacious rooms, and the modern sculptures two more. The specimens of Asiatic porcelain are unrivalled in Europe; and, united with those of native manufacture, they form a collection valued at several millions of dollars, occupying eighteen rooms, while the catalogue of its treasures fills five folio volumes. Out of the twenty-two pieces of tapestry wrought at Arras for pope Leo X., after the designs of Raphael and his pupils, seven were sent as a present, it is conjectured, to Dresden, and five to Vienna. The seven were copies of the Cartoons by the hand of the prince of painters himself, which have long been objects of universal admiration in the collection of the British sovereigns at Hampton Court; but in the lapse of time one of them, representing the death of Ananias, has been lost. The library, arranged in three spacious halls and twenty-one rooms, contains

220,000 volumes of printed books, 2,700 manuscripts, and upwards of 150,000 smaller tracts.

The garden attached to the Japanese Palace commands a delightful view of the majestic course of the Elbe, and of the gently swelling hills, garlanded with vines, by which it is bordered.

When we consider the beauties with which Nature has decorated the surrounding country, the intellectual treasures, and the master-pieces of genius and art accumulated in Dresden through the munificence of its sovereigns for several generations*, and the pleasures of highly polished society, which are nowhere to be found in higher perfection, we are justified in asserting that there is not perhaps a city of its class in which a person of a cultivated mind and of refined taste may pass his time more usefully or agreeably than in the metropolis of the kingdom of Saxony.

* The royal gallery of paintings comprises upwards of 1350 pictures; among these Raphael's celebrated Madonna de San Sisto (for an engraving and account of which the reader is referred to one of the early volumes of this work) alone cost 17,000 ducats. The gallery of engravings and drawings comprehends more than 200,000 productions of the greatest masters; and the collection of plaster casts exhibits all the remarkable antiquities at Rome, and in other cities of Italy, executed under the direction of Raphael Mengs for Charles III. of Spain. The rarities of what is termed *das grüne Gewölbe*, from the green colour of the apartment in which they were originally deposited, are also well worthy of attention. They are of immense value, consisting of precious stones, pearls, and curious works in gold, silver, ivory, &c., filling seven rooms and a closet on the basement of the royal residence.

## WAR.

I SLEPT!—Upon the sealed lid
  The painted shadows fell
Of palace and of pyramid,
  Of fountain and of cell;
And, gliding onward to the brain,
  Which in her darkness lay,
Perplex'd her with their gorgeous reign,
  And with their phantom-play.
The grand! the beautiful! the proud!
Creations of the tinted cloud,
  Serenely, softly bright!
The proud! the beautiful! the grand!
A mighty host, a fairy band,
  Moving in chains of light!

I heard afar the tempest's sighs,
  Low, terrible, and deep;
I saw the scorching vapours rise,
  And felt them round me creep.
The trumpet-cry, the mailed tread,
  The shock of sword and spear;
The voice that echoeth of the dead,
  The eye that hath no tear;
The pealing of the fiery storm
That cradles his gigantic form—
  The blast—the meteor-star;

All breathe of that colossal power,
Whose triumphs live their awful hour,
And bid us worship War.

He pass'd!—The palace bow'd her head;
Her halls, her courtly show,
Were changed to mansions of the dead,
And effigies of woe.
The pyramid, whose shade had sent
An answer to the sun,
Frown'd mournfully on flag and tent,
Like some deserted one.
The fountain wept her precious tears,
Her tortured hopes and blighted years—
No flowers around her twined.
The hermit started from the cell
Where he and prayer had loved to dwell,
And gazed upon mankind.

Oh! who may paint the frenzied crime,
The madness of the pride
That touches with its sceptre Time,
And overleaps his tide?
A moment—on the peaceful plain
Where summer suns had pour'd
The bursting fruit, the golden grain,
For Nature the adored:—
Even there the iron-armed heel
Descends!—She dare not breathe nor feel

'Tis Winter with her bloom—
The vapours of that presence send
Destruction wheresoe'er it bend—
Her home is in the tomb!

O sons of men! arise, and weep—
Weep! for the change is drear;
Be sorrow mingled with your sleep,
And terror with your tear.
They will not weep—the mist is curl'd
Before their charmed sight,
And Glory, with her flag unfurl'd,
And helmet fringed with light—
Ambition, with the broider'd vest,
And Heroism, with mailed breast,
And castle-crested Power—
All float above the battle blaze,
And point to where, encrown'd with rays,
Sits Conquest in her tower!

'Tis thus with man! a dream—a shade—
His human hour glides on;
Hope—Peace—the joy for which he pray'd—
The grief he bore alone—
All pass—and he, the changed, the worn,
Looks on the gliding show,
At once expectant and forlorn,
A thing whom none may know!

Yea, that which from an angel's eye
Might force unearthly sympathy,
He, in his mortal pride,
Though startled by the funeral wail,
Presumes to honour and to hail,
And War stands deified!

LEONTINE.

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## PALMYRA.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL, ESQ.

DESOLATE city! who e'er gazed on thee,
Nor call'd to mind thy glory in old time?
When thy grass-mantled towers were in their prime,
Sunk halls th' abodes of joy and revelry;
When marble walks tripp'd Beauty lightly o'er,
Where, smear'd with blood, prowls now the hyena grim;
When to the moon soft rose the virgin's hymn,
Where now resounds the lion's dreadful roar.
Faltering o'er statues, columns scatter'd wide,
Mourning 'neath arches, through whose rents the rays
Of stars fall drearily, the traveller strays.
Be there a scene on earth to humble pride,
Call forth the sigh, and prompt the pitying tear
For fall of human grandeur—it is here!

# HÜLSEBURG.

BY GEORGE DOWNES, A. M.

At Hülseburg, near Wittenburg, in Mecklenburg, are two islets in the moat of an ancient castle, of which there is not a stone remaining. The moat environs the garden of the present more modern mansion; and on the lesser islet stood in days of yore a *Raubnest*—a 'fastness,' or, literally, '*nest* of robbers.' *Raubgraf*, translated 'Raubgrave,' means 'Robber Count.'

THEY have pass'd away—and the innocent flower
Is twining the sides of the summer bower,
Where frown'd of yore the robbers' tower:
They have pass'd away—they have left no trace
Of home or kindred, name or race,—
The very ground they trod
Has pass'd away;—the peaceful swain
Has drawn his harrow o'er the plain,
And smiling fields of yellow grain
Are waving o'er the sod,
Where erst, from loophole dark and high,
Scowl'd the grim Raubgrave's sullen eye.

And Hülseburg is calm and still,—
No sounds of death are near,—
No sights to make the blood run chill;—
The agonizing tear
No more is shed for ruthless deeds,
But peace is in its silent meads.

# THE SACRIFICE.

## AN INDIAN TALE.

BY CAPTAIN M'NAGHTEN.

THE earliest beams of the rich sun of an eastern morning changed the crystal waters of the Nerbuddah into living gold, as the broad bright river caught the gorgeous ray on its clear untroubled bosom. How lovely and how tranquil seemed the delightful valley, enriched by the ever-flowing springs of that fertilizing stream, and how beautiful a contrast did its verdant surface present with the dark and wild chain of the Goand mountains which stretched almost around it! Not a trace was now visible of the desolating track of the fierce Pindarries, whose predatory incursions into that and the surrounding districts had till lately been made with the regularity of the harvests, which twice in the year the generous soil presented, almost spontaneously, to the inhabitants. Terror preceded and the most wanton devastation followed the march of these organised freebooters; for, not content with merely sweeping the flocks and herds of the defenceless people, they applied various species of torture to the young, the aged, and the feminine, in order to extort a discovery of the places where it was supposed they had, in anticipation of the inroad, concealed their more valuable and portable effects. The villages were destroyed by fire, after they had been ransacked even to nakedness, and the cool murder of children, with the violation of the females, were the usual concomi-

tants of plunder and destruction. Such were the fruits of the wretched policy adopted by the Mahratta princes regarding the internal security of their dominions, and such the miserable situation of their deserted subjects, till the humane, wise, and energetic exertions of the late Marquis of Hastings put an end to that singular system of lawless depredation, which had for so long a period of years devastated the fairest and the fruitfullest tracts of India.

So complete had been the extirpation of the whole race, and so sudden the blessed effects of security, that in the beautiful valley connected with our tale, not a trace was now discernible of the desolation caused by those fierce intruders; whose steps, but two years before, might have been too easily traced by the smouldering ruins which marked their ruthless progress from their own wild abodes, along the whole extent of the now fair and smiling valley. That dark and blood-stained host had for ever disappeared; and in the neighbouring topes* or groves of thick-leaved mangoe trees, and

* *Tope.*—The use of this term, which is not a perfectly legitimate one, even in an Indian tale, reminds me of an error into which the genius-filled author of Waverley has fallen, in his late tale of the Surgeon's Daughter. In attempting to localize a part of that story in India, Sir Walter uses the word *tope* as synonymous with a *knowl*, or hill; whereas it signifies merely a *grove*, without reference to whether the trees composing it happen to stand upon a hillock, or a mound, or on a plain; on which last the *tope* is, in nineteen cases out of twenty, to be found. But there is not, in truth, any such Indian word as *tope* applied in that manner, the proper phrase being a *bagheecha;* and I notice

under the shade of the widely-spreading and magnificent banian, which erected its green and curious colonnades near to a peaceful dwelling, that lay half-sequestered amid groups of the plantain, and partly shadowed by the lofty tufts of the stately palmyra, nought was to be seen more wild or savage than the troops of various, but sacred monkeys, frolicking among the branches; and flocks of the beautiful parroquet, which delighted and dazzled the eye that marked their flight from one part of the grove to another, or plumed their variegated wings in the sunshine. The young Heena, advancing from the door of her father's lowly dwelling, surveyed the peaceful scene with a happy and a

this as one, among several errors of Indian scenery and names, into which the above-named most accomplished author has fallen; the rather, as I apprehend, from more than one of his hints, that he "has a mind" to enter upon the magnificent field which the East presents to his stupendous powers of picturing and description. I hope he will enter upon it, (after the little reading and inquiry necessary to perfect him in the technicalities); for the history of India contains hundreds of authentic anecdotes of valour and enterprise, before which the fictions—even the fictions—of our chivalry must fade. But as Horace said of the "vixere fortes ante Agamemnona," they have had no chroniclers known to the western world, and the consequence is that they there remain unknown. The corrective remarks of this note I make with great diffidence, though I believe they will not offend Mr. Croftangry; but so large a portion of his readers are Indians, and to those such errors as I allude to are so apparent, that it deducts greatly from the interest a tale should excite, and which all of his *do* excite, to have the fancy disturbed by any thing which at once recalls them to the matter of fact.

grateful heart. She had known the grief of the late insecurity, and her father, an old soldier, in the service of the Rajah of Nagpore, had been severely wounded in the defence of his native village against the hands of the spoiler: but these sorrows had ceased, and young and sanguine, both hope and joy had resumed their natural places in her breast; and she fondly trusted that thenceforward the path of life would be as brilliant, and strewed with as many flowers of pleasure, as the sunlit and highly luxurious vale around her. She contemplated with calm and thankful pleasure those flocks and herds, which, preserved from the Pindarrie raids, now promised to secure a future competency to the beloved family so lately on the brink of irremediable destruction; and she reposed with fearless confidence upon the security afforded by the vigorous measures of the Company's government, and the vicinity of her present residence to Nagpore, the capital of the kingdom, for the permanency of the tranquil state which had happily succeeded fearful periods of alarm, havoc, and bloodshed. Still the smile which occasionally played around the rich, soft lip of the beautiful and modest girl, and which illuminated her full, dark, and tender eye, had in it a pensiveness which gave to it a character of needless melancholy, in the view of an ignorant and surprised beholder, who could not perceive the cause of uneasiness in a scene and a person of such sweet serenity. Her yet budding bosom, like the wave but newly lulled to rest, heaved at

intervals with greater emotion than could easily be concealed by the folds of the graceful saree, the light and negligent, but not neglected drapery of which partially enveloped a figure, light and elastic in its movements, and exquisite in its elegantly rounded proportions. With gentle, yet convulsive swells, the remembrance of former misfortunes would intrude, if not absolutely to darken, at least to cloud, the felicity of the present prosperous hour. She thought, and a tear glittered the while in the long black lashes of her dropping eyelids, of the idolized brothers and sisters, who one by one, by some awful and sudden calamity, had been swept away in the pride of their youth, or the innocence of their childhood; and many and bitter were the floods of sorrow she had wept over the pale corses of those gentle relatives, too early hastened to a violent dissolution. The fierce assault of the treacherous hyena, the more awful gripe of the wary alligator, the quick-working poison of the cobra capella, and the base dagger of the remorseless assassin, had at different, but shortly distant periods, been fatal to her nearest relatives; and two brothers, with herself, who was the eldest offspring, alone survived out of a fair and numerous family, who had gladdened the warm hearts of their anxious parents, and promised to excel in manly bravery and feminine loveliness; and Heena's grief was renewed and perpetuated by the painful solicitude of her mother's watchful eye, which tearfully followed every movement of those beloved children

who still remained, and for whose safety she suffered incessant and agonizing, but unexplained apprehensions. Yet the brightly variegated sky, the dancing, pearly waters, the glowing landscape; and, above all, the thoughts of one, the absent and the dear, whose dauntless and well-aimed javelin had saved her from a fate perhaps more terrible than the worst deaths that had visited her family, combined to chase away the memory of deeper griefs; and again Heena looked up, and smiled less pensively.

The peasants, happily relieved from the dangers that formerly attended their daily toils, speeded cheerfully to the labours of the field; and, with a view to a similar occupation, for which a healthy old age did not render him unfit, the mild and venerable Agundah blessed his daughter, as he passed forth from his cottage; and Jumba, the brother of Heena, and only one year her junior, embraced his young wife, and kissed his laughing infant, ere he sought the thriving plantation of sugar-cane, which, under his skilful management, promised to yield a crop of unusual abundance.

"Give me, Heena," cried Kyratee, a fine manly boy seven years of age, "give me the koorpa, that I may follow my father and my brother to the field."

"Alas! no," exclaimed the too anxious mother, darting forward from the interior of the hut, and clasping her boy with an eagerness for which there was no apparent reason; "think, should some of the savage and lurking Goands still linger in the vicinity, they may

tear thee away even before my eyes, mocking at my vain defence, and regardless of my agonized supplications. Ah! no, my son; till thou art able to defend thyself against a rude and warlike man, thou must not wander from the precincts of the cottage."

"Speak for me, Heena!" cried the bold but wayward boy. "I can throw the javelin well, I can draw the bow, and poise the difficult lance; for Muttaree taught me all, and his arm thou knowest never yet has failed. I have a dagger, too, at my belt; and I fear not the worthless and womanly people of the hills. Nay, I shame to remain at home, sitting at ease, while I might be aiding my father to till the ground, or helping to plant the rice, or bringing down with my sling or my arrows the birds who might come to disturb the grain in the furrows. You will win my mother to let me go, kind Heena, I know you will; and the other boys of the village will not cry shame upon the indolent Kyratee."

Heena looked fondly on the coaxing, ingenuous urchin, and was about to plead in his behalf; but she caught at the instant her mother's imploring eye, saw the colour fade from her cheek, and compassionating the terror which she could not share, undertook to pacify the too adventurous boy, who now began to display the juvenile frowardness which follows disappointment. Offering to feather his arrows from the eagle's wing, and to bind his quiver like that of Muttaree, if he would remain contentedly by her side, Kyratee,

pleased with the idea of the martial occupation, relinquished his project; and Heena's filial respect to her mother's slightest wish was rewarded by one of those tender, approving, but pensive smiles, which alone illumined the wan countenance of the care-worn parent. It was those gentle tokens of deep affection which repaid Heena for the assiduity with which she studied the happiness of those around her, and which she considered to be lightly earned by the greatest efforts she could make to obtain them. Bending with patient and inexhaustible sweetness over her self-imposed employment, while amusing her young and highly-interested companion, she solaced her own heart with sweet thoughts of her approaching felicity. Hitherto, though she had been sought by many in marriage, she had chosen to remain in virgin solitude, anxious only to lighten the domestic cares of her mother, to gladden with her light step and melodious voice the home of which she was the invaluable blessing, and to soothe the sorrows, which, with little cessation, had, from her earliest remembrance, oppressed the hearts of those she loved; but now that her parents had removed from the exposed village, wherein all the disasters they so deeply mourned had befallen them, to a more secure locality; and that a young family, the offspring of her brother, were springing up, to bind new ties around those she was at last about to leave, she had unreluctantly consented to shorten the probation of her lover, and, the betrothed bride of the enraptured Muttaree, a few days

only were to elapse ere she had promised to become his wife. Soon a well known step bounded over the verdant sod—soon a well known voice shed its music on her ear, and the shadow of a beloved form fell upon the spot where she sate—when Kyratee uttered a shout of joy. Heena flew to the embrace of the cherished guest, and the fond mother, as she surveyed the meeting, in silence clasped her hands and raised her eyes, in which might be read the invocation of a blessing, to the bright and joy-inspiring heaven above her. Eda, the young and lovely sister-in-law of Heena, sate toying with her prattling child, under the shade of a superb tamarind tree, which spread its light, green, delicate leaves in full luxuriance above her; and seldom, in sooth, could the monarch's palace present so sweet a scene of love and peace as that which blessed the straw-roofed hut of the venerable Soobrattee. At this moment, the calmness of the clear, blue air was destroyed by a wild and piercing shriek:—"It is the death-cry of my son!" screamed the frenzied and prophetic mother, as desperately she darted forward; and in another instant, an enormous tiger was observed bounding rapidly towards the neighbouring jungle, and bearing his victim in his enormous jaws with the same ease that Eda dandled her reposing infant. While the females stood stupefied by terror and grief, the young Kyratee seized, with impotent courage, his tiny javelin; but the collected Muttaree took up his bow, from which the well-directed arrow flew to the heart of the

savage, with more than the lightning's celerity and the lightning's fatal power. The tiger dropped his prey, but the mangled and bleeding body lay motionless—as utterly devoid of life as that of the monster who stretched his huge bulk beside it. The almost petrified Eda, uttering long, heart-piercing, and unearthly shrieks, flung her infant franticly into the arms of Kyratee, and, rushing towards the corpse, gazed upon the dismal spectacle till, unable to bear longer the ghastly sight, feeling and sense forsook her, and she sank lifeless on the gory grass and partly on the corpse of her dilacerated husband. Paralyzed by the fatal event which so suddenly passed before her, Heena remained for a moment motionless and almost apathetic, but the distracted state of her mother soon roused her to exertion. Until that dreadful day, the unhappy woman had borne all the misfortunes which had unremittingly pursued her devoted offspring with a calm, enduring sorrow. That she felt them deeply was manifested by her fading, grief-worn form, her pallid cheek, and her ever-tearful eye. She wept abundantly, but it was in patient silence; and the keenness of the sufferings, which wrung the core of her heart, could only be discovered by the heavy sighs and the smothered groans, which all her efforts could not wholly suppress. But now she gave loose to a burst of grief, which threatened to end (and happy for her if it *had* ended) in madness; and vainly, as earnestly, did Heena endeavour, by soothing words and affectionate caresses, to

allay the storm of wildly bursting passion. It would not be controlled; and breaking, with unwonted strength, from the gentle bondage of her daughter's twining arms, she flew towards a distant thicket with a speed which distanced all pursuit, and Heena could only track her wretched parent's footsteps by the cries which burst from her overcharged heart, with all the shrillness of oriental grief, and beheld her at last, half-kneeling and half-lying on the ground, beneath a tall pepul-tree, where, exhausted by the violence of her emotion, she had sunk in utter helplessness. Fearful of approaching too closely, as it was evident her mother had sought to indulge her sorrows in solitude, the weeping and anguished girl stood a little distance off, concealed by the intervening shrubbery of the jungle, and watching, with the acutest solicitude, the actions of one who seemed to meditate some desperate purpose, and listening, with the tenderest compassion, to her wild shrieks and passionate exclamations.

"My son, my son!" she cried; "brave as a lion in the field, mild and gentle as a dove beneath the palm-leaved roof of thy father's hut; beautiful as the young Camdeo, and wise as the favourite friend of Vishnoo; the parched and thirsty earth drinks thy heart's blood, the vulture's red eye already marks thee for its prey. No more shall thy fleet steps follow the deer, and thy sure matchlock carry death to the panther! No more shalt thou bring home the shaggy skin of the lion in triumph to those who rejoiced in thy valour! Oh! too

revengeful goddess! will nothing avail, neither prayers nor offerings, to move thee to be merciful? Must all I prize beneath yon glorious orb be doomed to a miserable death to satisfy thy vengeance? Will not a mother's cries be heard?—Will not the red hand be stayed—the insatiable sword be arrested, by those just powers who see that the measure of my grief is full, and that this torn and burthened heart can endure its agony no longer? The penalty of my disobedience has been paid with the lives of six, for that one which my trembling hands refused to sacrifice; and will nought appease thee, thou too vindictive deity! nothing suffice to atone for the maternal weakness, the fond and strong affection, which *could* not immolate at thy tremendous altar the loved one, the first-born, the welcome guest, who gave the sweet assurance that the curse of a barren bed had been removed! Could *my* hand snap the tender thread of my smiling, my first, my only babe's existence? Could my lip devote the innocent to instant and most awful destruction?—No! no!—and on me then let the punishment be inflicted. Let my life pay the forfeit of my crime—but spare the guiltless!—let me not behold the few remaining and fragile branches of a decaying tree lopped off successively by the ruthless fiat of an unmerciful judge!—and let not for my offence my husband suffer in the loss of his children!"

"Mother, mother!—dearest mother!" said Heena, coming forward, "thy words pierce my soul. Tell me, I beseech thee—I, who am thine eldest born—am I,

and in what manner, the miserable cause of the calamities which have pursued thee from my birth? Let not the dark and fatal secret prey longer on thy lacerated heart; and perchance some means may still, though late, be found to avert the dreadful evils which threaten annihilation to all our race."

"Alas, my child!" returned the sorrowing parent, "how wilt thou listen to the tale of thy mother's frailty? Bright was the morning of my life. No bird in the glad valley ever sang more gaily, no flower ever bloomed more freshly, than she who was the pride and delight of a tribe, all of whom were lavishly endowed with the choicest of Nature's gifts. I loved, and was loved by, a youth of my own high caste, worthy of my virgin heart; and joyously sounded the guitar, the timbrel, and the conch-shell at our nuptials, and golden were the flowers that decked the festal ceremony. I was the cherished treasure of one whose heart was tender and faithful as the turtle-dove's; and I——but vain are words to paint the excess of my idolatry. Months fled away—brief and blissful months—but the flower-treading time brought no sweet hope that a mother's joys would be added to the bliss of a most happy wife. Years at length went over; and although no reproach escaped from lips which could not utter a chiding expression, there was a silent sorrow in the eye which had been wont to beam with unalloyed gladness; the listless languor of hopelessness stole over a frame so lately lithe and active as that of the antelope. I looked

round at my childless home; I saw the scorning glances of my more fortunate companions—I heard their deriding words, and strove—long and sorely strove—to bear my shame and my grief in silence: but when a fourth year had winged its flight—and my miserable expectation made it fly as rapidly as felicity would have urged it—and still no gentle voice greeted me with the fond and glorious name of mother; when the involuntary cloud deepened on the brow of my ever affectionate husband; and when his relatives crowded round him with cruelly commiserating sorrow, I became miserable and desperate. Often in the silence and the darkness of the night I had pondered on the means of procuring the blessing I so earnestly desired, till at length, goaded to distraction by the failure of every plan, every drug, and every prayer, I flew to the temple of the stern goddess Bhowanee, and there registered a solemn vow, that if she blessed me with the wished-for fruit, which a frowning destiny had so long denied, I would devote the first-born—the pledge that the curse of barrenness had been removed—to the bestower of the coveted boon. Alas, my Heena! when thy infant eyes opened to the light, sparkling and lustrous as the gem from which we named thee; when thy coral lips parted in a cherub smile, such as I had never till then beheld, for I could not endure to look upon another's offspring; and thy tiny and helpless fingers clasped mine in a soft and innocent embrace—could I part with a gift so precious?—Could I see those dark beaming eyes quenched

in a death of my own infliction—thy tender limbs stained with blood—thy fair and clinging form mangled and distorted? I could not, would not, fulfil my rash, inhuman vow; and, striving, by frequent sacrifices of less precious things, to propitiate the deity I dreaded to offend, I lived for some time in the fond expectation that I should escape the punishment to which I had rendered myself obnoxious. Every year that now glided away brought with it a new and welcome claimant upon my affection; but still to thee, the loved, the treasured object of my heart's warmest feelings, I clung with fond and prophetic tenacity. Every new grace, every fresh virtue, that developed itself in thy expanding mind and person, rendered thee still more dear, more cherished, and more prized; and though I saw my other darlings torn away, I nursed a hope, in spite of my utter conviction of its fallacy, that each victim seized by the wrathful goddess would be the last, and that yet I might descend to the grave, having my eyes closed, and my pile lighted up, by the offspring I had purchased at so terrible a price. But now that weak prop is removed, and now I see too plainly that I shall be doomed to live a bleeding witness of the cruel destruction of the only remaining blessings of my existence."

Heena listened with a sinking heart to this fearful narrative. She had long felt assured that a mysterious fate hung over her devoted family, and, though not most distantly imagining how deeply she was involved

in the direful cause of the calamity which she mourned, she too had wreathed garlands upon the altars of the gods, and poured out honey, and milk, and oil, and grain, before each hallowed shrine, in the hope of suspending or averting the infliction. Now, shuddering with cold horror, she felt the conviction that a higher, a more dreadful oblation was required from her; and she saw the fearful path she was destined to tread plainly revealed before her. Though she trembled, and wept tears even of blood, as she contemplated the terrible duty she was called upon to perform, her feminine heart did not for a moment waver, but, locking within it the awful secret of her resolution, prepared to execute the purpose which she fondly and piously believed to be holy. Her tender voice and her unremitting endearments succeeded at length in partially tranquillizing the violent emotions of her parent's breast, and they returned to their forlorn and dismal home together, bearing with meek patience the evils of their destiny; but the mother's tears streamed forth anew, as she surveyed the melancholy arrangements which were already in preparation for the obsequies of her gallant son; and had Heena's purpose been less stedfast than it was, she could not have withstood the imperious necessity which demanded the sacrifice she secretly meditated. Eda, the lovely and gentle Eda, but too happy in being permitted to share her husband's repose, was calmly and (as she believed) virtuously preparing to ascend his funeral pile. Decked in her

bridal ornaments, and wreathed in the fairest flowers, she wept only when she turned her eyes upon her unconscious infant, who uttered at intervals low, wailing cries, strangely according with the awfulness of the proceedings. This babe, thought Heena, and thou, too, my only remaining brother, must all perish as miserably as he did, who lies before me, if I fail to perform the appalling conditions of my mother's vow. Oh, Muttaree! beloved and lost for ever! should I be spared the agony of witnessing thy grief, I feel that I could unshrinkingly perform the sacrifice.

The sequestered spot of the valley was now a scene of lamentable activity; for the heart-stricken parents of the deceased saw their sympathizing neighbours preparing to perform the ceremonies of the Suttee to the widow of him who had so long been the solace of their lives; and though tenderly anxious to prevent her pious purpose, they feared to oppose the selfish wish to a choice which was uncompulsorily made. Heena busied herself amongst the mourners. The lofty project which engrossed her whole soul gave to her eye a majesty almost divine; her pale, interesting countenance assumed a sublime expression, which did not, however, derogate from its natural softness; and her movements, always graceful, were marked with a dignity, hitherto not in accordance with her characteristic meekness and modesty. Every pulse throbbed wildly as she beheld Eda, with a smiling countenance, ascend the funereal pyre, and, amidst the choral hymns

of the attendant brahmins, the deafening sound of numerous instruments, and the cordial prayers of the admiring spectators, take the head of her beloved husband on her lap, and consign herself to the destructive element. Turning her eyes from the appalling spectacle, they encountered the fond and commiserating glance of Muttaree; and it was then that the contrast between her fate and that of the fast consuming Suttee smote her inmost soul with an almost overpowering agony. Eda was going to be reunited, and for ever, to the object of her fondest affection; while *she* must leave the worshipped idol of *her* heart to despair and misery. Was there no spot beneath the face of heaven to which they might fly—no refuge from the fury of that inextinguishable enmity, which had already achieved such deep and deadly revenge? Or if there were, could she selfishly consult her own solitary happiness, and leave her parents to suffer the continuing wrath of the unappeased Bhowanee? It was impossible! And, as fresh visions arose in her mind, she saw her young brother and her orphan nephew springing up into blooming manhood only to be cut down in the prime of their strength and beauty, by the same relentless hand which had nearly exterminated her unoffending family. Again were her nerves restrung, and again she firmly resolved to execute her original design, which, however horrible, presented the only certain means of preserving the lives of those who were far dearer to her than her own.

Aware that the hapless family who were plunged into mourning by the late tragical event attributed their misfortunes to the pursuit of an evil destiny, Muttaree was not surprised when Heena, taking him aside, besought him to journey as far as the temple of Boodha, near the town of Azimgurh, and there perform certain religious ceremonies before the high altar. But too happy to obey the slightest wish of her whom he loved to distraction, he lost no time in departing on his mission; but, on his arrival there, he found the holy edifice shut, and the place deserted, in consequence of a dreadful contagion which had spread death and desolation throughout the adjacent country; and, depressed by so ill an omen, he bent his way homewards again, but determined to visit a far-famed temple of Mahadeo, which was wildly situated in the midst of the Goand hills, and at a small distance from *Puchmurree*, the principal hold of the savage inhabitants. As he drew near to the spot he heard the loud sounds of sacrificial instruments, and observed a numerous company winding up the adjacent defile towards the summit of a rock which was sacred to Bhowanee, the wife of Mahadeo. The scenery was wild and gloomy. Deep ravines, which might have been deemed bottomless, but for the hoarse roar of the invisible waters which rushed beneath; rugged steeps, and masses of jungle-covered hills, the abode of unmolested beasts of prey of every hideous kind, formed the character of that dreadful locality. At the foot of the stupendous

rock, adverted to before, was a cavern, hollowed by nature's hand out of a huge, but lower, rock; and within this dark recess, and beyond a fountain which the ever-dripping roof supplied, was the altar of the goddess; and it was to the foot of this cave, from the fearful summit of the rock of sacrifice, that infatuated mothers were wont to hurl their first-born children, in return for the curse of barrenness being taken off their beds by the power of Bhowanee. A strange sensation, a fearful presentiment, agitated the bosom of Muttaree as he approached the frightful precipice, which, rising perpendicularly and ruggedly to the height of one hundred and seventy feet, was associated with awful tales of the inexorable goddess, to whose horrid and revolting rites it had been dedicated for ages. A light female form, whose white garments fluttered in the breeze, was seen gliding to the summit. Muttaree darted forward; but ere he reached the spot, the officiating brahmin had humanely drawn the intended victim back, and, by his actions, seemed to expostulate with anxious earnestness against the desperate enterprise. Muttaree rushed forward, and beheld the soul-harrowing sight of which his prescient heart had warned him.

"Strike, strike the gong and the cymbal!" exclaimed Heena, "to drown the voices of those who would dissuade me; but for this delay I had been spared the agonizing looks of one who may not melt my resolution, though his presence calls my soul too strongly

back to earth from the heaven it was approaching. In pity, Muttaree, tear away those sad, those beseeching eyes—I *must* complete the sacrifice!—Ha! wouldst thou grasp me?" she exclaimed, as, dashing away his outstretched arms, and crying, "Thou art saved, oh, my mother!" she, with one wild and desperate bound, leaped from the topmost point of the rock, and sank, whirling like a stricken eagle, into the awful gulfs beneath it.

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## LUTZEN.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS, ESQ.

THERE is no beauty on that far-spread plain,
  Bare and unlovely to the careless eye,
  With here and there a tree, whose rustling sigh
Falls with monotonous and soothing strain;
Yet breathes a spirit in the desert air,
  Chaining the traveller's footsteps, and around
  A viewless presence watches o'er the ground,
Arm'd with that strength Earth's mightiest prospects wear.
It is, that, though their trace remaineth not,
  Link'd with the scene the deeds of ages dwell
Green in the light of fame, and unforgot;
  While, gifted with her still enthralling spell,
Unfading Glory lingers on the spot,
  And sanctifies the grave where Valour fell.

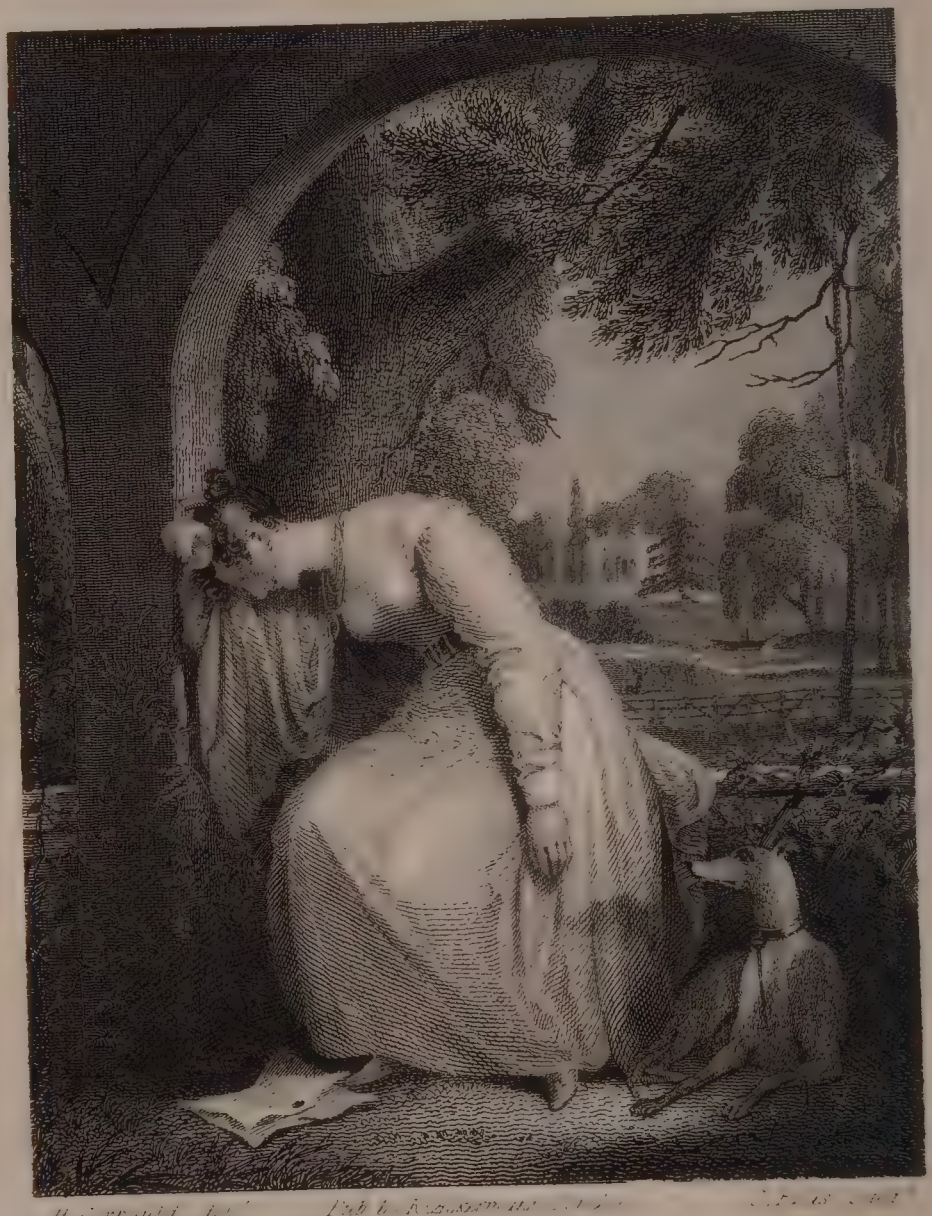
## SPRING.

BY JOHN BIRD, ESQ.

WHAT 's lovelier than Spring,
When liquid gems on the bright verdure lie,
And flowers are blossoming,
And Love laughs out from beauty's beaming eye!
When the sun's smiling rays
Wanton, half light, half shade, green bowers among;
And the glad woodman's lays
Rise in rude cadence to the throstle's song!

What 's lovelier than Spring,
When the pale violet opes her purple vest,
Ere yet the queen-rose bring
Odours more sweet than Araby the blest;
Ere yet the summer glow
Breathe o'er the pensive hour when daylight dies;
And the soul-murmur'd vow
Wakes on the lover's ear its thrilling sighs!

What 's lovelier than Spring,
In her first maiden bloom of leaf and flower!
Oft shall fond memory cling,
Through after years, to that heart-treasured hour,
When Fancy joyed to feign
Visions of bliss she may not now restore:
Though Spring returns again,
Youth's spring-like hopes bloom once, and bloom no more!



THE DISCONSOLATE.

## THE DISCONSOLATE.

Down from her hand it fell, the scroll
  She could no longer trace;
The grief of love is in her soul,
  Its shame upon her face.

Her head has dropp'd against her arm,
  The faintness of despair;
Her lip has lost its red rose charm,
  For all but death is there.

And there it lies, the faith of years,
  The register'd above,
Deepen'd by woman's anxious tears,
  Her first and childish love.

Are there no ties to keep the heart,
  A vow'd and sacred thing?
Theirs had known all life's better part,
  The freshness of its spring.

It had begun in days of joy,
  In childhood, and had been
When he was but a gallant boy,
  And she a fairy queen.

Memory was as the same in both;
  The love their young hearts dream'd,

Strong with their strength, grown with their growth,
A second nature seem'd.

How oft on that old castle wall
Appears their mingled name!
Their pictures hang within the hall—
They 'll never seem the same.

The shadows of the heart will throw
Their sadness over all;
And darker for their early glow
Those heavy shadows fall.

Little she dream'd of time to come,
While lingering at his side;
De Lisle would seek another home,
And win another bride.

Like a fair flower beneath the storm
Is bow'd that radiant brow;
But pride is in that fragile form,
It droops not aye as now.

That sea-nymph foot will join the dance,
That face grow bright again;
And rose-red cheek and sunshine glance
Deny their hour of pain.

But deem not that she can forget,
Howe'er she scorn the past;
Love's fate upon one die is set,
And that for her is cast.

'Tis not the lover that is lost,
The love, for which we grieve;
But for the price which they have cost,
The memory which they leave.

The knowledge of the bitter truth—
Contrast of word and deed—
That Hope, religion of our youth,
Can falsify her creed—

Trusting affection, confidence,
The holy, and the deep;
Feelings which rain'd sweet influence—
It is for these we weep.

Maiden, I pity thee, thy trust
Too short a life hath known;
Too soon thy temple is in dust,
Thy first fond faith o'erthrown.

The heart betray'd believes no more,
Distrust eats in the mind;
Never may after-time restore
The years it leaves behind.

L. E. L.

## THE TEST OF TRUE LOVE.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

BY MRS. ABDY.

I SOUGHT for true and faithful love,
  Young Hope and Joy my footsteps guided;
And soon I reach'd a flowery grove,
  Where two fair rival boys resided.
The one was laughing, playful, wild,
  Smiles graced his lips, bright wreaths entwin'd him;
The other thoughtful, timid, mild,
  Approach'd with look downcast behind him.

Hope on the first enraptured glanced,
  Joy bent his knee in fond devotion,
When, lo! a pensive nymph advanced
  With mournful brow and measured motion:
A cypress wand she waved on high—
  She touched the boy—his roses vanish'd,
Tears quench'd the lustre of his eye,
  And all his frolic wiles were banish'd.

I turn'd, and on his rival gazed—
  Oh! with what charms my eyes were greeted!
While, as I stood entranced, amazed,
  The nymph these warning words repeated:
"*Passion* the guise of Truth may wear,
  The spells of Hope and Joy may borrow,
But *Faithful Love* alone can bear
  The sure, unerring test of SORROW."

# THE PAINTER OF PISA.

BY DERWENT CONWAY,

AUTHOR OF "SOLITARY WALKS THROUGH MANY LANDS,"
"PIERRE FOUQUET AND HIS COMPANIONS," &c.

"HERE have I sat ten long days, looking from my window at the river flowing by, and at the people passing along, not one of whom has yet stopped at my door. Is not my studio on the *Lung Arno*, the place of greatest resort in the city of Pisa? and yet I am left without one inquirer after my talents. I had better remained to eat my *rabiole* in my native Massa, than have come to starve at Pisa."

So spake to himself the painter Giotto, as he sat in his studio one autumn evening some time in the beginning of the seventeenth century; and immediately afterwards, rising from his chair, and walking two or three times hurriedly up and down his apartment, he suddenly stopped, and rubbing his hands with the air of a man who has made an agreeable discovery, exclaimed aloud "*Bravissimo!*" Now, what had given occasion for the sudden expression of joy manifested by the action and exclamation of the painter of Pisa will be presently seen. Although it was already almost sunset, Giotto seized his pallet and brushes and began to work; and, before light entirely failed him, he had sketched the outline of a female countenance.

Next morning the sun, as it looked over the Apennines, found Giotto at his task, and its beams, as it sunk in the Mediterranean, still lighted his wet can-

vas; but assiduity like this had its natural reward: a finished picture speedily rose beneath his pencil; and, having silently contemplated the result of his labour for a few moments, he again exclaimed "*Bravissimo!*"

Now this exclamation was not owing to the beauty of the conception evinced in the picture; its excellence, as a work of art, was indeed great, but, if meant for the *beau ideal* of female beauty, the work would have been at once pronounced a failure. Such, however, was far from Giotto's intention. The picture represented a lady about thirty years of age, with a countenance no one could designate as plain, and which yet few would pronounce handsome: the features were sufficiently regular, but devoid of intelligence—that charm which is, above all others, prized in Italy; and in short, no one having any pretensions to beauty could have felt it a compliment to be likened to the subject of Giotto's painting, although the artist had given to it all the advantages of the richest drapery, and of that charming colouring and exquisite finish for which the productions of his pencil are so remarkable.

Next morning, long before the bosom of the Arno reflected the tints of the morning, Giotto was at work in the window of his studio, and almost before a footstep was heard upon the Lung Arno he had placed his picture in the most conspicuous situation: on each side of it was suspended a broad mirror, and underneath the picture appeared this inscription in large gold letters: "This is the portrait of the most beau-

tiful woman in Pisa." Giotto, having so disposed his work, took a few turns in the street in front of his studio, every time pausing as he passed to look at his picture; and being satisfied with the effect, he returned to his studio, saying to himself, "*Bravissimo!* if this does not produce employment, I'll hang myself. On the strength of this expectation, Giotto ate his breakfast with a better appetite than he had felt since arriving in the city of Pisa; and, filling a cup with red Tuscan, he placed himself in such a situation as might enable him to watch the result of his invention.

Soon the Lung Arno was filled with the usual sounds of business and pleasure; and although even before mid-day many a "bravo" escaped Giotto's lips as a pair of dark eyes would glance contempt at his portrait of "the most beautiful woman in Pisa," or as those of his own sex turned with a sneer from this rival to the charms of their favourites, it was not until evening that he had to congratulate himself upon the perfect triumph of his invention. The Lung Arno, the Corso of Pisa, was thronged with the beautiful and the gay; every moment a new group was arrested by Giotto's picture and its inscription; deep flushes of anger passed over the cheeks of many of the *cavalieri serventi;* while a throb of offended pride agitated many a fair bosom; and the sensation was greatly increased by the excellence of Giotto's picture as a work of art, as well as by the name of the artist being a no-

velty to the inhabitants of Pisa. So greatly aggrieved, indeed, did one individual of a group feel himself to be, that he abruptly entered the studio, demanding satisfaction for the insult offered to the lady he had the happiness to serve: to which Giotto replied, that he was ready to afford to the injured lady the most satisfactory kind of reparation, by painting her superior charms, and giving to her the place occupied by her rival.

Next day, all was confusion throughout the city of Pisa: the affront publicly offered to the charming eyes and seductive lips of the fair inhabitants was the general theme of conversation. Many a haughty beauty vowed revenge in the way most agreeable to Giotto's wishes. The *cavalieri serventi* vowed revenge in another way; but the ladies of their devotion dissuaded them from this, preferring a species of revenge more triumphant for their own charms. Husbands even were found asserting the beauty of their wives, and talking of reparation. Nay, even the *cittadini* felt the insult; and if they did not resolve upon the same kind of revenge as that anticipated by their patrician rivals in beauty, they at least had the satisfaction of contrasting their own charms with Giotto's portrait in the mirrors which so ingeniously aided his design.

Promptly did the offended beauties of Pisa execute their threats of revenge: if Giotto had possessed twenty hands, he might have employed them all; and not only was his employment profitable, but delightful

also; for, from morning until night, the most bewitching countenances in Tuscany were subjected to his scrutiny, and in the utmost variety too; for Giotto, fearful that his fortunes might decline as suddenly as they had risen, resolved to gather the vintage while the sun shone, and courteously accepted every invitation to transfer to his canvas the living lips and eyes that so eloquently besought this favour. Nor was the good fortune of the painter of Pisa so transient as he had feared it might be. Founded upon the vanity of others, it was secured by their rivalry; for if the portrait of an unknown had so wounded the self-love and roused the jealousy of those who thought highly of their own charms, how much more would these passions be inflamed by the exhibition of the real portrait which Giotto substituted for it: and, besides, from the moment that the coaches of the *Lanfianchi* and the *Lanfranducci* families—the most princely among the nobility—were seen at the door of Giotto's studio, he became the fashion; and three months had scarcely elapsed since his arrival in Pisa, before he stood on the highest pinnacle of public favour. He had no longer any occasion to display at his window a portrait to create jealousy, or mirrors to minister to vanity: his studio was a gallery of beauty; and she, whose charms had not risen into new life beneath the magic hand of Giotto, was supposed to have resigned her pretensions to rank among the lovely of Pisa.

So much for the rise of Giotto's fortunes: it yet

remains to relate the events that so strangely terminated them.

There then lived in the city of Pisa a certain great and wealthy noble, named Peruzzi. This man, the most wealthy in the city, was also the most licentious. He had married the ugliest woman in Tuscany, attracted by her great riches; and being now desirous of obtaining a papal bull to dissolve the marriage, he had conceived the singular design of sending to his holiness a portrait of his wife, as an additional argument in his favour; and the name of Giotto being then in every body's mouth, the Count Peruzzi resolved that he should be the painter of the portrait.

"You are already celebrated," said he, entering Giotto's studio, "for your talents in depicting beauty. It is not, however, in that line that I have need of them. No doubt the same powers that so magically portray the lineaments of beauty, could also, and with equal effect, represent deformity. It is perhaps unnecessary that I should explain the object I have in view: suffice it to say, that it is one of importance. I have only to request that you will stretch your conception to the uttermost, while you paint for me a countenance more hideous than any that woman ever yet bore; and, if you please, we will make this bargain, that in proportion to your success shall be your reward: the more hideous the picture, the better I shall be satisfied, and the greater the price I will pay for it."

Giotto well knew that the Count Peruzzi was the

richest of the Pisan nobility; and although the task proposed was not much to his taste (for the charming countenances that, from the walls of his studio, were ever flashing beauty, had made him somewhat of a voluptuary) yet Giotto was not so blind to his own interest as to decline the patronage of the Count Peruzzi; and, besides, he felt some desire to prove to the world that, although taste would confine his talents to one department, genius was capable of a wider range; he therefore engaged to fulfil the wishes of the count.

When the painter of Pisa was left alone in his studio, he began to fear that he had undertaken a task to which he should be unable to do justice. It was in vain that he tried to conjure up in fancy a hideous countenance —his imagination was alone conversant with bright eyes, and sunny smiles, and winning lips. If he shut his eyes, combinations of these alone rose to his fancy; if he opened them, beauty rained upon him from every side.—"I will walk into the street," said Giotto; "there I shall doubtless find assistance:" but no such portrait as Giotto sought could be found on the Lung Arno; or if, fancying he had found an idea, he hurried to his studio, and tried to embody it on his canvas, it faded away in the light of his own beautiful and accustomed conceptions, or was lost in the blaze of the first countenance that flashed upon him as he entered his studio.

Day after day Giotto laboured at his task, but with no greater success: his attempts to portray ugliness were only caricatures of beauty—the original concep-

tion was beauty still. Harassed by disappointment, and worn out by intense thought, late one evening Giotto threw himself upon his bed, bitterly bewailing his misfortune, and anticipating with no very enviable feelings the triumph that would be afforded to his rivals, if he should be found unequal to the performance of his task, or if the Count Peruzzi, dissatisfied with the result of his labours, should employ another artist. In the midst of these distracting thoughts, Giotto suddenly started from his bed, exclaiming—"Ah! if I could but for one moment see that interdicted picture of Malfeo's, *The Spouse of Satan!*"—an exclamation whose meaning requires to be explained.

Shortly after painting had revived in the works of Leonardo da Vinci and his immediate followers, there lived at Pisa an artist named Malfeo. This man, having resolved to leave to posterity a picture that should render him immortal, long deliberated upon the choice of a subject fitted for his purpose; and at length he resolved that his subject should be "the Spouse of Satan." During the progress of his work (which no one ever saw, as Malfeo laboured at it in secret) it was observed, that he occasionally showed symptoms of derangement. His whole powers bent upon his design, strange and, perhaps, horrible conceptions of his subject became the inmates of his mind; and in the same moment that his picture was finished, reason forsook him. With his brush and pallet in his hand, he rushed from his studio into the street, raving mad, and, with fearful

cries, he sprung into the Arno. Such was the end of Malfeo. It is said, that the first person who afterwards entered the studio of Malfeo was never more seen to smile; and that he, locking the door, that no one else might hazard his reason, carried the key direct to the archbishop, who, protected by divine favour, hastened to Malfeo's studio, and put a seal upon the door, thus preserving the inhabitants against the fatal effects of their own curiosity and of Malfeo's profanity. From the days of Malfeo to those of Giotto, the studio had remained closed, and no one ever passed the door upon which the archbishop had set his seal, without devoutly crossing himself, and muttering an *Ave*.

Let us now return to Giotto, who, as we have seen, suddenly started from his bed, exclaiming, "Ah! if I could but for one moment see that interdicted picture of Malfeo's, *the Spouse of Satan!*" Giotto naturally enough supposed, that if he could see a picture which had already produced such powerful effects, and the conception of which was of so horrible a nature, as to have deranged the intellect of the painter, he should no longer have occasion to search for a subject for Count Peruzzi; and that the impression of Malfeo's picture could not fail to displace for a while those other images which perpetually intruded upon his mind: and besides, as no one had ever seen Malfeo's subject, he would thus obtain all the credit of originality. Such were the thoughts that rapidly suggested themselves to Giotto. It was true, indeed, that no good

catholic would violate the interdicted and unhallowed depository of the profane picture; but Giotto was unfortunately but an indifferent catholic, and had always been notorious for his disregard of the injunctions of the church, and contempt of its ordinances: it was even said, that the cause of his leaving his native town was not voluntary; but that, having caricatured a certain picture of the Virgin, he had been forced to quit it. It is evident, therefore, that Giotto could not be deterred from violating Malfeo's studio by the reasons which would have influenced any good catholic; and scarcely had he formed the wish to see Malfeo's picture, before he resolved upon accomplishing it.

The soft beams of a Tuscan moon lighted Giotto along the Lung Arno, and to the centre bridge of marble, upon which he paused for a moment, to look back upon the beautiful crescent that extended along the river. All was silent and lovely. The Arno flowed dimpling on, tremulous beneath the moonlight, which streamed upon the marble of a hundred palaces. "I am haunted by images of beauty," said Giotto; "let me hasten onward to displace them;" and Giotto hurried forward, nor paused again until he stood at the door of the interdicted dwelling. Giotto looked to the right and to the left, but no moving thing was visible: he listened, but no footfall was to be heard: there was only the gentle murmur of the river. No extraordinary precautions had been taken to secure the

unhallowed studio of Malfeo against the intrusion of the curious; it was deemed sufficiently guarded by the prohibition of the Church, and by the obedience, perhaps the superstitions, of the people. Giotto found no difficulty, therefore, in removing the impediments that opposed his entrance; and, the next moment, he stood upon the spot from which Malfeo had fled a maniac. The room was darkened by a thick curtain that hung before the window. For an instant a shade of fear crossed the mind of Giotto; two only had ever looked upon the picture—one had lost his reason, the other had never smiled again; and a century had elapsed since the silence of that room had been broken by a living footstep. Such reflections were but transient. Giotto grasped the curtain, which, moth-eaten and decayed, fell at his touch; and the moonlight, with almost a supernatural brightness, streamed through the window, and fell upon the countenance of *the Spouse of Satan.*

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Giotto walked pensively through the silent streets of Pisa. He passed the Campo Santo, but he did not pause to mark the effect of the moonlight upon the white and black marble sarcophagi; nor did he look upwards to the Campanile leaning against the midnight sky. He passed the marble bridge, and along the Lung Arno, but he noticed neither the dimpling river, nor the moonlit palaces; and, having entered his studio, he passed hurriedly through it, and, throwing himself

upon his bed, dreamt that, as he turned away from Malfeo's picture, a dark figure rose between him and the door; and while he stood trembling, fearful alike of advancing or retreating, the figure glided on one side, saying, "I engage you to paint another such for me." The same night that Giotto visited the studio of Malfeo, a fire broke out in that quarter of the city, and burnt to the ground the interdicted dwelling and all that it contained, to the no small satisfaction of the inhabitants of Pisa, who were in future saved the inconvenience of repeating an "Ave" at unseasonable times.

And now that Giotto had accomplished his object in seeking the studio of Malfeo, was he better prepared to execute the commission of the Count Peruzzi? Giotto was as distant from the accomplishment of his task as ever. He had indeed SEEN, and he REMEMBERED, but, far from attempting to embody his recollections on canvas, his object seemed to be to efface them; for now he sat from morning until night gazing upon the beautiful countenances that surrounded him, apparently forgetful that he had a commission to execute, or that his profession was that of a painter.

It was on the evening following the midnight perambulation of Giotto that, while sitting in his studio, recreating his mind with one or other of the entertaining stories of Boccaccio, and at so late an hour that but few footsteps were heard upon the Lung Arno, a stranger was announced. Giotto was not un-

accustomed to intrusion even at so late an hour as this; and, without any feeling of surprise, he hastened to receive the visiter with his usual courtesy. The face of the stranger was unknown to him: it was handsome, but wore a very peculiar and unpleasant expression; but, as Giotto well knew that all mankind are not fitted to make agreeable portraits, he begged the stranger to be seated, and requested to know if it was as an artist that he was indebted for the honour of a visit.

"Signor Giotto," said the stranger, "no man in Tuscany enjoys so high a reputation as yourself in the delineation of female beauty."

The artist, who, at the first sound of the stranger's voice, had slightly started, from some indistinct recollection of having heard it before, bowed in return for the compliment paid to his talents.

"The commission with which I am honoured," continued the stranger, "is one of great importance; but I have not hesitated for a moment as to the artist who is the most worthy of executing it: there is no one but the Signor Giotto to whom it would be safe to intrust the depicting of female charms."

Giotto, who had felt some apprehension lest the stranger's commission might be similar to that of the Count Peruzzi, was now relieved, and begged to be informed if the picture required was a portrait, or a composition.

"In your hand," said the stranger, "it will be a

composition; what it may be when finished imports little." As the stranger spoke thus, Giotto remarked that the peculiar expression of his countenance became more marked; nor could he comprehend how the picture, if a composition in his hands, could be any thing different when finished: but upon this seeming contradiction he made no comment, and only requested more particular instructions from the stranger.

"The painting of which I stand in need," said the stranger, "will require the exercise of all your talents. I require the production of perfect beauty—can you promise this?"

"Perhaps," said Giotto, rising, and raising the lamp which stood upon the table towards the wall of the studio, "perhaps something may be found here that will spare me the exercise of imagination. I have here a gallery of beauty, where you may possibly discover the perfection which you search after;" and the stranger, rising, followed the artist round the gallery, as he held the lamp towards the portraits which they successively reached.

"Here," said Giotto, advancing, and holding the light in different positions before a charming picture; "here is the portrait of the most celebrated beauty of Pisa, the heiress of the house of Lanfranducci; or, how like you this, the portrait of the Marchesa di Palvolo: you will admit that they are both beautiful?"

"They are both beautiful," said the stranger; "but the beauty of the one is too youthful, of the other,

too mature; besides, I do not find perfection in either."

Giotto thought the stranger's taste somewhat fastidious, and he passed on to another. "Perhaps," said he, again pausing, "this may please you better: it is thepor trait of the Signora Albaccini, who has turned the heads of all Florence. Those eyes, signor, cannot be outdone."

Still the stranger was not quite satisfied; and, after having made the entire survey of Giotto's gallery, the painter and the stranger again seated themselves; and the latter, turning to the artist, said, "I readily admit, Signor Giotto, that your studio contains some choice specimens of female beauty, and yet I am not entirely satisfied with any one of them; in all I find a want of unity. But you can be at no loss, Signor Giotto, with so many excellent models before you, to compose such a picture as will suit me; and as the price of the picture is no object with me, I am willing to pay for a fancy in which you must indulge me. Lookee, Signor," continued the stranger, rising and lifting the lamp, "I am satisfied with this mouth (pointing to one portrait), and with those eyes (pointing to another); and the shape of the countenance pleases me in this picture; and in that, I like the hair and the forehead; and here, the nose and the chin are unexceptionable. Now, Signor Giotto, you have nothing to do but to compose your picture of these features, and I'll engage for its success."

It was in vain that Giotto assured the stranger, that such a composition would be an entire failure; and that far from possessing the unity required, the production would be monstrous; "and besides," added Giotto, "long habit, and the study of the living countenance, will insensibly lead me to modify the features so as to preserve some unity, and thus it will be impossible for me implicitly to follow your instructions." But this difficulty the stranger obviated, by suggesting to Giotto, that the moment one feature was finished it might be covered, so that it should form no guide in the formation of the next; and the stranger further stipulated, that the covering should not be removed until he came to claim the picture. In short, so pressing was the stranger, and so liberal were his offers of remuneration, that Giotto, who was naturally avaricious, consented to try the experiment; and the stranger took his leave, promising to return at the end of fourteen days.

The very next morning Giotto began his task; and although he anticipated nothing but disappointment from the experiment, he worked in precise agreement with the instructions of his employer: beginning with the upper part of the face, finishing one feature before beginning to another, and constantly covering the countenance as he worked downwards; and thus the picture advanced towards its completion, and the day approached when he might expect the stranger to come and claim it. Let it not be supposed that during all this time the midnight walk and the studio of Malfeo

were unremembered by Giotto: No! Giotto tried to efface the recollection of them, but he tried in vain; and even while the most charming conceptions of beauty were present with him, the moonlight streamed through the window upon Malfeo's unhallowed picture.

It was now the thirteenth evening since that upon which Giotto had undertaken the commission: the painting was finished, a black silk veil shrouded the countenance, and the painter of Pisa, according to promise, waited the arrival of the stranger before removing it. Fatigued with the labours of the day, he had fallen asleep in his studio, and had just been visited by the same dream he dreamt on the night he returned from his unlawful visit, when he was awoke by the midnight hour chiming on the cathedral clock. The lamp had gone out, and the moon shone brightly into his studio, and opposite to the window stood the picture he had finished, shrouded by the black veil. "What hinders me," said Giotto to himself, "from removing that veil, and ascertaining the result of the stranger's experiment?" And Giotto rose and approached the picture, and withdrew the veil, and the moonlight, streaming through the window, fell upon the countenance of "the Spouse of Satan!"

Now, whether it was that the beautiful features of which Giotto composed his picture did really form, when united, the countenance delineated by Malfeo, and that in the commission of the stranger there was some hidden mystery; or whether the strong impres-

sion upon Giotto's mind had directed the movements of his pencil, and thus produced the likeness, and the stranger was only a fastidious and fanciful man; or whether, having withdrawn the veil the moment after Malfeo's unhallowed picture had been presented to him in a vision, Giotto believed that he saw a resemblance to it in his own, nowhere appears. All that is known further of Giotto is, that he spent the remainder of his days in a religious house, and that he always persisted in averring that he had seen in his own picture that countenance, which he had once looked upon, and should remember for ever.

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## THE BEE.

BY HENRY BRANDRETH, JUN. ESQ.

I LOVE to watch thy labours, busy bee,
Thy summer labours, as from bower to bower
Thou rovest, seeking out each sweeter flower,
The mountain thyme or clover of the lea.
Nor ill repaid is thy frugality
Of summer's bright but evanescent hour;
For darkly must the wintry tempests low'r
That chill the honey-stores of thine and thee.
From thee e'en man may deign a lesson take,
Nor deem his lordly pride debased the while.
Age onward speeds, and dark misfortunes break
His frame and spirits, and life's vernal smile
Forsakes him, for, alas! 't was his to make
No friends in youth Time's sorrows to beguile.

# MUSIC.

BY BRYAN GILBERT.

Music! how much of gaiety we owe,
In this sad world, to thine enlivening flow;
How oft the fiends of mental gloom, by thee
Reft of their power, the anguish'd bosom flee!
How oft would love, unless with thee allied,
Fail to subdue the stubborn heart of pride!

Let fancy form, beneath umbrageous trees,
A smiling group of happy Tyrolese,
Threading the mazes of the varied dance,
With lightsome step and pleasure-speaking glance.
Gaze on the sun-burnt girl—her bosom bare,
And wild flowers wreathed amidst her glossy hair—
And watch the frown she feigns, whene'er her swain
Strives for a kiss, nor always strives in vain.
Fraught with soft meaning, eyes encounter eyes,
And innocent thoughts in youthful bosoms rise;
Far from the restless world, pride dwells not here;
Hearts beat, 'mid nature's peacefulness, sincere;
The verdant turf below, the heaven above—
Enchanting scene! and graced by simple love.

Hail to thee, Music! source of bliss divine!
In such an hour is not the triumph thine?
Yes; thou hast often triumph'd;—'twas thy voice
Which made the shepherds of the East rejoice,

When from the lowly earth, with upraised eyes,
They caught the effulgence of the opening skies,
And heard descend the laudatory hymn
Sung by a host of glorious seraphim.
'Twas thy sweet voice which spoke in David's lyre,
Bidding dark thoughts from gloomy breasts retire,
And bursting, with thy witchery, the spell
Despair cast round a chief of Israel.

All-potent spirit! ofttimes touch'd by thee,
Unclose the sealed cells of memory,
And treasured scenes glide forth of by-gone years,
To soothe our sorrows with delightful tears.

View the wan exile, as he paces slow
A foreign strand, absorb'd in speechless woe;
Behold, he pauses! from some distant hills
Soft *music* floats, and through his spirit thrills;
A transient flight each gloomy passion takes
From his rack'd bosom, and fair Hope awakes.
Far-distant shores in summer splendour rise,
And slowly flit before his tearful eyes;
While Fancy, in those melancholy strains,
Brings him the music of his native plains.
A sister's gentle voice he seems to hear
Chanting wild songs to recollection dear;
Beloved forms encircle him—alas!
That from his soul so bright a dream should pass!

Yet, Music, oft thy tones with power are fraught
To raise the demons of unhallow'd thought.
Thou canst the heart to melting love dispose,
Flush the pale cheek with passion's ardent glows,
And, sadly speaking through the plaintive lyre,
Cherish strong feelings of untold desire.

When, with loose tresses, Sappho wander'd o'er
The mountain summits of her Lesbian shore,
And, stung with rage and disappointed pride,
Cursed her own fate, and Phaon's future bride,
Voluptuous song, that painted lovely bowers
Of verdant bloom, beguiled her waking hours,
Till wrought to frenzy, from Leucadia's steep
She plunged, and found a refuge in the deep.
And oft thy voice the helmed warrior leads,
O'er slaughter'd foes to dare heroic deeds.
When adverse armies meet—all-glorious sight!—
And silent pause before they rush to fight;
Gaze ye around—upon the bravest cheek
Sits there not paleness? now the clarions speak—
The horns respire—each doubt, each fear is gone—
" On to the battle, gallant warriors, on!
Smile at grim Death, nor think of base retreat,
*Music* can make the dying struggle sweet!"

Who has not heard how valiant Wolfe expired;
How his last look the notes of triumph fired?

When life's red tide was ebbing fast away,
And on the turf, begirt with slain, he lay;
Haply at first sad thoughts of England's coast,
And early friends, his wand'ring mind engross'd.
But when he saw retreat the bands of France,
Victory sparkled in his dying glance.
Love for his country—ardour for her fame—
Fill'd his whole soul, and fann'd life's sinking flame—
He bade soft dreams of youth and home farewell,
Enraptured listen'd to the bugle's swell,
Around him gazed with all a patriot's pride,
Then sank to earth, and, crown'd with glory, died!

Last Music, thou, with voice of solemn sound,
Canst, in the breast, awaken thoughts profound;
Canst free the burthen'd soul from worldly things,
And aid it soaring on devotion's wings.
Imagination! strike with wand of light,
And raise a vision for the gazer's sight:
Before a rich emblazon'd altar stands
An ancient priest, with heaven-uplifted hands,
And circling him, beneath the torchlight glare,
A band of vestals kneel in midnight prayer.
Yet while their pensive eyes to Heaven ascend,
With their devotions earthly feelings blend.
Some are in fancy wandering through the bowers,
Where freedom smiled upon their infant hours;
And others, heedless of a world above,
Sigh o'er the embers of extinguish'd love.

Now through the narrow aisles and vaulted cells,
In full-toned grandeur the loud organ swells;
Religious fervour quickly fills each heart,
And love, ambition, and regret depart.
Burst, in an instant, are the various ties
Which link'd their souls to earthly vanities;
Entranced, absorbed, in high ecstatic dreams,
They rise, and wander by immortal streams;
Admire the scenes where God's own glories shine,
And wreath their brows with amaranth divine!

Music—of motion, beauty, grace, the soul!
Born when old Time first started from his goal,
To cheer his tireless coursers—to adorn
With matchless charms Creation's natal morn,
To harmonise yon bright celestial spheres,
And guide them rolling in their vast careers—
Ere the domains of Poesy I leave,
This farewell offering from my lyre receive:

Much do I owe thee!—Oft at close of day,
When on my native hills the sunset lay,
Roving the sea-shore, I thy voice have heard
Among the billows by the light wind stirred,
And felt dark passions at that gentle hour
Subdued beneath thy melancholy power:
And oft too have I heard thee with delight,
'Midst the bewildering phantasies of night,
Echoing at times the well remembered,
And cherish'd accents of the much-loved dead.

Now the world opens on me—cares increase:
Past are the days of youth's unclouded peace.
Long hath my fancy ceased to plume her wings,
Upborne on clouds of wild imaginings,
And Hope's fair vestments, which adorn'd the muse
Of Poesy divine, have lost their hues.
Yet Music, still, in pleasure or in pain,
Do thou thy influence o'er my soul retain;
Guard well the memories Love would wish to keep,
In cherish'd fondness, from oblivion's sleep;
And let those feelings which entrancing tears
Of joy awaken, mock the grasp of years!

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## DEPARTED FRIENDS.

BY W. L. ALEXANDER, ESQ.

'T is sweet to muse, as o'er the gladden'd sea
The orient sun his youthful radiance flings,
On those fair scenes which Hope to Fancy brings,
And dream of joys and pleasures yet to be.
But oh! 'tis sweeter far when Memory,
At dewy eve, with ling'ring eye looks back
O'er the bright spots of that familiar track,
Which erst we trod with careless steps and free.
There the fond heart o'er ancient visions stays;
And friends, once deeply loved but long since gone,
Meet us again; and scenes of other days
Float o'er the mind like Music's dying tone,
Leaving a peace that 's less of earth than heaven,
A holy calm like that to sainted spirits given.

# BENARES.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

THE city of Benares, which, in wealth and importance, ranks next to Delhi, the capital of Hindostan, is delightfully situated on the left bank of the Ganges. The variety and magnificence of the buildings; the broad terraces of the Ghauts, so peculiar and so superb a feature of Indian architecture; and the intermixture of fine trees, waving amid pagodas, domes, towers, and palaces, present a combination of the most beautiful and picturesque objects which imagination can portray. The minarets are supposed to be the finest in the world: their light slender columns crowned with the open lantern, and springing in graceful spires from a confused mass of buildings below, have a very beautiful and singular effect, adding considerably to the oriental grandeur of the scene. The best and perhaps the only good view of Benares is obtained from the river; for, like all other Indian cities, the streets are so narrow, and the houses so crowded together, that many of the buildings are completely hid, and the beauty of all much obscured; the summits of the minarets are, however, favourite points, and present a splendid view of the city stretching below, and of the adjacent country. Benares still remains the stronghold of Hindoo superstition, although no longer the theatre of its most revolting ordinances. It has obtained the appellation of "the Holy City," from a tradition that it was the birthplace of one of

the principal deities of that strange and fantastic mythology, which forms the religious belief of a large portion of the inhabitants of Hindostan. It is also the centre of learning, the Bramins having there a college, which is justly celebrated for the number and scientific attainments of its scholars.

The sacrifices of human victims upon the altars of their gods, so dark a stain upon the religion of the Hindoos, have been discontinued at Benares since the subjugation of the country by the moosaulmauns and the christians: the former, under the Emperor Aurungzebe, partially destroyed the temples in which these shocking rites were performed; but the custom still exists of conveying the bodies of persons supposed to be beyond the reach of medical aid to the banks of the Ganges, where death is not unfrequently precipitated by the application of mud to the mouth and nostrils of the sufferer; while others are committed to the flood before life is actually extinct, the recovery of the patient being by no means a desirable object, as it involves the loss of caste. There is a village in the neighbourhood of Calcutta appropriated solely for the residence of those persons who, after having been brought to expire beside the sacred waters of the Ganges, have been snatched from an untimely death; or, according to the Hindoo notion, have been rejected by the holy river. These unfortunates, severed from all their former enjoyments, deprived of all the privileges of rank and birth, linger out the remainder of

their existence amid strangers and outcasts like themselves: drowning or suffocation may, therefore, in some cases, be considered as an act of charity.

The immolation of widows upon the funeral piles of their deceased husbands is also an event of not unfrequent occurrence in the neighbourhood of Benares, the European magistrates unfortunately being restricted to the exercise of persuasion alone in their efforts to abolish these barbarous exhibitions. It appears that, with few exceptions, these sacrifices are voluntary, as far as relates to actual and forcible compulsion. But the Suttee has only a choice of evils; she must instantly descend from the rank which she held in society, and sink into the lowest and most degraded class. A Hindoo widow cannot inherit any portion of her deceased husband's property: she is forbidden to wear ornaments, a disgrace which an Asiatic can alone appreciate; the widow is also required to perform menial and servile offices, than which nothing can be more revolting to a woman of high caste; she is restricted both in the quality and quantity of her food; compelled to sleep upon the bare earth; and subjected to every indignity which the contempt of her relations can inflict. The extent of suffering produced by these privations and mortifications can only be estimated by persons who have some acquaintance with eastern manners and customs. A life of luxury and ease, splendid attire, command in the Zenana, and seclusion from the public eye, constitute feminine happiness in India; and

she who, from her infancy, has been accustomed to sloth and magnificence, considers death less appalling than the abject state of servitude to which in widowhood she must submit. The motives, unconnected with worldly considerations, which influence the Suttee, seem to vary. Some have declared their perfect conviction, that, by the act of cremation, they not only redeem the souls of all their relations, but ascend themselves directly to heaven; while others prophesy the number of transmigrations which they must undergo previously to the attainment of final beatitude.

Benares is celebrated for its looms. Every sort of gold and silver stuff, tissues and brocades, and a superb kind of damask, flowered with gold and silver, called kincob, and in much esteem for the dresses of natives of rank, are manufactured there. The turbans made at Benares are also particularly beautiful: they are fabricated of the richest materials, and seem to be actually formed of gems. The city abounds with ingenious artificers, jewellers, goldsmiths, dyers, ivory-cutters, and workers in wood. Precious stones, shawls, gums, spices, dried fruits, and other productions of the east are to be obtained from the merchants; long strings of camels heavily laden arrive yearly from Persia and Thibet; the serais are filled with strangers resorting to so good a mart for the sale of foreign commodities; and, at the festival seasons, it is crowded with pilgrims flocking from all parts of Hindostan. Many of the native inhabitants are extremely wealthy, and

live in great pomp, while the rajah maintains a style of magnificence little short of regal splendour. The narrow streets of the city, thronged with an immense population, are infested by sacred animals. Of these the Bramin bulls form a nuisance of no small magnitude, more particularly to the moosaulmaun portion of the inhabitants, who do not hold them, like the Hindoos, in deferential reverence. Allowed to thrust their devouring jaws into the baskets where grain and vegetables are exposed for sale in the bazaars, they grow to an immense size, and overfed and growing vicious with age, become extremely dangerous. The passenger who, blocked in some narrow entry, is obliged to await the pleasure of one of these petted animals before he can proceed on his way, may esteem himself lucky if he escape without personal injury. Monkeys of all sorts, parrots, pigeons, peacocks, squirrels, and pariah dogs innumerable, are to be seen in all directions; while jackalls lurk in the secret places, and kites and vultures, perched upon the roofs, pillars, posts, and gateways of the houses, perform the part of scavengers, and clear away the offal, which is abandoned entirely to their jurisdiction. The servants of the East India Company reside in an extensive district called Jecrole, about two miles from the city, which, though not so beautiful as many other European stations, is well planted with mango, tamarind, pepul, and a great variety of equally luxuriant trees, and watered by a nullah.

# THE DEATH OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

AN HISTORICAL SCENE.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

CHARACTERS.

CHARLES THE FIRST, *King of England.*
FAIRFAX, *the Lord-General.*
OLIVER CROMWELL,
IRETON,
HACKER,
HARRISON,
} *Officers in the Parliamentary Army.*
*The Lord President* BRADSHAW.
COOK, *Solicitor for the Commons.*
MARTEN, *one of the King's Judges.*
HERBERT, *an attendant on the King.*
*A Bishop, Judges, Officers, Guards, &c.*
HENRIETTA, *Queen of England.*
*The Lady* FAIRFAX.

*Scene.—The Banqueting House at Whitehall; glass folding-doors, opening on the scaffold, which is covered with black; the block, axe, &c., visible; Officers, and other persons, are busy in the back-ground, and* CROMWELL *giving directions.*

IRETON, HARRISON, *and* HACKER *meeting;* CROMWELL *behind.*

*Har.* CROMWELL!—Good morrow, Ireton!—Whither goes
The general?
*Ireton.* To see that all be ready
For this great deed.
*Hacker.* He hath the eager step,
The dark light in his eye, the upward look,
The flush upon his cheek, that I 've mark'd in him
When marching to the battle.

*Har.* Doth he not lead to-day
In a great combat, a most holy
And glorious victory!

*Crom.* (*at the back of the stage.*) Hast thou ta'en order
That, soon as the head 's off, the abbey bell
Begin to toll?

*Officer.* I have.

*Crom.* Look that the axe
Be keen, and the hand steady. Let us have
No butchery.

[*Advancing to the front of the stage.*

If he die not, we must perish—
That were as nothing! but with us will die
The liberty, for which the blood of saints
And martyrs hath been spilt; freedom of act,
Of speech, of will, of faith. Better one gray
Discrowned head should fall, albeit a thought
Before the time, than God's own people groan
In slavery for ever.

*Har.* Whoso doubteth
But he shall die?

*Crom.* 'T is rumoured, sirs, amongst
The soldiery, that one of a high place—
Fairfax——But I believe it not. Hast thou
The warrant, Hacker?

*Hacker.* No.

*Ireton.* Since when doth Fairfax

Dare to impugn the sentence of a free
And public court of England ——
*Har.* Of the great,
All-righteous Judge, who hath delivered him
Manifestly to us?
*Hacker.* Will he dare oppose
Army and people—he alone?
*Crom.* Be sure
The good Lord General, howsoe'er some scruple
May trouble him, will play a godly part
In this sad drama. Ay, I have the warrant;
It is addressed to thee: thou must receive
The prisoner, and conduct him hither.
*Hacker.* Hath
The hour been yet resolved?
*Crom.* Not that I hear.

*Enter* FAIRFAX.

Ha! our great General!—Well met, my lord!
We that are laden with this heavy burden
Lacked your sustaining aid.
*Fair.* Cromwell, I, too,
Am heavy laden.
*Crom.* You look ill at ease;
'Tis this chill air, the nourisher of rheums,
The very fog of frost, that turns men's blood
To water.
*Fair.* No—the grief is here. Regret,
Almost remorse, and doubt, and fear of wrong,

Press wearily upon me. Is this death
Lawful?

*Ireton.* His country's sentence, good my lord,
May be thy warrant.

*Fair.* An anointed king!

*Har.* A bloody tyrant!

*Fair. (to Cromwell.)* Yet a man whose doom
Lies on our conscience. We might save the king,
Even now at the eleventh hour. We two
Hold the nice scales of life and death, and shall not
Fair mercy sway the balance? Dost thou hear me?
Wilt thou not answer? Canst thou doubt our power?

*Crom.* No! Man hath always power for ill. I know
We might desert our friends, betray our country,
Abandon our great cause, and sell our souls
To hell!—We might do this, and more—might shroud
These devilish sins in holy names, and call them
Loyalty, honour, faith, repentance—cheats
Which the great Tempter loves.

*Fair.* Yet hear me, Cromwell,
Bethink thee of thy fame!

*Crom.* Talk'st thou of fame
To me? I am too mean a man, too lowly,
Too poor in state and name, to need abjure
That princely sin; and for my humbleness,
I duly render thanks. Were I as thou——
Beware the lust of fame, Lord General!
Of perishable fame, vain breath of man,
Slight bubble, frailer than the ocean foam,

Which from her prow the good ship in her course
Scattereth, and passeth on regardlessly.
Lord General, beware!

*Fair.* I am Lord General;
And I alone, by mine own voice, have power
To stay this deed.

*Crom.* Alone?

*Fair.* I'll answer it
Before the Council.

*Crom.* Ha! alone!—Come nearer.

*Fair.* What wouldst thou of me?

*Crom.* Yonder men are firm
And honest in the cause, and brave as steel;
Yet are they zealots, blind and furious zealots—
I would not they should hear us—bloody zealots——

*Fair.* Speak, sir; we waste the hour.

*Crom.* I would confess
Relentings like thine own.—They hear us not?

*Fair.* I joy to hear thee.

*Crom.* Thou art one elect,
A leader in the land, a chosen vessel;
And yet of such a mild and gracious mood,
That I, stern as I seem, may doff to thee
This smooth and governed mask of polity,
And show the struggling heart, perplexed and grieved,
In all its nakedness. Yes! I have known
The kindly natural love of man to man,
His fellow; the rough soldier's shuddering hate
Of violent death, save in the battle; lastly,

A passionate yearning for that sweetest power
Born of fair Mercy.

*Fair.* Yet but now thou chidd'st me,
And with a lofty scorn, for such a weakness:
The change is sudden.

*Crom.* Good, my lord, I strove
And wrestled with each pitying thought, as sprung
Of earthly pride and mortal sin. Full oft
We, that are watchers of our wretched selves,
Aiming at loftier virtues, trample down
Fair shoots of charity and gentle love:
Yet still my breast was troubled; and since thou
Art moved by such relentings——

*Fair.* And a promise
Made to my wife.

*Crom.* A wise and virtuous lady!

*Fair.* Thou wilt then save the king?

*Crom.* Sir, we must have
Some higher warranty than our wild will,
Our treacherous human will, afore we change
The fiat of a nation. Thou art a man
Elect and godly.—General, go, seek
The presence of the Lord. Perhaps to thee
A guiding answer, a divine impulsion,
May be vouchsafed. Go with him, Harrison!
Seek ye the Lord together.

*Fair.* 'Tis a fair
And pious counsel.

*Crom.* Step apart awhile,
We will await you here.

[*Exeunt Fairfax and Harrison.*

(*Giving the warrant to Hacker.*) Now, now! be quick!

[*Exit Hacker.*

Is the scaffold all prepared? the headsman waiting,
With shrouded visage and bare arm? the axe
Whetted?—Be ready on the instant. Where
Be guards to line the room, mute, wondering faces,
A living tapestry, and men of place,
To witness this great deed? A king should fall
Decked with the pageantry of death, the clouds
That roll around the setting sun.

*Ireton.* If Fairfax
Return before he come——

*Crom.* Dost thou mistrust
Harrison's gift in prayer? The General's safe.
Besides, I sent erewhile the halberdiers
To guard Charles Stuart hither. Hacker therefore
Will meet him.

*Ireton.* But should Fairfax——

*Crom.* Wherefore waste
A word on such a waverer?

*Ireton.* What hath swayed him?

*Crom.* His wife! his wife! The queen hath seen again
That towering dame, and her fond tears——

*Ireton.* I marvel

That thou endur'st that popish witch of France
So near.

*Crom.* I watch her. He must die. 'Tis borne
Upon my soul as what shall be. The race,
The house, shall perish.

*Ireton.* Ay, the very name
Of king—

*Crom.* Of Stuart—

*Ireton.* And of king.

*Crom.* So be it.
Will Bradshaw never come?

*Enter* BRADSHAW, COOK, MARTEN, *and others.*

Ah! welcome, welcome!
Ye are late.

*Brad.* Yon living mass is hard to pierce
By men of civil calling. The armed soldiers
Can scarcely force a passage for their prisoner.

*Crom.* He comes?

*Brad.* He 's at the gate.

*Ireton.* What say the people?

*Brad.* The most are pale and silent, as if fear
Hung its dull shadow over them; whilst some,
Struck with a sudden pity, weep, and wonder
What ails them; and a few bold tongues are loud
In execration.

*Ireton.* And the soldiers?

*Marten.* They
Are true to the good cause.

*Crom.* The righteous cause!
My friends and comrades, ye are come to witness
The mighty consummation. See, the sun
Breaks forth! The heavens look down upon our work
Smiling! The Lord hath risen!

*Ireton.* The king!

*Enter the* KING, HACKER, HERBERT, *the* BISHOP, *Guards, &c.*

*King.* Why pause ye?
Come on.

*Herb.* (*giving the King a letter*). Sir, from thy son.

*King.* My boy! my boy!
No, no; this letter is of life, and I
And life have shaken hands. My kingly boy!
And the fair girl! I thought to have done with this,
But it so clings. Take back the letter, Herbert;
Take it, I say. Forgive me, faithful Herbert,
That last impatient word—forgive me.—Now, sirs,
What see ye on that platform? I am as one
Bent on a far and perilous voyage, who seeks
To hear what rocks beset his path. What see ye?

*Brad.* Only the black-masked headsman.

*King.* Ay; he wears
His mask upon his face—an honest mask!
What see ye more?

*Brad.* Nought save the living sea
Of human faces, blent into one mass
Of sentient various life—woman and man,

Childhood and infancy, and youth and age,
Commingled, with its multitudinous eyes
Upturned in expectation. Awful gaze,
Who may abide thy power?
*King.* I shall look upward.
Why pause we here?
*Crom.* Ay, why?
*Brad.* May't please thee, sir,
To rest awhile? Bring wine.
*King.* I need it not.
Yes, fill the cup! fill high the sparkling cup!
This is a holiday to loyal breasts,
The king's accession day. Fill high! fill high!
The block, the scaffold, the swift sudden axe,
Have yet a privilege beyond the slow
And painful dying bed, and I may quaff
In my full pride of strength a health to him
Whom my successor, pass one short half hour,
My funeral knell proclaims. Health to my son!
Health to the king of England! Start ye, sirs,
To hear the word? Health to King Charles, and peace
To this fair realm! And when that blessed time
Of rightful rule shall come, say that I left
For the bold traitors who condemned, the cowards
Who not opposing murdered me (I have won
So near the throne of truth that true words spring
Unbidden from my lips) say that I left
A pardon, liberal as the air, to all—

A free and royal pardon. Prithee speed me
On my rough journey.

*Crom.* Wherefore crowd ye there?
Make way.

*King.* I thank thee, sir. My good Lord Bishop,
Beware the step.

[*Exeunt* KING, HERBERT, BISHOP, *and Guards.*

(*A pause.*)

*Crom.* Doth he address the people?

*Marten.* Not so. He kneels.

*Crom.* 'T were fittest. Close the door.
This wintry air is chill, and the Lord President
Is of a feeble body. [*Scream without.*

*Brad.* Hark!

*Crom.* 'T is one
Who must be stayed.

*Brad.* The Queen!

*Crom.* Go, stop her, Ireton.

[*Exit* IRETON.

It were not meet that earthly loves should mingle
With yonder dying prayer. Yes! still he kneels.
Hacker, come hither. If thou see a stir
Amongst the crowd, send for my horse, they 're ready.
Or if 'midst these grave men some feeble heart
Wax faint in the great cause—as such there be—
Or on the scaffold if he cling to life
Too fondly—I 'd not send a sinful soul
Before his time to his accompt, good Bradshaw—

But, no delay!—Is he still kneeling? Mark me,
No idle dalliance, Hacker!—I must hence,
Lest Fairfax——No weak dalliance! no delay!
The cause! the cause! good Bradshaw!

[*Exit* CROMWELL.

*Scene—A Gallery in Whitehall.*

*Enter* CROMWELL.

*Crom.* Methought I heard her here. No! If she win
To Fairfax—he must die, as Ahab erst
Or Rehoboam, or as that great heathen
Whom Brutus loved and slew. None ever called
Brutus a murderer! And Charles had trial—
'T was more than Cæsar had—free, open trial;
If he had pleaded—but the Eternal Wrath
Stiffened him in his pride. It was ordained,
And I but an impassive instrument
In the Almighty hand, an arrow chosen
From out the sheaf. If I should reign hereafter,
Men shall not call me bloody—Hark! the bell!
No; all is hush as midnight—I shall be
Tenderer of English lives—Have they forgot
To sound the bell? He must be dead!

*Queen* (*without*). Lord Fairfax!

*Crom.* The Queen! the Queen!

*Enter the* QUEEN.

*Queen.* They told me he was here—
I see him not; but I have wept me blind—

And then that axe, that keen bright edgy axe,
Which flashed across my eye-balls, blinding me
More than a sea of tears. Here 's one! Oh fly,
If thou be man, and bid the headsman stay
His blow for one short hour, one little hour,
Till I have found Lord Fairfax! Thou shalt have
Gold, mines of gold. Oh save him, save the king!

*Crom.* Peace! peace! Have comfort.

*Queen.* Comfort, and he dies!
They murder him! the axe falls on his neck!
The blood comes plashing!—Comfort!

*Enter Lady* FAIRFAX.

*Lady Fair.* Out, alas!
I can hear nought of Fairfax, royal madam.
Cromwell! the master murderer!

*Queen.* Oh, forgive her!
She knows not what she says. If thou be Cromwell,
Thou hast the power to rescue.—See, I kneel—
I kiss thy feet!—Oh, save him!—Take the crown—
Take all but his dear life!—Oh, save him! save him,
And I will be thy slave!—I, a born princess,
I, a crowned queen, will be thy slave!

*Crom.* Arise!
My Lady Fairfax, lead this frantic woman
To where her children bide.

*Queen.* Thou wilt not make
My children fatherless?—Oh, mercy! mercy!
I have a girl, a weeping, innocent girl,

That never learnt to smile, and she shall be
Thy handmaid—she shall tend thy daughters. I,
That was so proud, offer my fairest child
To be thy bondswoman.

*Crom.* Raise her! Undo
These clasping hands!—I marvel, Lady Fairfax,
Thou canst endure to see a creature kneel
To one create.

*Lady Fair.* Out on thee, hypocrite!
Where lags my husband?

*Queen.* Save him! save him, Cromwell!

*Crom.* Woman, arise!—Will this long agony
Endure for ever?

*Enter* IRETON *from one side*, HARRISON *and* FAIRFAX *from the other.*

*(To Ireton).* Is he dead?

*Fair.* What means
This piercing outcry?

*Queen.* Fairfax!—He is saved!
He is saved!

*Ireton.* The bell! The abbey bell! Hark!

*Crom.* There
The will of Heaven spake. The king is dead.

*Fair.* Look to the queen! Cromwell, this bloody work
Is thine.

*Crom.* This work is mine. For yon sad dame,
She shall away to France. This deed is mine,

And I will answer it. The commonwealth
Is firmly 'stablished, Ireton. Harrison,
The saints shall rule in Israel. My Lord General,
The army is thine own, and I a soldier,
A lowly follower in the cause. Now go we
To hold a council, sirs.—This work is mine.

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## AVONDALE.

BY HENRY BRANDRETH, JUNIOR, ESQ.

Oh! fair are thy flow'rets, and balmy the gale
That breathes on thy beauties, thou green Avondale!
And the voice of thy waters, as calmly they meet,
Is like love's mingling kisses, with music replete.

I've wander'd beside thee as morning just broke
O'er thy gray rocky masses, encircled with oak:
With joy have I wander'd, thou soft-murmuring stream!
Nor thought of the morrow—life then was a dream.

But dreams, as the shadows of night, pass away,
And visions of glory are not for the day,
Else still would I wander thy green banks along,
And garland the name of Avoca in song.

Yet flow, gentle river, flow carelessly on,
Thy voice is as sweet, though the minstrel be gone;
And the verdure and flow'rets, the pride of thy vale,
Still clothe in fresh beauty the green Avondale.

# MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S HARPSICHORD.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

"Most musical—most melancholy."

I HAD drained the last drop of my bottle of claret, and sat musing in solitude before the fire. "Yes," thought I, "yes, my daughters are come to years of education, so I must get a musical instructor and a grand piano."

Girls must be accomplished, and four or five hours a day must be devoted to music. It is absolutely necessary that they should be taught the use of the keys —*not* the keys that their grandmother (excellent woman!) handled: no—*they* were suspended in a bunch at her side.

For three generations our family has been decidedly unmusical; I speak it with shame and deep humiliation, but it is the truth, and I will be brave enough to own it—for three generations we have possessed (critically speaking) neither voices, ears, nor souls!

My grandmother, the lady with the bunch before mentioned, was the pink of notability. She knew how to preserve all the fruits of the earth, how to pickle all the vegetables of the garden: in a culinary point of view, she was decidedly a genius, but of music she knew nothing. To *her* one tune was just like any other, and she denominated every tune a *noise!* She knew nothing of the *gamut*, every thing of the gammon; her bars were the bars of the kitchen grate, her

accompaniments were garnishes, her catches were snacks, and her rounds were rounds of beef.

Had she lived in these days, she would have been a melancholy and degraded outcast of society; but, in the times of female drudgery and degradation, she was esteemed an excellent housewife, and a proper motherly woman.

Her daughter (my mother), the second person singularly tuneless in the three generations I have alluded to, was of an equestrian turn. She delighted to ride upon the backs of high trotting horses; the bars *her* talents surmounted were the bars of gates that possessed *five;* in a fox chase she would be the *running accompaniment* of the most daring squire in the county. She knew of no flourishes save those of her whip; and cared not for "dying, dying falls," except when some luckless companion was precipitated over a hedge on the crown of his head. She had neither time nor inclination for home pursuits; she almost lived on horseback; her music was the huntsman's horn; and she was actually in her habit and her hat when I, rather prematurely and unexpectedly, came into the world! Fortunately, neither she nor I was the worse for my extemporaneous *debut:* I was swaddled, and papped, and gruelled with success, and became in due time a very proper young gentleman.

I inherited the unhappy failing of my mother and my grandmother: music, that "softens rocks, and bends the knotted oak," softened not and bent not me.

For three generations, therefore, have we been an inharmonious race. But there is *one* point in our favour—a great point—a redeeming one, in the shape of my great-grandmother. SHE was a woman of taste, and played upon the harpsichord.

"By the by," thought I, "why should I purchase a grand piano-forte, an article of no small cost, when my great-grandmother's harpsichord, with a double row of keys, stands up stairs in the lumber-room, and will no doubt answer every purpose?"

How well I remember my great-grandmother. She was an old lady, and I a small boy, at the period of my reminiscence; yet in my mind's eye I behold her now. She was tall, she was straight, as the poplar tree; her waist was a prodigy for length and diminutiveness; and the brocaded silk of her gown stood out around her, as if afraid to encroach by pressing too closely upon her graceful limbs. On her head rose an unparalleled structure of pure white gauze or lace, and on her forehead her powdered hair was most profusely frizzed. Her gowns were the most independent garments imaginable; for, if the mistress chanced to step out of them, they still stood erect in the innate stability of their structure.

She had no idea of undress and full dress, as modern ladies have; changing from a seven-shilling muslin of a morning, to a cheap beggarly silk or crape at night. The mistress could *then* never be mistaken for the maid, nor the maid for the mistress. She was always

responsibly attired: her small feet, in their high-heeled shoes, regally reposed under her glossy petticoat; and her snowy elbows modestly peeped from the sheltering canopy of her pure lace ruffles.

When she wished to appear in full dress she wore immense diamond earrings, and upon her fingers she placed several brilliant hoop-rings. These splendid auxiliaries were put on in a moment; and let her be surprised by visitors at any hour, she came forth with glittering ears and fingers, curtsyed down to the very ground, and looked as if equipped to grace a court.

She was a relic of the oldest school; she emulated the grandeur of baronial state; and in her lodgings in a watering place, instead of vulgarly rising to ring the bell when she wanted a domestic, she sat patiently and proudly on her sofa, and in a feeble, still, small voice cried, "Who waits?" till by some fortunate chance her maid heard, and attended to the call.

Her harpsichord was her delight: it was a *two-decker*. I know nothing of music, but I know it had two rows of keys; and on these she played alternately, waving to and fro her stately head, and often looking round to me for applause.

She played the popular songs of the day: the *popular* songs—alas! what were they? They are gone, they are forgotten, like the smiles and the roses of the girls who sang them; like the hopes and the affections of the youths who listened to them. The triumphs of the singers of those days, and the popu-

larity of the songs, where are they? 'Tis a lesson for a modern *chansonnier!*

I used to dine now and then with my great-grandmother, and, by way of amusing me, she would sit down and play me a minuet, or some endless sonata; her high-heeled shoe pressed the pedals and she rambled over the double decks of keys with infinite self-possession. She thought me, I believe, a very dull boy, for I never could contrive to seem pleased with her playing. But when she sent me home, she generally slipped a little golden coin into my hand, and I left her gaily and contentedly, for *my play*-time was at hand. But to return to my reverie.

"Why," thought I, "should I buy a piano, when I already possess an instrument which I have frequently heard my great-grandmother say was unrivalled."

I went up stairs to a dark, dusty lumber-room, and there lay the two-decker, with a broken leg and an unsound sounding-board. I had it carefully conveyed below, and it creaked, and groaned, and threatened to fall to pieces at every step. A carpenter mended the wounded limb; and I then sent for the learned professor, who was in future to be my daughters' music-master, and with pride exhibited to him the instrument which had been declared by my great-grandmother (a musical paragon in her day) to be the sweetest and the best she ever heard. The professor smiled.

"It is as an antiquarian you value it, I presume?" said he.

"How so, sir?" said I.

"I mean, you are not seriously pronouncing a favourable judgment upon it as a musical instrument," he replied.

Thought I, he knows I am not musical, and he is sneering at me.

"Sir," said I, "have the goodness to put that invaluable instrument into perfect tune, and commence instructing my daughters."

The professor actually spun round upon my music-stool, and, after staring at me incredulously for a moment, he burst into a fit of laughter. I only wished my great-grandmother had been present.

"I beg your pardon, sir," at length said the professor, "but the instrument is not—I must be candid—it is only fit for——"

"Fit for what, sir?" said I.

"For firewood," replied the professor.

He was right; and to prove that he was so, he vigorously thumped the two rows of keys. The appeal was unanswerable. I stopped my ears, and then stopped his proceedings. The professor was immediately commissioned to choose for me a grand piano-forte, with all the new patents, the extra-octaves, the additional keys, the supernumerary pedals, and every other "invention of the enemy," to silence tranquillity and repose.

The professor left me, and I then gazed upon the *once* dearly prized and carefully preserved instrument.

What would my great-grandmother say, thought I, could she know that thou art to be chopped up into fuel to warm the frigid fingers of her great-great-grand-daughters. Her husband bought the instrument for her in the first year of their marriage: it was meant as a surprise, and was placed in her sitting-room very early on the morning of her birth-day, that she might unexpectedly find it there when she came down to breakfast. This happened long before I was born; but the old lady in her widowhood told me of it with tears in her eyes; and, without being told, I can imagine the delight of the young bride on receiving the gift.

How often has her husband leant over her when she touched those *now* discoloured keys! How often has she looked laughingly up in his face, playing some lively air, which she knew he loved, because they had danced together to its melody!

I am no musician, and I have no love for old harpsichords, nor for new grand pianos; but I cannot bear to see the tokens, hallowed by the best and purest affections of *one* generation, tossed about with contempt and turned into ridicule by another. It is thus with my grandmother's portrait. There it hangs; a shepherdess's hat at the back of her head, a dove on her right forefinger, and a half-blown cabbage-rose in her left hand. Every body who looks at it now, laughs at the *outré* dress, or the stiff attitude, or the antiquated expression. Those for whom we have our portraits painted, should they happen to outlive us,

ought to make a point of burning us in effigy before they die, or of carrying our canvas representatives with them to the grave.

When my grandmother sat for that portrait, nobody knows what pains she took about her looks and the arrangement of her dress; and now it is undeniable that the picture is a quiz. When the first faggot of her dilapidated harpsichord crackles on the hearth, it would be charitable to throw the portrait into the blaze.

Mutual affections and countless associations endear such memorials to our contemporaries, and to those who immediately survive us; but when those friends have followed us on the dark path from which there is no return, our portraits become the mere records of bygone fashions, and the features that are clothed in them are a marvel and a mockery.

The best of all possible grand piano-fortes has been selected, and the professor has commenced his instructions. Morning, noon, and night, my daughters are practising; and when practice has at length rendered them perfect mistresses of the instrument, it is to be hoped they will marry men who have *souls*, and leave me (unmusical as I am) a quiet house.

A time will no doubt arrive, when the novelties of the present day will, in their turn, become obsolete; and my daughters' great-grandchildren will perhaps make fagots of the grand piano, as WE have most undutifully made light of my great-grandmother's harpsichord.

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LADY BEAUFORT.

# LADY JANE BEAUFORT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME."

"Ah, sweet! are ye a worldly creature,
Or heavenly thing in likenes of nature?
Or are ye Godde Cupidis owne princesse,
And comen are to leese me out of bande;
Or are ye very Nature, the goddesse
That hathe depaynted with your heavenly hand
This garden full of flowris?"

THE KING'S QUHAIR.

HAIL to thee, merry morn of May!—
How long, before thy first faint ray
Had flush'd with red the twilight gray,
  Were eyes upturn'd to welcome thee;
And age watch'd through the lagging night,
And youth shook off its slumbers light,
  Thy bright joy-bringing dawn to see!
Aye welcome, welcome, lady May!
For thou art clad in sweet array
  Of bud and flower, and sparkling sheen
Of dews and sunshine; and the lay
  Of ev'ry bird in covert green
Hymns thy glad coming, lady May!—

And now, ere yet the sun is high,
What jocund crowds are sweeping by!
The masquers, in their motley show;
The minstrels chanting all arow;
Bold Robin and his archers good,
Blithe as they wonn'd in old Sherwood;
Maid Marian, with her garland crown;
The morris quaint, of old renown;

The dragon, breathing fire; and he,
Patron of all true chivalry,
St. George, on destrere fair ydight,
With famed red-cross, "our ladye's knighte."
And past old Windsor's royal towers
The merry pageant sweepeth by.
And now the May-pole gay with flowers,
With laugh, and shout, and minstrelsy,
Is borne; while lady, squire, and knight,
Look forth to see the goodly sight;
For, in old time, the morn of May
To high and low brought holyday.

And all are out, the sports to share,
Save one, to whom the fresh'ning air,
The young glad sun, the cloudless sky,
But darken his captivity.—
How long, grim keep, within thy wall
Hath hopeless pined a royal thrall,
Wearing his golden youth away?—
The meanest hind is free to play,
The insect sports in the sunny ray,
The wild bird flits from tree to tree,
The sparkling brook out-gusheth free:
While all is joy, o'er wood and plain,
The captive lion mourns his chain;
While meaner birds uncaged may sing,
The falcon droops with broken wing.

The idle lute aside is flung,
The useless bow on high is hung;
The gold-clasp'd missal, painted fair
With many a saint, the volumes rare,
Gem-deck'd, and bound in ivorie,
Though rich in faery lore they be,
With many a lay from bright Provence,
And many a tale of high romance,
Are all cast by—for what to him
Is tale of strife and foeman grim,
  Of emprize wild and high?
He ne'er shall couch the pennon'd lance,
Ne'er bid his gallant bands advance,
  Shouting their battle-cry;
Nor e'er for him shall ladye love
Deck his proud helm with scarf or glove,
And watch, with eyebrow eager bent,
His gallant course in the tournament.

No wonder that with heavy sigh,
  And sorrowing look, he seeks the page
Of one school'd in adversity,
  The learn'd Boëce—that patient sage—
Who calm'd his stern captivity
With the solace of philosophy.
"Sore tired of thoughte, and woe-begone,"
He standeth now at his lattice lone,
And lists the carol blithe, and shout,
And laughter, ringing loud without,

And far-off chime of merry bells,
  Floating upon the fitful breeze;
And ev'ry joyous sound that tells
  Of pleasant sport and hearts at ease.
Alas! these merry sounds declare
Joys he may never hope to share.

Forbid, forbid it, lady May!
Shall this, thine own rejoicing day,
  That brings to all things joy and glee,
Shed not on this sad thrall one ray,
  To gild his long captivity?—
O lady May! when heaven is brightest,
And earth is fairest, hearts are lightest,
And all is pleasaunce, all is mirth,
Thy faery footsteps print the earth;
And shall *one* heart be sad, while thou
Laugh'st with the sunshine on thy brow,
And heaven and earth keep holyday?—
Forbid, forbid it, lady May!

What step is that, as faery light?
  What sound among the thick-leaved trees
  That crowd the garden nook? The breeze
May scarcely stir them thus. O sight
Of all surpassing beauty! Look,
Look out, sad captive! quit thy book;
Behold, within this shady bower,
" The fayreste and the fresheste flowre"

That ere awaked at dawn of day
To do obeisance unto May.
Look out, young captive! though the rage
  Of hostile nations thee forbid
To go on duteous pilgrimage
To ladye fair, and at her feet
Proffer this morn thy garland sweet;
Yet, gentle May, most piteously,
Hath sent thy ladye love to *thee;*
And here she standeth, tall and fair,
The lily of the choice parterre;
With pearl-wrought tresses floating free
O'er the open brow of ivorie,
And swan-like bosom, on whose snow
The "little rubye herte" doth glow,
With graceful form, enrobed in white,
And eye, like merlin, full and bright,
Fairest of all her courtly train,
Proud Beaufort's daughter—Lady Jane.

Lay old Boëce's counsels by,
Too happy captive! yon bright eye
Shall gild thy prison gloom, and fling
  More light than stern philosophy
Could to thy heart-sick fancy bring.
  Unclasp those tomes of poësy,
  Far fitter these bright dreams for thee.
Take down thy lute, awake each string,

And hymn, in many a joyful strain,
The praises of thy Lady Jane.

O blessings on thee, lady May!
For never, from that gladsome morn,
Did the young captive pine forlorn.
Swift fly the days, and now the ray
Of autumn's glorious sun is beaming,
Through panes of many-colour'd light,
Upon a pageant fair and bright
Of blazon'd banners proudly streaming;
For mitred prelates, richly dight,
With purple robe and rochet white,
And knights all clad in fair array,
And damsels fresh and bright as May,
And dames and barons of high degree,
Are met in Saint Mary Overie.

But who is he above whose head
The lion banners proudly spread,
With ermined robe and crown? 'T is he
Who mourn'd his long captivity
In Windsor's keep—and by his side
"That fresheste, fayreste flowre," his bride:
For free, and monarch once again,
The Scottish king weds Lady Jane.

Here cease, light strain; blend not with song of May
The distant murmurs of the thunder cloud;

Welcome her buds and blossoms, hail her ray,
Nor dream of blight or darkness. The dim shroud
Of coming time lift not—why shouldst thou tell
Of strifes and tumults; why the sorrows trace
Of him who ruled so justly and so well—
Too polish'd monarch of an untamed race—
Why track each fell design, unfolding slow,
And then the foul assassin's midnight blow?

No; cease, while yet, enwrapt in visions fair,
The captive monarch blesseth May's glad morn;
His prison palace turn'd, and fell Despair
Exiled for aye; while Hope, erst sunk forlorn,
Like sickly lamp expiring, glad upsprings
Singing her sweet hymn unto pleasant May,
Who Joy and Freedom to her votary brings,
And Love! whose light did never pass away.
Here cease, light strain—when life waked bright again
Beneath the first sweet smile of Lady Jane.

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## THE MARCH.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

The clouds that in their grim array,
Like armies on the battle day,
Long mustering on their darkening path,
In silence and in brooding wrath,
Now bid their signal thunders rise,
And lightnings skirmish through the skies.

And, blackening to the hue of night,
The tempest revels in its might,
With all its ministers abroad,
Where, lone, upon a desert road,
And following in the wreck of war,
Slow moves yon heavy laden car,
With scanty escort through the storm,
And bearing woman's fragile form,
That love, where valour might despair,
Hath nerved the soldier's lot to share.

And still the camp is far away,
And wilder is the tempest's sway;
Low stoop the skies beneath a weight
Of waters, and a thunder-freight,
Till from their depths of darkness dire
Flash mingled sheets of flood and fire,
And, swathed by livid lightnings round,
The startled steeds, with rear and bound,
Dilating eye, and bristling ear,
Give signs of mute, but mortal fear.

But hark! above the tempest's roar,
What other thunders rise before?
It is the battle's! pealing high
Response to heaven's artillery;
And woman's quaking heart must be
The sport of wildest agony,
Till, clasp'd unto her warrior brave,
It beat, or break, above his grave!

# THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

BY JOHN BIRD, ESQ.

"Jock, Jock!" cried the horseman impatiently, "let me not curse the chance that threw a knave in my way instead of an honest fellow! There is scant time to argue this matter."

"Scant enough!" muttered Jock, "seeing that the horses are to sort, the pigs to feed, and Cicely——"

"To be kissed," interrupted the traveller, laughing: "yet if thou lovest that Cicely half so well as thou hast sworn—"

"Ay, ay, Master Frank," exclaimed Jock, "you are one of those roundheads that swear none, but lie plaguily, if all tales be true. And what if Cicely like a little swearing, by way of security, as she calls it? where is the mighty harm? Lying is far worse, I trow: yet I have deceived neither Cicely nor you."

"And I have broke no head," rejoined the traveller; "though I feel strongly inclined to try the hardness of this cudgel on thy numskull. Fie, fie, Jock, to palter thus with an old friend, when all he asks is but to be helped to the speech of thy pretty mistress Mabel."

"That all," returned the serving-man, "being as much, perhaps, as my place is worth."

"And how much is that?" said his companion, laughing louder than before: "with thy old crab of a master, who keeps thee on bare blade-bones and swipes (Jock writhed a little at this), why, thou art not half the man thou wast."

"He would brain me," cried Jock, arguing the matter with himself.

"He knows better than to look for ought but maggots in thy brain-pan, Jock," retorted his antagonist. "But, in one word, wilt thou pleasure me?—ay or no?"

"One word!" repeated Jock; "nay, there go two to that matter—mine and my master's."

"And here is a single argument," returned the traveller, holding up a gold Carolus as he spoke, "which, sufficiently urged, shall go far to secure both."

"Marry, and you speak sense now, mun," cried Jock, looking on the coin with eager eyes as it glistened in the bright moonlight; "for, truly, broad pieces come not to tempt a poor fellow like me every day: and seeing that my young lady was betrothed to thee, as it were, by her old sour guardian ere thou wert ill-conditioned enough to write thyself roundhead, and that a few more of such weighty arguments might tempt guardy himself to turn round——"

"Thou knave! thou rascal! thou villain!" exclaimed a voice from behind, which Jock, conscious of being caught in the manner, knew to belong to his master; "what treachery is this? How, Master Colyton? is it well done, sir, to tamper with my servant? to entice an ignorant booby like this (ignorant, quotha! muttered Jock) to betray the small trust which necessity obliges me to confide to him?"

"Master Gisborne," returned Colyton, somewhat

abashed, "I have broke no faith with you, for I owe you none. You, sir, can hardly avouch so much to me, after refusing me the hand of your ward, which, if a promise availed aught——"

"Promises," interrupted Gisborne, "are always made, or ought to be (which is the same thing), with a reservation, mental or otherwise. Times are changed, Master Colyton; and in deserting the good cause"——

"This is but cheatry, miserable cheatry!" returned the indignant Colyton. "Thou knewest my sentiments, Master Gisborne, when thy promise was made; and other motives——"

"You will do well to spare your insinuations, sir," interrupted Gisborne; "seeing that my power over Miss Darrell is absolute till she attains the age of twenty-one. But come, Frank; since chance or design has brought you to my gate, and you are desirous to see Mabel, on one condition I consent."

"Name it," cried the lover in sudden and delighted surprise.

"It is," said Gisborne, "that you converse with her only in my presence, which, of course, implies that love-stories are to be postponed *sine die*. I will have no whispering in corners, no back-stair meetings. Give me your word of honour as to this, and you shall go with me to the house—deny me, and your way lies before you."

"I have no option for this evening," answered Colyton, "which will terminate our compact: I must

depart ere daybreak on my mission to the lord general."

"To Cromwell!" returned Gisborne, starting, "pah! the very name stinks in my nostrils! But no matter: we must bend or break, it seems. Jock, take Master Colyton's mare, and see that she be well sorted. I will set you forth at daybreak myself, and thus be assured (with a smile) that you depart alone. The guardian of a young skittish damsel cannot be too wary."

The mansion to which young Colyton was conducted by his ancient acquaintance was one of those rambling yet picturesque dwellings that trace their erection to the age of Elizabeth. Gisborne himself was a royalist, and suspected of having aided the recent attempt to place the second Charles on the throne of his ancestors; yet the fact, if such it were, had been so well concealed as to give no handle on which the opposite party could lay hold to molest his person or property. Colyton, we have already seen, had attached himself to the side of Cromwell as one whom he believed able and willing to build up anew the tottering fabric of government on a broad and liberal basis. He was, moreover, of good family and fortune; and Gisborne's motives, in refusing the young and blooming Mabel where she had been affianced, were variously attributed to his expectations that the triumph of his party might enable him to grasp the forfeited lands of the delinquent Colyton, or that in any case the possession of his ward's person and wealth might be rendered sub-

servient to his safety or even advancement. Be this as it may, the fair Mabel herself blushed rosy red when her quondam lover was introduced so suddenly to her presence by him whom she believed most anxious to separate them for ever.

"I have brought an old friend to partake our cheer, Mabel," cried Gisborne, spitefully enjoying her embarrassment. "But hey-day! you do not look overpleased, methinks, to see Master Colyton."

"Pleased, sir!" repeated Miss Darrell, looking anxiously at Colyton; "I am surprised, as well I may be; and a little more ceremony"——

"My dearest Mabel," began Colyton.

"Hoity-toity!" interrupted Gisborne; "have you so soon forgotten that this is a mere visit of ceremony, or friendship if you will, and that love is an interdicted topic?"

"You may chain my tongue, sir," cried the lover indignantly, "but you cannot change my heart."

"I shall change nothing, sir," returned the host drily; "not even my own will, which you know already. But come, not to be inhospitable to my guest, I trust your passion will not spoil your appetite, as a savoury odour which issues even now from the kitchen assures me that supper is not far distant. A friendly meal and a cheering glass, Master Colyton, and then to bed, will, methinks, be no bad arrangement for one who is to rise before the lark. Mabel, will you charge

yourself with the office of seeing the tapestried chamber made ready for your old acquaintance?"

"The tapestried room, sir!" replied Mabel, looking the image of astonishment; "and why not the damask chamber?"

"Simply because I have determined otherwise, Miss Darrell," returned the master of the mansion.

"But, sir, the tapestried room is—is——"

"Is what, foolish girl?"

"Very damp, sir," replied Mabel.

"What, with the dry-rot in the walls!" returned the host with a grim smile. "But no matter; a good fire shall banish all fear of catching cold."

"There may be other fears, sir," rejoined Mabel, hesitating.

"What, for a lad of Frank's mettle?—No, no! I suppose you are thinking of the walking lady. Colyton, to encounter a fair lady were of course pleasant enough—but a ghostly fair——"

"Would be an adventure worth boasting of, sir," returned Frank, laughing. "I remember now to have heard of this haunted chamber, and, to say truth, have often desired the opportunity of putting the ghost or the story to rest; but other thoughts," looking tenderly at Mabel, "were wont to banish this."

"Bravo!" cried Gisborne; "the lad is the hero I always took him for: but soft—break we off; for here comes—no ghost, but a substantial supper."

Colyton, all enamoured as he was, had ridden too far that day not to address himself in good earnest to the excellent cheer before him; and not even the anxious glances of Mabel, which he encountered in the intervals of mastication or deglutition, could, for a while, detach him from grosser thoughts. Gisborne gazed and sniggered at what he deemed an unerring proof that his guest was no longer "all for love;" and his favourable estimation rose as that of his ward declined. Mabel pouted, frowned, and at last looked so cross that Frank was half frightened; when his host, having despatched one cheerer, begged his excuse for a few minutes, departing with a hint as to that promise, the observance of which he maliciously hoped would ruin Colyton now and for ever with his attached but high-spirited mistress.

"And now, Frank," said the young lady as the door closed, "that this odd guardian of mine has so oddly left us to ourselves, let us make the most of the very few minutes he will give us to concert—why, what ails the man?—he looks as dismal as midnight—to concert—poh! are you mad or silly?—Have you lost your wits or your heart? No answer!—Are you dumb?"—Frank shook his head, and looked the picture of despair.—"What, only sulky!—Very pretty, sir! If this be your mode of entertaining me—if all your protestations of love——Frank, Frank, it must be so! —you have fallen in love with somebody else—you are going to be married, to be married (with a gulp)

to one of that filthy Cromwell's daughters, I dare swear."

"N—o!"—The word was intercepted in its passage from poor Colyton's lips, to the infinite danger of his respiration; when, recollecting his promise, he, as a last resource, shook his head more violently than before.

"This is playing the fool with a witness, Frank: Will you be pleased to tell me what ails you?"

Frank sighed deeply as he put his finger on his lip.

"You are forbidden to speak, then:—the more fool you, Frank, to make any such promise. In the name of patience, why came you here at all?—but that you can't tell me."—Frank blew a kiss towards her.—"Psha, nonsense! a true lover would have found a thousand expedients rather than have sewn up his own lips!—Provoking! when guardy will be upon us in a few moments, and I am at my wits' end with vexation at having all the talk to myself."—Frank laughed outright.—"Don't laugh, sir. I may have another lover, and in this house, for aught you know."—He became instantly grave, and seemed strongly disposed to forget his engagement.—"Tell me, sir; did you come in with guardy this afternoon, muffled up in a horseman's cloak?"

"No, no!" exclaimed Colyton, in a sudden transport of passion.

"You have broke your promise, Master Frank!" cried Gisborne, opening the door.

"He should have done so to better purpose, then, sir," retorted Mabel, almost crying with vexation; "since No is the only word that has passed his lips. But I can say No too; ay, and you may both repent of trifling with the feelings of one who is like enough to circumvent you both." She looked daggers at her astonished auditors, and, dropping a profound curtsy, vanished from the room.

"Nay, nay, Master Colyton, you shall not follow her," exclaimed Gisborne, as his guest rose in great perturbation: "our engagement ——"

"You have acted ungenerously, unjustly by me, Master Gisborne!" returned Colyton warmly; "you have betrayed me."

"No such thing, Frank; it was your own choice," replied his host: "you might have gone forward, and welcome. But come, take not this rebuff to heart—it is a froward little pet, whom you would do well to forget: but of this we can talk another time; at present I have other and more weighty matters for your ear. You have heard of the disastrous issue of Worcester fight—disastrous at least to our party, though a real triumph to yours."—Colyton shook his head.—"Frank, it is useless to contend; I must swim with the stream: will you bear this packet for me to Cromwell, and assure him that he has not a firmer, a more devoted adherent, than old Ralph Gisborne:—nay, never stare, man, when we are of the same side.—Mabel ——"

"May be mine!" cried Colyton in an ecstasy.—"You have, then, been only playing with our impatience."

"It may be so, or not," returned Gisborne drily: "private happiness must, at all events, give place to public weal. Will you do my bidding?"

"Gladly and willingly," answered Colyton; "for, much as I pity the unhappy prince, I feel with you that our only reliance now is on Cromwell, though his ambition, I fear, may incite him ——"

"Walls have ears sometimes, Frank," whispered Gisborne, looking mysteriously and timidly round him. "The night wanes, and you will need rest ere you recommence your journey. With the first light of day I will arouse and let you out by the postern that leads to the stables. You must e'en manage to saddle your own steed, since neither Jock nor any one shall know our movements, lest it brew mischief. And now, Master Frank," he continued, as he ushered his guest into the tapestried chamber, "commend yourself to sleep, and be careful that no ghost steals away this packet, on which both our fortunes depend.—Good night!"

Left alone in the chamber, Colyton felt little inclination for slumber. The events of the last few hours had been too various and perplexing not to excite other feelings than those of repose; yet the idea that Gisborne, though from worldly motives perhaps, might again favour his suit to Mabel, was too delight-

ful not to overmaster every other thought. Meanwhile, after securing the door, he seated himself before the ample chimney, up which roared a cheerful wood fire, and surveyed the important packet of which he was to be the bearer. It was carefully sealed, and addressed to Cromwell by his usual titles. A smile of disdain passed over the countenance of the youth as he surveyed this instrument of his host's defection from a falling cause. "Patriotism, or loyalty at least, should be made of sterner stuff!" he exclaimed, "or what has poor Charles Stuart to hope from his adherents?" A low sigh seemed to echo his sentiments. He started from his seat, and looked anxiously round the chamber, but perceived nothing that could in any degree strengthen the opinion that his ear had not deceived him. The story of the haunted room returned to his memory; and, free as he was from all superstition, the hour, the seeming evidence of his senses, produced a feeling of awe which he could not wholly overcome. Smiling at his own credulity, he cast himself, drest as he was, on the bed; and though sleep came not, and indeed was scarcely sought, fatigue, cooperating with agitation of mind, gave birth to that species of waking delusion which combines objects present to the sense with wild and visionary ideas. The faded nymphs and shepherds depictured on the tapestried walls seemed gradually to become animated, and, by strange, uncouth gestures, to invite him to the dance they were represented as pursuing. The reeds

sounded, hands were clasped, the damsels pranced and pirouetted, and their gallants pirouetted yet more fiercely, till the very velocity with which they swept round dispelled the illusion. He raised himself on the bed and rubbed his eyes. They resumed their old grim forms on the tapestry, and the only motion was from the flickering of the wood fire and the tapers that flared in the breeze admitted through a casement, which, from long disrepair, was only imperfectly closed. The legend of the chamber arose on his memory: it bore that an ancestress of the family had buried a sum of money in that room, which the suddenness of her last summons not permitting her to indicate, no after-occupant (not even the griping Gisborne himself) had ever been able to discover it, and that the spirit still wandered where her dearest treasure reposed. Smiling at the tradition, Colyton once more assumed his recumbent posture, and his indistinct perceptions again returned, in the midst of which he seemed to perceive the very form his fancy had portrayed, that of an old woman, dancing before his eyes, yet looking in the midst of her gambols the very personation of anxiety. Uncertain as to whether he was dreaming, awake, or asleep, he lay motionless; but the rotatory vagaries of the figure still continued; and by degrees he saw, or thought he saw, other shadowy figures in the darkened part of the chamber. Brave as he was by nature, terror gradually assumed her usual empire over his dormant faculties. He lay helpless and unable to

articulate, or to withdraw his gaze from the visionary female, who, at every flitting, approached nearer his couch, till at length a withered hand drew back the bed-curtain, and a ghastly face glared in on him. So palpable an impression of the actual presence of some incorporeal being called forth a strong effort, by dint of which he started upright on the bed, a motion which put the ghost fairly to flight; while the rustling of the stiff damask draperies seemed to indicate the possession of greater substantiality in his visitant than is attributed to the airy race of spirits, if indeed the suddenness of his own movement had not been the only exciting cause. Doubtful of all but the unwonted disorder of his own nerves, he looked around in that strong perturbation which such an occurrence might produce on the firmest mind. The embers in the grate waxed low, the candle-wicks had reached a most portentous length, and the figures on the walls looked more grim and ghastly than before. He even fancied that he heard a low murmuring of voices, and a creaking of shoes from a closet at the farther end of the chamber. He attempted to call out, but his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, and in sudden desperation he was in the act of springing from the bed to catch at the bell, when the closet door slowly opened, and the ancient dame whom he had before seen once more advanced towards him. No longer doubting that the chamber was haunted by that unquiet spirit of whose vagaries he had been so incredulous, he threw himself

back in despair of resisting the will of an incorporeal being, and awaited the event in silence, if not composure. Again, as before, she stole forward with slow and noiseless step, and withdrawing the curtain once more looked in upon him; but in that moment the spell dissolved, for the features were seen and known. "Bridget!" he cried, recognising in his nightly visitant the good old housekeeper.

"Hush, hush!" she replied, in a half-breathed whisper; "as you value life, be still. Why, la! Master Francis, you are not afraid of me, sure?"

"Afraid, my dear old woman? and of thee? No, no; but—"

"Well, well, no buts—you may be sure I come on no idle errand at such a time as this: yet how to speak it I know not."

"You come to me," cried Colyton, quaking inwardly, "from Mabel?"

"Ay, from her, and another whom you wot not of."

"It is so then, and she has forgotten her faith!"

"Hush, hush, Master Frank, for mercy's sake!"

"How can I hush when you speak of another, who is doubtless a new lover of Mabel's?"

"Yes—no—I can't tell—Lord help my poor brain that wanders till I know no more what I am saying—but, good lack! how lucky that you have your clothes on, Master Frank, for now Mistress Mabel may e'en come and tell you herself."

"It is well my stipulation with Master Gisborne is out," thought Colyton, "or I must have broken my word at all hazards."

The closet door again opened, and Bridget returned with Miss Darrell, while another figure hovered in the shade, whom, however, Frank plainly discovered to be a man, and his jealous feelings seemed at once to be confirmed. "It is well, Mistress Mabel," he began—

"That is as it may turn out, Frank," replied the young lady sharply; "meanwhile I am glad you have recovered your speech, though hand as well as tongue may be needful in the service I am about to require of you. I come to bespeak your good offices for one—"

"Whom you have promoted to the vacant post of your lover," cried Colyton with an inflamed visage and bitter smile.

"Don't be a fool, Frank! If the post be vacant, it is more than I know, though I might have guessed as much when you were tongue-tied after so long an absence. But no matter. Frank, can you be faithful?"

"I ought rather to ask that question of you, Mabel," returned he reproachfully.

"Do, for Heaven's sake, put our love-affairs out of your foolish head for one hour at least," answered his mistress, "and listen to matters more important."

"To you, Mabel?"

"To me, to you, to every one," she replied with kindling eye, "who values faith, honour, and loyalty above base and selfish considerations. Frank, you

know the issue of Worcester fight—you are the adherent of Cromwell:—is it a part of your creed, of your duty, to hunt down and destroy the survivors of that fatal combat?"

"I see how it is, Mabel," interrupted he; "you have given your heart to some cavalier, whom, at the risk even of your reputation, you are endeavouring to rescue from the penalty of his rash devotion to an unfortunate prince. Resign this attempt to me, and on my life I will save your lover, or—"

"Not my lover!" cried Mabel, leading forward the silent cavalier; "not my lover, Frank, but my King!"

"Yes, Master Colyton," exclaimed the stranger, throwing aside his cloak, "I am that unhappy Charles Stuart, the second of the name, who, in the failure of my attempt to regain my crown and kingdom, am compelled to trust my life to the uncertain loyalty of those who may build their fortunes, and yet more save their own necks, by the certain sacrifice of mine. Such was the chance that brought me into this house. In my flight from Worcester with two trusty friends, we encountered Gisborne, known to both, so at least they said, for long and persevering attachment to the royal cause. He knew me at once, and offered for the night that rest and shelter which exhaustion of body and mind rendered so needful. I had no choice but to accept the offer, while my friends sought that vessel which, I trust, is on the coast hard by to bear me from the block. Gisborne brought me in, as he and I

thought, unseen; but what fugitive," continued he, smiling archly at Mabel, "ever escaped the sharp eye of a woman? There was a mystery to be fathomed—it yielded to female penetration. Accompanied by her trusty duenna, this young lady discovered my hiding-place in the damask chamber; but discovered it only to fill me with alarms, possibly unfounded, yet bearing too much of probability to be disregarded by one whose safety is so precarious as mine. Colyton, I distrust Gisborne, though pledged to me by his own voluntary oath. You are my foe, but an honourable one; so at least your kind mistress affirms. Say, then, dare you aid the descendant of a line of kings to escape the fate of an erring, perhaps, but right-minded father? or will you take the surer, the more profitable, path of betraying a fugitive?"

"No, no, my liege," interrupted Colyton, sinking at the feet of Charles; "my adherence to Cromwell extends not here. Would I might restore you to that throne which is your inheritance! yet all I can——"

"Time presses," exclaimed Charles smiling; "and we must come to the point. I have already said that I distrust Gisborne: he has, my sweet spy here informs me, given you a pacquet to convey to Cromwell."

"It is even thus," returned Colyton; "and its contents, so far as I am informed—"

"The exigency of my affairs," interrupted Charles, coolly breaking the seal, "must wave all ceremony.

Nay, nay, Master Colyton, no scruples; they were mistimed when life is at stake."

"Yet consider, my liege," cried Colyton, "my faith, my plighted word to Master Gisborne, who would not surely have deceived me!"

"You may thank the courage, sir," returned the prince, "that cut the knot at which you would have boggled till your neck had paid the forfeit of your delicacy; and for faith—look here, at Master Gisborne's own hand! This scroll, sir—this infamous scroll—is to make his peace with Cromwell by betraying into the clutches of the usurper him whom he had sworn to protect at the hazard of his life, while you are flatly accused to your general of disobedience to the trust reposed in you! Yes, Master Colyton, your ruin was to be his rise, and my head to pay the forfeit of my rash confidence! From this, sir, the sagacity, the vigilance, the courage, of your angelic mistress has redeemed us both, I trust; yet are we still in the meshes! What is to be done? Cannot we escape from the window?—the darkness will befriend us? and yet, if my eyes deceive me not, light is already dawning in the east."

"And at daybreak," cried Colyton, "Gisborne himself has promised to arouse and let me out: he may even now be listening."

"No, no," interrupted the housekeeper, whose awe at the presence of royalty had hitherto kept her mute and motionless, "no; master could not suspect aught,

seeing that none but myself ever knew of the secret passage between the king's chamber and this; and I heard him lock the door at the end of our gallery before he went to rest, so that he could reckon on our being safe for the night."

"I see but one chance," cried Mabel, arousing from a trance of anxious thought: "your majesty must personate Frank, and be let out by the very betrayer who is most anxious to keep you in. You are about the same height, and, once fairly muffled in Master Colyton's cloak, on my life poor guardy in his tremor will never discover you."

"Yet if I pass the door unseen," said the king, "how even then am I to escape?"

"You will find my mare in the stable," returned Colyton, "who will carry your Majesty with the speed of lightning: but can you contrive to saddle her? for Gisborne fairly told me to look to be my own groom."

"I must risk every thing," answered Charles, laughing, "even the breaking of my neck from slackened girths, rather than be taken like a mouse in a trap: and hark! the clock strikes five; we must be speedy!"

A low tap at the door gave added celerity to their speed. "Are you stirring, Master Colyton?" murmured the voice of Gisborne from the passage.

"Ay, ay," returned Frank in a drowsy tone, as if arousing from sleep; "I will but slip on my cloak and be with you."

It was the work of a moment to muffle the fugitive

in the cloak of Colyton, the conspirators afterwards withdrawing silently to the closet, from which they anxiously watched the intrepid monarch, as he unbarred the chamber-door, and gave admittance to his self-purposed betrayer.

"So, so, you have not rested much I see," cried Gisborne, looking at the disordered bed-clothes—"disturbed by ghosts, eh?" with a low chuckle.

The king gave a sign of impatience, murmured a faint "Hush!" and attempted to pass forward.

"You are right, quite right," said Gisborne; "we cannot be too wary; Mabel has ears like a cat, and might pounce upon us, only that like a cat she is locked up—he, he! So you have the pacquet safe, I see. Now, then, to despatch you."

They disappeared. In a few moments the door was heard to open, and after a short pause—a pause of agony to the listeners—they had the unspeakable satisfaction to hear the bolts once more cautiously secured; a signal that the wanderer had eluded the vigilance of his host, and fairly given him the slip. Daylight now appeared; and Gisborne, curious, perhaps, rather than suspicious, returned to the haunted chamber, from the window of which he could observe the departure of the traveller.

"What a pize! Frank is plaguy slow or confoundedly clumsy this morning; he could never else be all this time saddling his own mare! He little thinks how neatly I have done his business and my own at the

same time! So, so he comes at last!—Ha! whom do I see?—the king! Treason! treason!—He will escape!—Yet how shall I get out? I dare not jump. Treason!—I must ring the alarm-bell; I must raise the country!—That confounded Colyton——"

"Must take the liberty of putting a little gentle restraint on you even in your own house, Master Gisborne," said Frank, pouncing from the closet on the ill-starred master of the mansion, whose struggles quickly brought Mabel and old Bridget to aid in his caption. This, however, was complete. Snared in his own toils, threats or entreaties were alike unavailing to procure his release from the obdurate Frank. A pretext of sudden illness, promulgated by Miss Darrell and her female coadjutor, easily accounted to the servants for the non-appearance of the master, whose involuntary durance continued till the safety of Charles could no longer be compromised by his self-destined betrayer.

The intelligence of the monarch's embarkation was the signal for Gisborne's liberation, who, having wisely considered that times might again change, and that his story, if truly told, would sound but ill even in the ears of Cromwell, saw fit to make common cause with Colyton, and even to consent to his union with Mabel. Whether the grand motive for this compliance was the discovery of Bridget, that Miss Darrell had, by passing her minority, become her own mistress, has not been certainly authenticated. It is however known, that yet

farther discoveries, assigned by rumour to the visitant of the haunted chamber, transferred the mansion and demesne of Gisborne to Frank, as the rightful inheritance of Mabel; and that the discomfited guardian, albeit his knaveries were glossed over and his person protected by those whom he had most injured, pined over the loss of his wealth and influence, till he at last fretted himself to death in pure despair of regaining either. Whether the share of Colyton in the escape of the fugitive ever reached the ear of Cromwell may well be doubted, as it was not till the king's restoration that the circumstances of his flight were accurately known, when, fortunately for Frank, he needed not those substantial acknowledgments for which other adherents of royalty were anxiously but vainly seeking. The merry monarch, however—remembering, perhaps, that he owed his life and crown to the intrepidity of Mabel and her adoring husband—eagerly invited them to his court, holding out at the same time the promise of a baronetcy as a lure to Colyton; but the latter, gaining wisdom from happiness, shrunk from so equivocal an honour, content, on a forced journey to town, to laugh over, in his own person only, with the good-humoured but misguided king, their night of memorable adventure in the Haunted Chamber.

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## A NOONTIDE RETREAT.

BY MRS. C. G. GODWIN.

TALL forest trees their stately branches bending
In many a dim and fanciful arcade,
A limpid stream its smooth course gently wending
By tangled coppice and through sunny glade:
In sooth the spot a wood-nymph's haunt might be,
Or fit resort of elfin revelry.
How the light sparkles through the clustering leaves!
Till every pale and pensile flower receives
A rich mosaic of contrasting dies,
Bright as the rainbow of autumnal skies.
Fair lady! kings might envy thy retreat,
Shrined in thy sylvan bower from noontide heat,
With thy mute guardian watching thee the while,
Intent to win a fondling word or smile.

Are thy thoughts wandering in the mazes wild
Of old romance? for, on thy placid brow,
And in thy dark eyes, beautiful and mild,
Thoughts lie like blissful dreams. Or haply thou
Call'st up with memory's spell some distant scene,
Where thou with thy heart's cherish'd one hast been;
Some valley of that Transatlantic world
Where Albion's ships have gallantly unfurl'd
Her conquering pennon, whose blue mountain-streams
Roll down their golden treasures 'neath the gleams

Of tropic skies, and all the landscape round
Makes the full heart with joy and wonder bound.
Or is there magic in the fitful breeze
That stirs above thy head the ancient trees,
Awaking all the fragrancy of June,
And chasing far the languor of high noon?
Say, doth it waft thee to those groves of balm
Where the rose blooms beneath the orient palm;
Where grows the olive, and the graceful vine
Wreathes its lithe verdure round the Grecian pine;
Where many a sculptured frieze and mouldering fane,
Records of fallen grandeur, strew the plain?

Sweet one! where'er thy pensive musings turn,
Still may they bring from memory's sacred urn
That essence of the past which best may pour
Hope's holy unction o'er each coming hour!

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## ADVENTURES IN HYDRABAD.

BY JAS. EDW. ALEXANDER, 16TH LANCERS.

Silent leges inter arma.

To those unacquainted with the East be it known that Hydrabad is the capital city of the Nizam of the Deccan of India, and that it is situated on the Moosa river, which in the rains flows swiftly past the lofty walls in a full torrent, and at other seasons of the year is a clear and limpid stream. The city is four miles

in length, and nearly as many broad; and, being the seat of one of the few remaining Mongul Governments, it is crowded with idle Musselmauns of all kinds, and more of the old forms and ceremonies of the great Indian dynasty are preserved in the Nizam's court than in any other.

We had marched towards Hydrabad from the north, and as we approached it the features of the country gradually changed from flat and monotonous tracts to a landscape diversified with tanks and teckrees, small lakes, and eminences crowned with huge masses of rock. Beautiful tamarind-trees and dates were not wanting, and the umbrageous mangoe shaded the road as we advanced. We passed near the celebrated fortress of Golconda, used as a state prison, and as the repository of the gold and jewels of the lords of the Deccan, and then found ourselves in an extensive plain, on whose surface were seen, here and there, groups of rocks fantastically arranged and heaped, cromlech-like, on one another, and rice-fields with their accompanying reservoirs of water. The city rose before us, and the towers, minarets, and domes gleamed in the eastern sun.

We pitched our tents on the banks of the Hoosen Sauger tank; and shortly after donning my Musselmaun costume, I rode towards the city, accompanied with a native friend, Moideen Khan. We crossed the river at the Chadur Ghât, or sheet ford, and entered the city by the gate of the same name. A highly in-

teresting sight was now afforded us. Instead of deserted streets and empty houses, these were crowded with men of every caste, colour, and country of Hindoostan. The costumes, too, were widely dissimilar and highly picturesque: of course the turban prevailed, but it was of every colour and shape; and the other vestments were of divers bright dyes, causing an assemblage of the people to resemble a bed of tulips. Every man who was able to wield a sword had one begirt about his loins, and the shawl sash sustained daggers and pistols. In consequence of arms being so generally worn, and the police being ineffective, brawls and murders are of daily occurrence; and the people are so accustomed to these that they walk past a pool of human gore, or a dead body, in the streets, with seeming indifference. It is highly dangerous for Europeans to enter within the walls: they will certainly get insulted, and perhaps shot from a window.

We traversed numberless streets, where the celebrated oriental magnificence and splendour, painted in such glowing colours in the Arabian Nights, were realized. Elephants in gorgeous trappings were constantly seen parading about in every direction. The shops in the bazaars glistened with cloth of gold and embroidery; shawls of cashmere, exposed for sale, formed flowing draperies in others; and the hum of so many thousand voices, and the sight of so many turbaned heads, occasioned in us a most pleasing excitement.

Suddenly a shouting and noise was heard at some distance: we turned our horses towards the quarter whence it proceeded, and saw, rushing towards us, a dark and savage-looking native, his eyes starting from their sockets, and in his hand a bloody dagger. We prepared for defence, when we observed that he was pursued by a tall Musselmaun wielding a curved sabre: he advanced with hasty strides after the fugitive, and, coming up with him, dealt him a smart cut across the neck, which brought him to the dust. Over he rolled, writhing in the agonies of death, and, turning towards the Musselmaun, he muttered a prayer for mercy. "Accursed dog! did you show any to the Hakim Bashee?" said the other; and, with a blow on the throat, he sent him to render his account to Allah. The spectators then commenced congratulating and praising the young Musselmaun; and, on inquiring the particulars of the affray, we were able to collect what follows.

The Nizam's physician was passing along in his palankeen between the Mucca Musjid (or Mecca Mosque), where the famous Nizam Allee lies buried, and the Char Minar, or gateway of the four minarets. He was accosted by three Puthan men, one of whom held out his left hand for his pulse to be felt. Whilst performing the friendly office, the physician was stabbed in the bowels by the villain, and at the same moment received his death-wound in his side from a murderer at the other door of the palankeen, which the bearers im-

mediately let fall and fled, and the blood was poured out like water on the street. The Puthans immediately attempted to make off, but were pursued by a servant, who, calling out that these were the men who had just murdered his master, the young Musselmaun nobleman before mentioned, sitting in his upper story, heard him, and, sallying out into the street, came up with the fugitives and cut them down in succession. It seems that the Puthans belonged to a troublesome tribe, who a short time before had been expelled the city; and, thinking that the physician was instrumental in procuring their banishment, they revenged themselves on him as before described. The three bodies were afterwards suspended from the gates, and presented a ghastly spectacle.

Turning from this scene, we passed onwards by the palaces of the nobles, at the gates of which were seated soldiers in chain armour, armed with matchlocks; and men of rank passed us on prancing Arab steeds, with armed attendants behind them. After completing our survey of the city, we returned to our tents.

> It was that hour when on some tree
> The boolbool pour'd his melody,
> As fled the parting gleam of day,
> And breath of gentlest Zephyrs came
> In whispering sighs to fan the frame.

# ANNESLEY.

BY MISS MARY ANNE CURSHAM.

There was an ancient mansion.

BYRON.

'Tis solemn twilight, and the dusky sky
Wears deeper shades on its tempestuous brow.
The cawing rook hath sought his social nest
On the tall rocking fir, where hollow gust
And shrieking hound ring forth his lullaby.
A sickly beam hath tinged with brighter hue
The laurel's shining blade, and clustering mounds
In verdant loveliness o'erspread the plain.

'Tis darker still—an animated cloud,
A living congregated mass, moves on;
Like a dense atmosphere which chokes the sky
The floating starlings sail—now, here they press,
Crowding in one blank spot, then whirl their flight
O'er the wide terrace-path, then swift return
And squadron-like divide, wheel round, unite,
Till tired with vagrant wanderings, down they sink
On wearied pinion to their leafy bower.

How calm and breathless seem all living things!
No sound intrudes on these deserted halls,
And each faint inspiration to mine ear
Breathes supernatural whispers, sentinell'd
At yonder casement, whose sharp angle forms
The side enclosure of one fairy spot.

I mark the approaching shadows softly blend
All distant objects in oblivious gloom:
The terrace-wall, embroidered o'er with leaves,
Its stone-cut pediments and graceful urns,
O'errun with verdant creepers, pouring forth
From their antique recesses flowery wreaths.
Where the carved steps mark forth the massive door,
Armorial bearings, with heraldic pride,
Tell of a noble race who ruled the soil,
All fled, save one, whose history is told
In the sad page of beauty's partial wreck.
E'en now the artist's skill brings forth to light
Faces and forms which long have vanish'd there.
Beaming on yonder pedestal serene,
In blooming manhood, stands that well-known chief,
Unconscious victim of a deadly feud*—
Strange that the seeds of enmity should yield,
In after-times, the cypress-wreath of love!
Dames of weak Charles's most licentious court,
And quaint and antiquated forms, are there;
While last, but not the least, that cherub-face,
Whose full expanding womanhood gives back
The self-same smile as when her dimpled hands
In silken bonds the favourite spaniel held.
On that majestic hall's imposing brow
Rests venerable gloom—its casements lined
With classic laurels and o'ershadowing bays,

* William Chaworth, Esq., killed by Lord Byron, great-uncle to the poet.

Where the grave organ tells of ancient forms
Of prayerful households, and of holiest rites—
This hall rekindles Byron's deathless Muse,
And in the changes of the fearful dream
This silent oratory stands confess'd.

Annesley, farewell! yet not unmoved I part
From thy loved shades, endear'd by many a sigh
Of hallow'd recollection, for thy path
Was cross'd by one *, whose sainted footsteps left
A blessing on thy threshold—there it rests!

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## MORNING IN THE EAST.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL, ESQ.

Morn opes her eye; rock, valley, mount and stream
With smile of gladness hail the welcome beam.
His strength renew'd, to run life's measured span,
Again from slumber bounds exulting man.
Through Hæmus' forests, bathed in rosy glow,
Winds the swift hound, and twangs the hunter's bow:
The early monk, on Athos' sea-bound height,
Drops on his knees to bless returning light;
While far away, o'er Phrygia's storied meads,
His joyful flock the grateful shepherd leads,
Weaves his blithe song by Simois' silver tide,
Regardless there Troy's thousands fought and died,
Lays his tired length where Ida's laurels grow,
Nor starts to think great Hector sleeps below.

* The Rev. T. Cursham.

# THE MARINER.

BY MRS. ELIZA WALKER.

Soft glides the sea,
Bounding and free,
Dance the blue waves as they rush to the shore;
O'er vale and height
Gleams the moon bright,
Gaily the mariner plies the swift oar,
Singing awhile—Ere the sun lights the main,
Land of my birth, I shall greet thee again!

Night wears away,
Sullen and gray,
Frowns the dark sky o'er the wild restless deep;
Lightning's red flash,
Thunder's loud crash,
Now quiver and peal. Go, mariner, weep!
Haply, I deem, though the sun lights the main,
Its rays to thy land shall not guide thee again!

Tempests are fled,
Morning hath shed
Light from her eye, and balm from her breath;
All things rejoice—
Where is the voice
Of the mariner now?—It is silent in death!—
The vessel went down ere the sun lit the main,
And he trod not the land of his fathers again!

# FATHER EUSTACIO.

A PORTUGUESE LEGEND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LORD MORCAR OF HEREWARD."

Je n'avois plus d'amante, il me fallut un Dieu.
L'ABBE RANCE.

IN one of the most beautiful provinces of Portugal stands a convent, in itself an object of beauty from its exquisite architecture, and rendered doubly attractive from the almost unequalled loveliness of its situation. Let the imagination revel amid groves of orange-trees, laden at once with fruit, flower, and perfume—amid tracts of the dark olive and pine, relieved by the fragrant and lively foliage of the myrtle and geranium—alleys of lemons and citrons, bowers of roses, and springs and rills of the coolest and freshest water, yielding nature's own mirror to the clinging tufts of violets and wild lilies which blossom spontaneously on their margin—let it do all this, and yet it will scarcely trace on its own tablet the luxuriant landscape. On the southern side of the convent, beneath a hill, gay with its belt of timber and its laughing vineyard, stood the Quinta d'as Lagrimas; but I am premature in thus designating it —the name of the "Villa of Tears" was given to it after that of which I am about to tell had taken place.

In this convent dwelt the mysterious Father Eustacio. The monastic robe of white serge fell round his tall and graceful form in folds better suited to the regal purple: the crown of his head was shaven; but the raven curls clustered richly round a brow high and

smooth as marble, and the dark fiery eye, and the scornful smile, which discovered teeth like eastern pearls, yet told of a world which he had vowed to renounce for ever. He was a Spaniard—the brotherhood themselves knew no more; he had made rich offerings at the shrine of the patron saint of their order; he had broken the weapon which he wore at his arrival on the steps of the altar, and trampled his dark plume beneath his feet on the threshold; he had withdrawn a rich jewel from his neck, and laid it at the feet of the Madonna (Nossa Senora da Piedade); and he had finally taken the vows of the order, and become, to appearance, like the rest of the community, a mere creature of mechanism and habit.

But no one followed Eustacio to his narrow cell—no ear drank in the low sounds which escaped from his overcharged spirit in his solitude—no eye beheld the contempt with which he hurled from him the effeminate habit of the brotherhood—none looked on him in his paroxysms of emotion, when, with clenched hands, fixed teeth, and starting eyeballs, he stood in the midst of his confined apartment like a thing of stone, and then sprang, as it were, into life so suddenly, that every nerve quivered, and every vein swelled almost to bursting; when his heart heaved as though he had not space even for existence in his narrow prison, and his hand instinctively sought to grasp a weapon which he wore no longer, and then fell listlessly at his side—none heard the soul-fraught groan that followed

as he sank down, with his face buried in his spread palms, and spent the night gazing unconsciously at the dim lamp that lit up the misshapen altar, the rude crucifix, and the grinning skull, which were the furniture of his cell.

It was the festival of their patron saint, and one of the brotherhood watched by his shrine all night: Eustacio won permission from the prior to be that one; and the vesper was chanted, and the twilight mass said, and the monks uttered their orisons at the shrine, and departed, and Eustacio was alone. He looked around him and smiled. There was a taper dimly lighting up the figure of the saint; and the holy lamp, which is never extinguished at the altar of the sacramento, shed its faint light over a limited space, and left the rest of the vast edifice in darkness. No sound was there, save the fall of his own footsteps, as he strode through the murky aisle. Twice had he traversed it, and returned to the shrine he watched: a third time he paced its solemn length, and approached the altar; but now he started, and the blood sprang to his brow, while he passed his hand over his eyes, questioning the evidence they gave him. Kneeling there, with her veil thrown back, and disclosing her pure and pallid beauty, was a female, whose mantle of sable velvet fell around her in large and heavy folds; jewels were in her hair and on her arms, and the very missal in her small hand was clasped with a rich gem. Her lips moved noiselessly, and she seemed so absorbed in her devotions that she

had not heard his approach. Eustacio stood like one entranced—a thousand recollections pressed upon his spirits—his dark eyes flashed fire—his breast heaved—yet he stirred not. The prayer was ended, the lady rose to depart, and started on discovering the monk. Eustacio gazed upon her as her features were fully revealed by the taper which burnt before the shrine of the saint. She was beautiful; but it was a proud, pale beauty, which sorrow seemed to be wasting, though it had failed to destroy. Her form was slight, and graceful as the sweep of the river willow. Something that lady read in the countenance whereon she gazed which forbade fear, for in an instant she stood calmly and almost proudly before him. The monk remained like a statue rivetted to the spot.

"Holy father!" she commenced, in a tone so rich and deep that it died away down the long aisle of the chapel, like the last note of the vesper organ.

"Scarce saint enough for the first, or reverend enough for the second, lady," murmured the monk, as though he brooked not the address from such lips; and the dark eye flashed, and the rich blood mantled in the proud brow; "and yet other epithets become me not now, even from beauty."

There was questioning in the look which was turned on him as he spoke, but he replied not to it, save by casting still farther back the cowl which had partially shaded his face, and erecting his fine person yet more loftily. But there needed not words to tell the heart

of the lady that it was possible even yet to forget the cowl and the rosary, and to look on him as a man, not as a monk; passion was there in the eye and on the lip—passion of the world's birth, which the chill of the cloister had failed to displace; and there was pride in the heaving of the serge-clad chest, and the dilation of the enveloped figure—even in the grasp of the finely-formed white hand, which drew more gracefully together the folds of the coarse habit. For all this one glance sufficed. Never had the lady looked on such a face and form within those walls—never on any with the feeling which now pressed upon her heart. Slowly and silently she drew from her bosom a small golden key, and, adjusting it to a concealed lock in an ornamented pannel of the shrine, a narrow door fell back, and, raising a lamp from the ground, she turned one long, fixed look on the monk, and retreated, closing the door as she withdrew. Long stood Eustacio gazing after her, as though he deemed that she would reappear; but she came no more that night.

Thenceforward the piety of Father Eustacio became a proverb among the brotherhood. His nights were no longer spent in sleep; he kept holy vigils when the world was buried in slumber. There was something in the departing look of the mysterious visitant of the chapel, which had assured him that she went not for ever, and the assurance was verified. Night after night she trod the secret passage from her own sunny home to the convent shrine; and Eustacio heard her tale of sor-

row; and she breathed it as she sat on the marble step of the altar where they had first met; and the hand of the monk wiped away the few large drops which fell, as she murmured it in his ear. It was a simple and a sad tale. Her father had vowed her to a hated union, and she pined in soul, while she won, by supplication, frequent but short delays. Then came the name of her hated suitor, and the cowled listener started from her side, and clenched his hands, and ground his teeth, as he murmured out, "'T is he! 't is he!—the murderer of my sister!—the hunted one of my hate, whom I pursued until my soul sickened that it found him not, and in despair vowed itself away to a cloister, that it might moulder into inanity, and forget——But think not that I have forgotten. Hearken to me, Inez"—and he drew towards his agitated listener, who had already risen and stood before him—"hearken to me: I *could not* forget!—The cell, the cowl, and the cloister—they are not the anodynes I madly thought them!—they bring no Lethe!—I am still Adrian, duke of ——, while I strive only to be a monk: I am still the brother of the dead Carlotta, while I thought only to throw off the world and the world's ties. Dare not to marry him!—Listen but to one vow from his polluting lips, and the curse of thy crime be on thee!—Blood is there upon his hand, though he may stretch it to thee in gentleness—poison in his breath, though it may syllable passion.—He was the husband of my sister: she passed away, and none knew where or how; but many whis-

pered—murder! Think you not that I pursued him? Ay, as a hunted deer, he fled from place to place, and I was ever at his heels—alas, too late!—Then mark me, Inez!—for I can but breathe it in a whisper—he sought to rid himself of so tenacious a pursuer, so bitter an enemy, and he poured his subtle poison in the ears of one in power, and I was proclaimed—a traitor! The blow was struck—my sister, my revenge, all were forgotten—my proud name became a reproach—my honours were bowed to the dust. Look at yonder sparkling cross, pendent from the neck of the Madonna; little deemed I, when I knelt to receive that boon, that the giver, in his blind belief of an enemy, would so soon cast me forth to shame and obloquy! I uttered no justification—to be suspected was enough; but I came hither—came to forget myself to stone—to be a man no longer—to be a monk—and I am one! The convent rings with my piety; the blind crowd, who look on me, hold me as a thing too holy for this world. I am pointed at as a pattern, made the depository of the sins of others, and held to be too pure to sin myself: but it is not so, Inez"—and the deep voice grew yet deeper—"the very thought of crime has roused me from my lethargy—the very thought of him whom I have sworn to sacrifice. I had vowed the dagger; I have hunted him to his lair, and now I can strike it even to his heart's centre!"

"Adrian! Eustacio!" murmured the lady.

"Either name is dear from thy lips," said the cowled

noble, "though the one is sullied by calumny, and the other but a mockery. But, hark, Inez! they have rung in the dawn; the drones are about to shake off their drowsiness, and live on another day in their apathy;—till to-morrow, then, farewell!"

"Farewell!" echoed Inez, as he strained her to his heart, and ere many moments she had disappeared. The officiating monk had sleepily entered the chapel to feed the lamp at the altar of the sacramento, and Father Eustacio was prostrate before the shrine of the saint.

Weeks passed, and still at intervals the noble monk and the gentle Inez met when the world slept; but the spirit of the attainted duke panted for vengeance on his enemy, and it came at last.

It was on a lovely midnight, when the landscape was flooded with light, and the sparkling stars flashed out of the clear heavens like diamond studs scattered over a robe of purple, that the monk wandered from the convent garden to the grounds of the adjoining quinta. For a while he passed on, gazing as he went on the white clusters of the clematis and the richer blossoms of the pomegranate, as they disclosed their beauty to the moon, and thought of Inez; but ere long came wilder visions, and he remembered his sister—her who was murdered in her loveliness, and on whose grave no eye had rested. Then came the memory of her husband, of the murderer! and he looked up to the moon as she rode in

light, and then down on the dark shadow cast along the earth by the wooded height which bounded the landscape. He *felt* that he stood there a dishonoured man and an alien—he felt that he was loved even in his evil fortune, and that his enemy had again crossed his path. He struck his hand forcibly on his breast, and it came in contact with the hilt of his dagger: the monk smiled—the world has seldom looked on a smile like that with which he drew it forth. He cast back his clinging robe, he fetched one long deep breath; there was fire at his heart and in his brain: and he hurried on. There had been feasting in that place of beauty, and the guests were yet awake. He approached the house; an avenue of citron trees threw up their rich perfume to the sky, and darkened the space beneath them. He hastened to that spot of gloom; but it had other occupants. He heard the voice of Inez; tremblingly and tearfully she spoke, and entreaty quivered on her tongue. Other accents heard he also—the accents of his enemy! For a moment he paused silently and sternly, and then he sprang convulsively forward and stood before them. There was a faint scream, the agonized scream of a woman; but the revellers heard it not. Then came louder and longer sounds; names were shouted, and imprecations followed them: there was a struggle, a wrestling for life; but Inez in her agony stirred not a limb. The loud laughter of her father's guests came fitfully on the night breeze like the rejoicings of observant fiends.

Light was around them—the pure light of the silver moon; but they stood on a spot of darkness! The struggle was brief, yet to Inez it seemed to have lasted years: one of the combatants staggered and fell heavily against the trunk of a citron tree, and the white blossoms showered on him as he sank down bleeding and senseless; then came the deep tones of the monk upon her ear, as he laughed out his triumph, and struggled for a moment ere he fell prostrate beside his enemy.

The moon bowed her silver brow to the coming dawn, and the blossoms scattered fresh sweetness to the morning breeze: the revellers shook off the heaviness of sleep, and came forth to gladden their oppressed energies by the freshness of nature. One among them entered the avenue of citrons—two lay dead before him, the affianced noble and the holy monk; and a third was there—she looked up and pointed with stern eye and steady finger to the corse of the cowled combatant—it was the Lady Inez. Her hair was dank with the night dew, and her lips livid and compressed. One glance sufficed: horror had been busy with her—she was a maniac!

Few heard the tale: the holy brotherhood bore away their dead; the count consigned his fellow noble to a silent grave, and of his daughter no one knew more. The peasant, as he passes the forsaken pile, doffs his cap while he hastily mutters a Pater and an Ave, and hastens on his mules from the Quinta d'as Lagrimas.

# WINTER CALLING UP HIS LEGIONS.

BY MISS SUSANNA STRICKLAND.

WINTER.

WHAT ho!—awake, all my stormy powers!
The earth, the fair earth, again is ours!
At my stern approach pale Autumn flings down
In the dust her broken and faded crown;
At my glance the terrified mourner flies,
And the earth is fill'd with her doleful cries.
Awake! for the season of flowers is o'er.
Hence!—raise my white banner on ev'ry shore!
Ye have slumbered long in my icy chain—
Ye are free to traverse the land and main.
Spirits of frost, quit your mountains of snow!
Will ye longer suffer the streams to flow?
Up, up, and away from your rocky caves,
And herald me over the pathless waves!

He ceased, and rose from his craggy throne,
And girt around him his icy zone;
And his meteor-eye grew wildly bright
As he threw his glance o'er those realms of night;
He sent forth his voice with a mighty sound,
And the snows of ages were scatter'd round;
And the hollow murmurs that shook the sky
Told to the monarch his band were nigh.

THE WIND-FROST.

I come o'er the hills of the frozen north,
To call to the battle thy armies forth.
I have swept the shores of the Baltic sea,
And the billows have felt my mastery;
They resisted my power, but strove in vain—
I have curb'd their might with my crystal chain.
I roused the north-wind in his stormy cave,
Together we pass'd over land and wave;
I sharpened his breath, and gave him power
To crush and destroy every herb and flower.
He obey'd my voice, and is rending now
The sallow leaves from the groaning bough;
And he shouts aloud in his wild disdain,
As he whirls them down to the frozen plain:
The beautiful verdure to which spring gave birth
Is scatter'd abroad on the face of the earth.
I have visited every creek and bay,
And curdled the streams in my stormy way;
I have froze into hail the weeping shower—
All this I have done to increase thy power!

THE RIME-FROST.

I stood by the stream in the deep midnight,
The moon through the fog shed a misty light;
I arrested the vapours that floated by,
And wove them in garlands, and hung them on high;
I bound the trees in a feathery zone,
And turn'd the soft dews of heaven to stone;

I spangled with gems every leaf and spray,
As onward I pass'd on my noiseless way:
And I came to thee, when my work was done,
To see how they shone in the morning sun!

THE NORTH WIND.

I have borne the clouds on my viewless wings,
And my sullen voice through the desert rings;
I sent through the forest a rushing blast,
And the foliage fled as I onward pass'd
From the desolate regions of woe and death,
In adamant bound by my chilly breath.
From the crystal mountains where silence reigns,
And Nature sleeps on the frozen plains,
I have brought the snow from thy mighty store
To whiten and cover each northern shore!

THE EAST WIND.

I woke like a giant refresh'd with sleep,
And lifted the waves of the troubled deep:
I clouded the heavens with vapours dark,
And roll'd the tide o'er the foundering bark,
Then mock'd in hoarse murmurs the hollow cry
Of the drowning wretch in his agony.
I have leagued with the north, to assert thy right
On the land and the wave, both by day and by night!

THE SNOW.

I heard thy summons and hastened fast,
And floated hither before the blast,

To wave my white banner o'er tower and town,
O'er the level plain and the mountain brown.
I have crown'd the woods with a snowy wreath,
And loaded the avalanche with death;
I have wrapp'd the earth in a winding-sheet,
And Nature lies dead beneath my feet!

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## THE LANDSCAPE.

I stood and gazed where the free hills arise,
  Whence rocks 'mid deepest solitudes are seen,
  And glimmering through dark foliage, the blue sheen
Of Ocean stained with heaven's own sapphire dyes.
Then into the deep air I raised my eyes,
  The stedfast dome was cloudless and serene,
  Fit roof to over-arch so fair a scene,
For earth in loveliness vied with the skies.
  Enrolled, methought, among a happier race,
I felt immortal moments as I said,
  Death finds no entrance here, and Sin no place;
Then quick to mark where recent footsteps led,
  I saw One bending o'er the furrow's trace,
And on his brow the primal sentence read.

C. St***g.

THE ELEPHANT.

EAST INDIES.

# THE BOA GHAUT,

EAST INDIES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

THE cataract, the mountains, and the sweep
Of the far-onward country, still, as air,
In noon-day sunshine—those reposing clouds
And shades—oh! they are beautiful as dreams
Of elfin lands!
But listen! *Here* was heard
The shout of English battle, and the roar
Of red artillery, that swept the ranks
By thousands: *here*, amid the din and smoke,
And frowning masses of stern soldiery,
Brave WELLESLEY* stood and waved his sword, and cried
"VICTORY!"—and the dead were at his feet.

Now all is still: the white wings of the bird
Glance far beneath the darksome crags; above,
No sound is heard but of the cataract
Descending and descending, with its foam
And rainbow-tinctured spray.

* The Duke of Wellington. On the plain on the summit of the mountains seen in the view was won the victory of Assaye, in which his grace, then General Wellesley, commanded the British and native army. The figures in the fore-ground represent part of the native force carrying to Bombay the artillery taken in that battle.

Along the road,
That, seen at intervals, winds to the right,
Where the palm sleeps beneath the sultry sun,
The harness'd elephant, step after step,
Toils, though in slow descent: amidst the train
Of weary soldiers, one upon the bank
There sits, and seems to woo the airs that breathe,
Faint—listening to the solemn cataract.—
The picture is the shade of human life.

And can I look upon this sunny scene
Of Asia, can I look upon those hills,
The distant Ghauts, and not remember him,
The poor youth, bound to me by dearest ties,
Whom there, with yells, the murderous savages
Hunted to death? Ah! faint upon the sands
He sinks—he bleeds—his hand is on his breast—
He thinks upon his mother!
HE IS DEAD!*
Mother and brothers, all he loved on earth,
Mourn his untimely doom, yet mourning say,
"There is ANOTHER and a BETTER WORLD!"

* Lieutenant Burlton, a most intellectual, brave, young man, the nephew of the writer, was barbarously massacred in his twenty-fourth year, when he had just prepared most interesting memorials of the Burmese. He perished universally beloved, and with the highest character, in the corps to which he belonged—the artillery.

# THE THREE VOWS OF FITZ-AUCHER.

A LEGEND OF THE FOREST OF ESSEX.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME."

> "He hath wonnede, as lyked hym best,
> Blythelye, to ye grene forest;
> Swyfte, and trewe, hys arrowes flewe,
> Manye a royalle harte he slewe."
>
> YWAINE AND GAWAINE.

THE early sun glanced brightly over the wide forest of Essex, tinging the deep masses of foliage with gold, and pouring a flood of yellow light along the velvet slopes and green alleys, while the fresh morning breeze swept along, forcing itself a passage through the thick dew-dropping boughs, until the stag, startled in his fern-spread covert by the diamond shower, leapt up, and tossing his wide antlers and peering around with quick intelligent eye, stood, with one delicate foot vibrating in the air, ready to bound away at the lightest sound. And soon did the free-born denizen of the forest vanish among the thickest shades; for the loud blast of the trumpet rang along the green alleys, and, emerging from the neighbouring copse wood, the silver maces, borne in royal state before the king's Chief Justice in Eyre, now about to hold the triennial visitation for "pleas of the forest," gleamed with unaccustomed splendour amid the woodland scenery. It was a goodly sight to watch the long procession as it glided among the trees, now lost in shadow and again revealed in the bright sunshine; for, with much of rude grandeur and picturesque effect did the repre-

sentative of the sovereign and his numerous train come on. There were first the keepers, rangers, and woodwards, a goodly company, all in liveries of forest green, the brass bugle or hatchet suspended from the baldric; then, in dresses similar in kind, but of richer materials, came the superior officers (for the king's own forest boasted as numerous a menýe as the king's own palace), chief woodward, yeomen, foresters of the three bailiwicks, agisters, whose office it was to superintend the numerous herds that shared the green pasture with the royal game; verderers and regarders, who, as their name imported, were conservators of the "wood and timber," "green hue and hunting," of the royal forest of Essex; then, in gallant array, on a goodly palfrey, his gilded bugle borne conspicuously before him, came Sir Hamo Fitz-Aucher, of Coppet Hall, the hereditary grand forester; then, surrounded by men-at-arms in splendid liveries, rode De Vere, the powerful Earl of Oxford, bearing his hazel wand as hereditary warden of the forest; and the long and picturesque train was closed by mace-bearers and pursuivants, in their rich scarlet tabards, proudly displaying the three lions of England and the white swan, the badge of our first Edward, surrounding the Chief Justice in Eyre, on whose robe of finest scarlet, magnificently lined with ermine, and rich silk hood, many a rustic gazed with mute wonder, marvelling what kind of power that could be which sought not to maintain itself by lance or good sword, but by the strange and

apparently inadequate authority of a mere scroll of written parchment.

It was a fair scene too in which this court held its sittings. A sunny slope, clothed with a carpet of the softest greensward, enamelled with many a flower, gemlike in minuteness and brilliancy, girdled in by closely set trees, where the thick-leaved beech, the silver-stemmed ash, the picturesque elm (the artist's own tree), and the tall gracefully bending alder, interlaced their lithe branches—a sylvan brotherhood rejoicing in the glad sunshine. And here, at the upper end, stood an elevated stone seat adorned with the arms of England, on which, as his appropriated throne, the judge placed himself; while a mighty oak, the patriarch of the forest, rearing his gnarled and massive trunk far above the neighbouring trees, overcanopied that sylvan judgment-seat, and, with aged, unbowed head frowning defiance to the wind and storm, but stretching out his fair branches thick with richest foliage, a covert and a shelter to the gentle creatures that sang on his boughs or reposed in his shadow, stood no unmeet emblem of what law ought to be.

And now, the various officers having ranged themselves around, the pursuivants advanced, and thrice the inmost recesses of the forest rang with the loud blast of their trumpets, while, with tone scarcely less powerful than that deafening sound, the chief pursuivant read the proclamation of "our Lorde Edward

the King," requiring all his liege subjects within the boundaries of the royal forest of Essex to repair to the Alderschawe oak, on the morrow of Lammas, there to do justice and have justice done them, according to the enactments of that boasted law, dearer, perchance, to the Commons at this period than Magna Charta itself—the "Charter of the Forest." The proceedings now commenced, by the Chief Justice reciting that goodly charge which consists of only eighty-four particulars; and then each woodward on his knees presented his hatchet, and again received it from the hands of the judge; each forester and ranger in like humble guise tendered his bugle, and again received it; and, lastly, Sir Hamo Fitz-Aucher, the chief forester, bending his knee before the sylvan judgment-seat, proffered the gilded hunting-horn, and taking it from the judge, blew three *mots*, so joyous and inspiring, that the deer in the inmost recesses of the forest started and fleeted away, and the deep bay of the stag-hounds, roused from their unwelcome repose by that well accustomed sound, echoed and re-echoed far along holt and hoar, upland, and sunny valley.

And numerous were the groups assembled; for every landholder within that wide circuit, which at this period embraced more than half the county, was bound to be present; and at least half the population of every neighbouring village had quitted the team and reaping-field to feast their eyes on this gorgeous and unaccustomed sight. And there were the prisoners, various

alike in character and appearance; from the bold outlaw—charged with the capital crime of dog-draw or stable-stand, but who gazed recklessly on the gay scene before him, blessing the saints that the greatest punishment he could receive, under this boasted charter, was "grievous fine, or imprisonment for a year and a day," instead of a halter of tow, and an unwished-for elevation above his fellows—to the shepherd who permitted his flock to stray beyond the forbidden boundary, "to ye grete injuraye of ye grene hue and venysone;" or the serf who had feasted merrily, not less so, perchance, because unlawfully, on the carcase of some newly slain deer. Apart from the vulgar herd of prisoners stood one well known throughout the whole county for his great muscular strength and large possessions, Turkil, the Bull's Head, whose short, thick neck, and look of dogged obstinacy, had procured him his certainly very characteristic surname, and who now stood charged with having in his possession some deer-skins, and two dogs of a larger kind than those permitted to yeomen. There he stood, his frock fastened with a huge silver brooch, leaning on his quarter-staff, surrounded by nearly all the male inhabitants of Theydon Gernon, his native village, ready in accordance with Saxon usage (for in Essex lingered many a Saxon custom, when long exiled from the other parts of the island), to swear, through thick and thin, that they "oversaw with their eyes, and overheard with their ears," whatever might prove most advantageous

to their neighbour. As his principal accuser chanced to be an old woman, who, going into his house in the dim twilight, was so affrighted at the pair of noble antlers which peeped from behind the door that she roared out for holy water, nothing doubting but that the horns belonged to Sathanas, these accommodating neighbours stood ready further to depose that, in their opinion, nay, firm belief, old Maude of Thaxted was little better than a witch, and, consequently, altogether unworthy the credence of Christian men. Now, on her part, this old woman, who was a worthy gossip in her way, brewing good ale, telling marvellous stories, and performing wonderful cures, came surrounded by a full dozen of her female neighbours, equally ready to swear to her "gode reporte;" and, moreover, to affirm that she was as worthy of belief as all or any of them; an assertion which might be perfectly true, and yet afford no very high proof of old Maude's veracity. Greatly different in appearance and station were the two half-clothed serfs, who, dragged forward by a rope fastened to their brass collars, now stood beside the rich yeoman and his well-appareled friends. The elder savage gazed around him with a vacant stare, muttering, "Well, an ye hang me, ye can't get back the venison, nor catch him who killed it for us;" while the younger, better acquainted with the forest charter and its glorious immunities of "life and limb," casting a malicious look at Turkil, to whom he seemed to owe some long-standing grudge, shouted, "A merry day to ye, sir free-

man! who is best off now?—ye who must pay for your doings, or the serf whose lord pays all?"

The assizes now proceeded; and truly, a great deal of work was done in a short time. Most of the offenders having been taken in the very fact, it required neither long circumstantial evidence nor clear and accurate summing up to convince the probably inconvincible heads of the jury, and fines and imprisonments were dealt out with a most laudable liberality. Master Turkil, however, as he reluctantly opened his weasel-skin pouch to discharge his "grievous fine," which, in spite of the proffered oaths of his twelve good neighbours, the unrelenting judge compelled him to pay, muttered a half-suppressed malison on this new system, "whereby the oaths of twelve good yeomen were held in no more esteem than the bark of so many curs, and good neighbourhood and loving fellowship driven clean out of the land;" while the two bondsmen, who were found to belong to Adam de Cretynge, holder of the manor of Romford, on tenure of finding "pannage" for the royal swine, were consigned to the custody of their master; and heartily did he swear by the holy cross of Waltham, as he paid down the fine inflicted on those who appropriated found venison to their own use, instead of giving due notice to the verderer, that they should ere long have oaken sauce to their venison.

"And venison will indeed be churl's food, an a royal stag be left us!" indignantly exclaimed Ranulph, an

old forester, on whose head rested the snows of more than seventy winters, but whose bearing was as erect and his step as brisk as when, more than fifty years since, he received his title, "fleet of foot," from King Henry, because at a royal hunt he ran beside that monarch's Barbary palfrey, guiding the silken bridle-rein through the thickest intricacies of the forest, from Waltham Copse to St. Dunstan's Oak, and for which he was appointed yeoman-forester of that bailiwick. "No, times are changed," continued he, "or those two bondsmen had made their last meal on that venison, and that perilous outlaw, who catered so daintily for them, had hung, ere now, a goodly acorn on yon oak."

"But," retorted Adam de Cretynge; "ye say, ye have never seen more than the plume in his bonnet, or the skirt of his frock."

"And that had been enow in the old time," replied Ranulph, "for I might then have tried whether his frock were proof against one of his own arrows. St. Hubert's malison on the new law! now six deer may be killed by the day—deer of antler, not rascaille, but great stags, fat bucks, or harts of ten."

"'T is a perilous outlaw, whoever he be," said the chief forester; "but, good Ranulph, ye must set double watch in your walks, and keep a keen look-out."

"St. Hubert to borrow, but I do!" returned the old forester. "Methinks he is charmed though: there his shaft whizzes by, the tall deer is struck down, and he

blows four *mots* on his bugle, as the manner is, and away he hies, not deigning to carry away his arrow, much less to break up the deer."

"This is very unlike an outlaw," said the lord-warden. "How may ye be sure all the stags were killed by the same hand?—each lord of parliament hath privilege to kill three deer as he goeth or returneth through the royal forest, provided he blow his horn."

"I know it full well, my lord-warden," returned he; "for the shafts are all alike; moreover, never lord or knight, save Sir Hamo himself, blew such a *prise** as he."

"These shafts never flew from a churl's bow," said the lord-warden, examining the sheaf of slender and well-pointed arrows, which Ranulph, with rueful looks, presented to him. "My good Sir Hamo, there is some mystery in this."

"No mystery that I can perceive," returned the chief forester, "saving that 't is some hunter more bold and more skilful in woodcraft than his fellows, St. Mary confound him!"

"Ay, and the fiend give him chase!" responded old Ranulph; "for, by the holy cross of Waltham! next time he crosses my path I will lay him beside the tall deer."

"Ranulph fleet of foot," sternly interposed the judge, who had now arisen to depart, "know ye not

* The four notes blown when the hart or buck is taken.

the forest law?—Shoot a man ere 'ye cry peace, and bid him yield himself,' and by our Lady, St. George, and St. Michael, ye shall hang, with bugle about your neck, on the tallest oak of the forest!"

The court broke up; the sylvan procession again formed; the silver maces and glittering tabards of the pursuivants again gleamed brightly among the green branches, while the trumpet-blast echoed faintly and more faintly, as the long train receded from view: and again the timid hare stole forth from her covert; again the throstle resumed her place and her song among the leafy bowers of the patriarch oak; and again the dappled monarch of the forest bounded along, as though to re-assert his right to that wide sylvan domain. One only bound gave that kingly stag, and then lay dead on the greensward; again the well-known bugle sounded its four shrill notes of defiance, as the unseen outlaw again sought the depths of the forest.

"St. Hubert's malison on ye!" cried old Ranulph, advancing from his covert, where he had been brooding indignantly over the reproof his too hasty zeal had received from the Chief Justice in Eyre, "what say ye to this, my lord? a hart of ten—a royal stag struck down ere ye quit the forest. No, no, my lord chief justice, silken hoods and scarlet gowns affray not the outlaw like the green frock and sure shaft of the forester. An these things continue, the royal sport of hunting will be driven clean out of the land, and we shall be worse than paynim Saracens."

Swiftly, as the youngest forester of his bailiwick, did old Ranulph thread the intricacies of the forest, and ere the procession, "with solemn steps and slow," had gained the chief forester's hospitable mansion, where they were to conclude the business of the day by the more pleasant occupation of feasting "right merrily," he stood beside the wide moat that girdled Coppet-hall, and demanded admission. The drawbridge was soon lowered, and scarcely deigning a look at the long tables, and huge dishes, and numerous serving-men, all bearing witness alike to the profuse hospitality of the master, and expected good appetites of the guests, he made toward the upper end of the hall, where, surrounded by her attendant maidens, sate Sir Hamo Fitz-Aucher's fair daughter, the lady Plaisaunce.

"Heaven's blessing on your sweet face, my lady!" cried the old forester, drawing out the arrow that had just been dyed in the heart's blood of the lordly stag, "I would I might have had speech of Sir Hamo, for woe worth the day this perilous outlaw came among us."

"Good Ranulph, what-hath chanced to him?" cried the lady, rising in great agitation.

"Nought, save that he hath been at his old trade, my lady, and struck down a gallant deer e'en now, and blown *prise* loudly and boldly as though a bevy of fair damsels had been by to applaud his good archery. St. Hubert to borrow! but I here make mine avow, that, in despite of law or chief justice, I will shoot him though I hang for it."

"Our sweet Lady forfend!" cried Lady Plaisaunce in a voice almost inarticulate; "but, good Ranulph, hast ever seen him?"

"Not I, my lady," returned he, "or he should have felt my shaft. Those were good old times when the outlaw had 'short shrift and a tippet of tow' for killing but *one* royal stag. The saints grant him e'en the same guerdon!"

"But, good Ranulph, how many hath he killed?" anxiously inquired the lady.

"Three-score," replied Ranulph; "and ought not he to hang on the Alderschawe-oak, my lady?"

"Three-score?" repeated the lady, the bright colour again mounting to her cheek; "three-score did ye say?"

"Ay, and too truly," replied he sullenly, marvelling how the illegal death of three-score "tall deer" should excite any feelings save those of indignation in the breast of the chief forester's daughter. There was a pause;—at length the lady, reseating herself, waved her hand for Ranulph to retire.

"Go to the buttery-hatch, good Ranulph: ye may not see Sir Hamo until evening; so go and make merry with our serving-men."

Not Wolsey himself, when dismissed from the royal presence to "breakfast with what appetite he might," could feel more unwilling to avail himself of that sarcastic command, than did our indignant forester. "And this is all I get for my service!" cried he; "I offer to

shoot a perilous outlaw, for whom a hempen halter would be guerdon enow, and my lord chief justice abuses me as though *I* had been the outlaw, and my Lady Plaisaunce saith, 'Go and be merry!' Well, well, my fair lady, ye may shoot the outlaw yourself, an this be all the thanks I get for my service."

Homeward, slowly and sullenly, did the old forester retrace his steps, with the laudable intention of nursing his anger till a more favourable opportunity. Happily, however, the boisterous sounds of merriment which struck on his ear as he passed the little cottage, scarcely important enough to be dignified by the name of hostel, where Malkin of Maplested brewed and sold good ale, overcame his fixed determination to be miserable; for there were assembled a merry company, chorussing with more zeal than melody the burthen of that ballad so approved by our forefathers:

"Bring us home good ale, boy, bring us home good ale;
And, for our dear lady's sake, bring us home good ale!"

Unable to resist so delectable an appeal, he lifted the latch, and soon found himself amidst a company of fellow-rangers and neighbouring villagers, who could not be otherwise than merry, seeing that on the rude table were store of six-hooped pots frothing with potent ale, while in the corner sat a minstrel, harp in hand, with store of songs and tales ready to amuse his easily-pleased auditors. And merrily did the hours glide on, while the beechen cups passed from hand to hand, with the often repeated "wassail;" and pleasant were

the songs with which the minstrel, who evidently was far above that class with whom chance or inclination now led him to associate, and who bore the badge of the lord chief justice on his breast, beguiled the time. Alas for poor Ranulph! his evil destiny pursued him even here; for, tired of more general topics, they now began discussing and speculating on that subject, so delightful from its unfathomed mystery—the unknown outlaw.

"The holy cross of Waltham sain ye, good foresters!" cried an old man, who seemed patriarch of the village, "'tis no outlaw, but some unlaid ghost that walks yonder; and in my notion (and, truly, my notion is worth somewhat, seeing that I remember when Epping market-cross was built, and when King Henry was crowned, and store of things which ye know not)—truly, in my simple notion, 'tis no other than Quentin of Maplested, who was hanged on the Alderschawe-oak fifty years agone. Ay, young Quentin! with his fair face and sunny locks, more worthy a knightly collar than the tippet of tow they gave him;—he who made that doleful ballad the very morning that they hanged him—and only for shooting a pricket. A goodly ballad it is, and true as the mass-book. And good reason have we all to remember it, for 'twas sung far and near; and the forest charter, methinks, we might never have had, save for that song." And with the retentive memory of things long past that so frequently characterizes advanced age, the old man repeated this simple lament:

The red deer wons i' the good green wood, browsing 'neath spreading tree,
And drinketh blithe of the sparkling brook; for a free-born heir is he:
The wide forést is his proud domain; he boundeth there with glee,
And keeper, ranger, forester, all serve as his menýe.

The Christian man, with no home nor hearth, wendeth his dreary way
To hostel, convent, castle-hall; but there he may not stay;
He hath no friend: to the fair greenwood he goeth, for he nought can pay;
And they hang him straight on the highest tree, while the red deer fleets away.

Aye joyously, like lord of all, the red deer boundeth on,
To snuff the gale of the fresh'ning morn, and welcome the rising sun.
Morn comes in vain to that friendless one, he hangeth there alone:
There are laws enow for the royal stag, for the Christian man are none.

"St. Hubert!" cried one of the rangers, "an I but thought that 'twere Quentin, I had liefer lose belt, bugle, and baldric, than watch to-night."

"Out on ye, with your fool's stories!" growled Ranulph; his angry feelings boiling up again at the remembrance of the outlaw—"a goodly ghost, to walk in broad day-light, and point a surer shaft than any living man!"

"Why, soothly," replied the ranger, "ghosts are not apt to walk in noonday."

"But goblins and many strange beings do," said the minstrel. "Is not the hunter of Woodstock always seen at high noon, asking his way of whoever meeteth him, and then vanishing, no one knoweth whither?"

"*That* no Christian can gainsay," exultingly answered the old villager, gratified that his opinion of the supernatural character of this deer-slayer was supported by an authority, in those times of unquestioned belief considered inferior only to that of the servants of holy church. "Ay, ay, good sir minstrel, ye are learned in these matters; so, I pray ye, give us your notion of him."

"Would that I," interrupted Ranulph angrily, "might meet him ere to-morrow sunrise! I would soon find out an he were goblin or mortal."

"And fare like Sir Edgar in the Barnesdale legend, good master," replied the ranger, "who got bewitched for his pains. Saints! that is a fearful ballad! but true as the mass-book; for the scathed oak stands there to this very day; and, sweet Lady forgive me! but when I am down in the wood watching the deer, and see our fair Lady Plaisaunce stealing along ofttimes in the twilight, saints know why, methinks I see Lady Marie in the legend.—Canst sing it, sir minstrel?"

"Right willingly," replied he; "and St. Hubert save all bold hunters from ghost, goblin, or faërie!" And then, with voice and manner far better suited to the castle-hall than so rude an hostel, he commenced the following wild legend:

"I may not, I dare not wed with thee,
Brave Sir Edgar of Alderslie;
Though wealth, and worship, and mickle pride,
Will the guerdon be of thy chosen bride;
Though young and noble as knight may be,
I may not, Sir Edgar, wed with thee."

The knight looked up with a bitter sigh,
"Fairest of damsels, tell me why?—
Though knights and barons from far have come,
Seeking thy love in this woodland home,
With gifts and with prayers—yet to all, as to me,
Thou hast answered, 'I may not wed with thee.'"

The lady smiled, but with mournful brow—
"Sir Edgar, I may not break my vow;
To whom hath my plighted troth been given
Must never be known to aught 'neath heav'n;
But this I protest, thou gallant knight,
Marie will ne'er wed with mortal wight."

The sun is low, and Sir Edgar's gone—
Lady Marie to the greenwood's flown:
For ever, as setteth the sun, wends she
Unto the scathed old oak tree,
Fair, and alone, in her maiden pride,
With two white greyhounds by her side.

Woe to thee, Barnesdale! and well-a-day!
Thy fairest flower is weeded away.
Woe to thee, Barnesdale! the moon is high,
The stars have long set their watch in the sky,
And the two white greyhounds have long sought home;
But Lady Marie will never more come!

Oh! sooth, though strange, is the tale they tell:
Just at the time of the even-song bell,

Lady Marie 'neath the oak was seen
With a hunter youth, in his frock of green;
A gallant hunter, both fair and young,
With a golden horn from his baldric hung.

'T was Sir Edgar beheld them; and fierce, I trow,
Was his rage, as he stood with furious brow,
And then with his sword rush'd wildly on—
But hunter and lady both were gone!
Whither, or how, he could never tell,
But she sigh'd, "Thou hast found me—for aye, farewell!"

Too well Sir Edgar that hunter knew,
When long and loudly his bugle blew;
For round and round, till the shadows flee,
Was he spell-bound to pace the scathed oak tree,
Till the cock should crow and the blithe lark sing,—
'T was the bugle-blast of the elfin king!

Alas! for Marie, she never will come;
The elfin king hath taken her home,
With her beauty, and sweetness, and maiden grace,
To make sunny light in that dreary place.
No more may we see her, for sweet Marie
Is bride to the king of faërie.

"Ranulph fleet of foot!—good Ranulph!" impatiently cried Malkin, who, not daring to interrupt the minstrel, had stood anxiously awaiting the conclusion, "ye must forthwith to Coppet Hall, for Sir Hamo hath been sending in search of ye: he must instantly see ye, for the king himself hath sent word he will hunt here to-morrow."

The old forester cast a rueful look toward the set-

ting sun and the darkening shadows of the forest; for what with the stories of Quentin of Maplested and the faerie king, together with the potency of Malkin's home-brewed, the message to return through the wood, and pass the Alderschawe-oak too at twilight, aroused fears which he scarcely dared to acknowledge.

"Which way will the king come?" cried the old villager, joyful in anticipation of groats and silver pennies; cheap gifts, which won "golden opinions" from the lower order of subjects, and which our earlier monarchs always on these occasions profusely dispensed.

"I know not," returned Malkin; "but Sir Hamo's messengers said the trysting-place would be at the Alderschawe-oak."

"The Alderschawe-oak?" exclaimed the minstrel, an involuntary expression of joy lighting up his fine features.

"Alack, that Alderschawe-oak!" cried Ranulph. "Good minstrel, do walk with me to Coppet Hall, for, soothly, after your strange ballad, I scarcely dare pass it alone."

"Right willingly," said the minstrel. "But, good Ranulph, ye shall go in to him, and I will remain in the hall."

"Would ye could tell him somewhat of yon perilous outlaw, an he indeed be mortal man!" replied Ranulph; "ye might then choose your own guerdon."

"Saints! that I might!" returned he in a tone of deep but suppressed feeling. "So now, good Ranulph, lead on."

The sun was just setting when the young minstrel appeared alone on a fair and sunny slope, bounded to the west by a little brook, that rushed and sparkled along its pebbly channel like a thing of life; and beyond, cornfields waving with the golden harvest, meadows of the softest verdure, fruitful crofts, and homesteads, lay spread out in rich variety; while in the farthest distance, almost lost in the blaze of sunset, rose the lordly towers of Waltham Abbey. It was a fair scene; and with a kindling eye and bright smile did that minstrel look around him, when a voice, which sounded in strange and dissonant contrast with the wild sweet music of the babbling brook, and the rich farewell melody of the throstle and blackbird, croaked—

"A merry eventide to ye, sir outlaw, and blithe sport i' the merry greenwood; but the nightmare and fiend chase our master, for the oaken sauce he hath given us to the fat buck ye left for our eating."

The young minstrel quickly turned, and beheld the two bondsmen, who that morning had been brought before the judge, stretched listlessly on the soft green carpet, with eyes upturned to that glorious sky, to whose magnificence their hearts returned no answering emotion.

"Hist! good swineherd, hist!" replied he, looking anxiously around. "I pray ye, show me the nearest way out of this forest."

"That we will not," cried the youngest; "for then venison will be scarce again, and we may fain eat mast with our swine. Good master outlaw, bring us down a fat buck ere ye go, or e'en try your archery at old Ranulph or our master:" and the vacant gaze of the savage assumed a malignant and fiendlike expression at the most distant anticipation of a sweet revenge.

"Nay, my good fellow," replied the young minstrel; "show me the nearest way out of this forest, for here I may stay no longer. Up with ye! and here 's a groat as your guerdon."

The savage took the thin silver coin in his huge misshapen hand, and grinned as he deposited it in the rude pouch by his side.

"There," said he, pointing to the brook; "yonder is the boundary; once across, neither Sir Hamo, nor old Ranulph, nor any ranger in this forest, dare follow ye, for ye 're on abbey land. So blow us three blasts of your merry bugle.—Saints! if it is not Sir Hamo's gilded one!" continued he, as the minstrel, with one light bound, crossed the brook, and took his way apparently in the direction of Waltham Abbey.

"Ay," cried the elder one, half rising and eagerly gazing after him, "'t is Sir Hamo's own bugle! Sweet Lady! how might he get it? He 's off for sanctuary,

I 'll be sworn, and we shall never more taste his venison."

"Sorrow betide the day!" growled the younger, stretching himself on the soft green carpet; "O! had but yon bold outlaw drawn his bow until there had been neither ranger nor forester left! Heaven's malison on them all, and specially on our master!"

Again the morning sun glanced brightly over the wide forest, and again was the dappled deer startled in his leafy covert by the shrill sounds of the merry bugle; for King Edward rode hunting that day. Again was the sylvan justice-court filled with the forest menýe, leading stag-hounds in couple and raches in leash; while among the sunny glades many a knight and many a noble in richest array, and many a dame and many a damsel with merlin on wrist, stood ready to bound away at the first shrill summons of the huntsman. And, canopied by that giant oak, conspicuous by the golden circlet on his brow, and rich jewelled collar (ensigns of royalty at this period never laid aside), the king appeared, surrounded by his numerous attendants, awaiting with an eagerness felt only by our forefathers (to whom the keen pursuit and vivid pleasure of the chase afforded a gratification to which all other sports were tame) the three loud blasts, the appropriated signal for commencing. But still was that signal delayed; and many an impatient look did the foresters cast toward the broad shady alleys, checkered

with the slant sunbeam, expecting to see Ranulph fleet of foot, with vigorous tread that shamed many a younger forester, come on; and vainly did each yeoman lay his hand to his ear to catch the well-known sound of the chief forester's bugle, when a young man, in the garb of a ranger, came forward, and offered his services to the king as riding forester.

"And wherefore ask ye *this* office?" said the king, with a look of surprise, blended with a smile of recognition.

The answer was returned in too low a tone to enable the bystanders to conjecture the meaning; but with a nod of assent the king placed the silken bridle-rein in the young forester's hand, and away, with step fleet and graceful as that of the dappled deer which bounded across their path, did he, guiding the swift palfrey, glide along the wide shadowy alleys, while the mingled sounds of the chase echoed far away.

There were two, erst foremost among the merry company, to whom the bright sunshine, and light breezes, and confused sounds of far-off merriment, brought no pleasure—the chief forester, who, mortified beyond measure at the loss of his gilded bugle, would not approach the presence of the king; and old Ranulph, who had already made a long but ineffectual search for it.

"St. Hubert's malison on that cunning thief!" cried Sir Hamo, as he lingered beside the moat of Coppet Hall; "that I should stand here like a churl, unworthy to bear bow or bugle, or an outlaw that dare not show

his face till twilight, while the hounds are in cry, and the king himself following! and all through ye, Ranulph, bringing that scatterling minstrel to my hall, who, determined not to go without guerdon, must needs take my own bugle. Sweet Lady! 'tis the sorrowfullest day I ever saw, for without it I can never meet the king."

"Saints!" replied Ranulph, "but who might have thought it? Did not Malkin of Maplested bid me beware how I entreated him, seeing he was the chief justice's own minstrel? and hath he not left your great silver standing-cup and purse that lay beside it, when he might have taken them both, as well as the bugle? To tell ye soothly, Sir Hamo, there is somewhat in all this that passeth my simple understanding; for when I, ere now, questioned the two swineherds whether they had seen aught: 'Yon bold outlaw is safe in sanctuary,' quoth they; 'but ill luck to your chief forester's bugle.' Sorrow a word more could I get from them; but there they sat, moping and mowing like apes, for they are but scant Christians. 'Tis a sorrowful day for me, methinks; for the king hath set off without old Ranulph fleet of foot.—But hark!"

"St. Hubert!" exclaimed Sir Hamo, starting, as a long and merry bugle-blast echoed along; "'tis the blast of my own bugle!"

"Sweet Lady! 'tis the fiend himself playing at barley-break in this very forest!" cried Ranulph, involuntarily crossing himself; "for never mortal man, nay, not even yourself, wound bugle so well."

"Be he sprite, goblin, or the great fiend himself, I'll seek him out," said Sir Hamo, bursting away from the grasp of old Ranulph, as again long, loud, and clear, the well-known bugle gave its note.

"Well, if ye needs will go, I'll e'en after ye," cried old Ranulph; "for say what ye list, Sir Hamo, it shall ne'er be said of me that the chief forester went where Ranulph fleet of foot feared to follow."

Following as closely as possible the direction of the sound, in a short time Sir Hamo and Ranulph stood within sight of the sylvan justice court, when a third time the shrill note of the well-wound bugle rung in their ears. "The holy cross of Waltham sain us!" cried Ranulph, pulling aside the thick branches, "'tis the King's riding forester, and he is holding the bugle boldly as though 'twere his own, and they both stand beneath the Alderschawe oak."

"Holding my bugle, and beneath the Alderschawe-oak!" exclaimed Sir Hamo, "it cannot be!" adding, as though a sudden thought crossed his mind, "no, surely it can never be *he*."

The chief forester and Ranulph now advancing, in the ancient phrase, "set themselves on their knee," when the riding forester, suddenly relinquishing the silken bridle-rein, knelt beside them.

"A boon, King Edward, a boon!" cried he.

"It is granted; but what boon would *ye* ask?" said the king.

"Pardon! my liege."

"Pardon!" cried the king, "for what, and wherefore?"

"Pardon him not, my liege!" cried Ranulph, darting a look of surprise and rage at the young suppliant. "'Tis the perilous outlaw who hath made venison in these woods cheap as swine's flesh—the minstrel, too, who hath stolen Sir Hamo's own bugle."

"How is all this?" said the king, addressing the riding forester, who certainly did not appear greatly moved at these fearful charges.

"Pardon, my liege!" said he, while a sly smile played around his lips, "for, truly, Ranulph fleet of foot hath said soothly; so pardon, my liege, for three-score tall deer slain by mine arrow."

"It is granted," said the king; "but, methinks, the story of the Earl of Huntingdon hath turned the heads of half my young knights: what made ye turn outlaw, and play Robin Hood in this forest?"

"The chief forester must answer that question, my liege," returned the young man; "for I now call on him to fulfil his vow.—Mind ye not, Sir Hamo Fitz-Aucher, when, last feast of Candlemas, a stranger to all save my lady, I prayed the hand of my fair Lady Plaisaunce.—'Never!' was your answer; and ye sware a bitter oath by the holy cross of Waltham, that, unless I shot three-score tall deer within the forest, where ye said I had no right to come, blew three blasts on

your bugle, which none ever wound save yourself, and led the king's palfrey three times beneath the Alderschawe-oak, my Lady Plaisaunce should never be mine. It was a bitter oath, but all hath been strictly fulfilled. Ranulph will show ye the three-score arrows; ye have thrice heard the merry blast of your own bugle; and the king's palfrey now stands, for the third time, beneath the Alderschawe-oak."

"And gallantly have ye fulfilled that vow," exclaimed the chief forester, eyeing the young outlaw and minstrel with a smile of complacency which he vainly strove to suppress: "would that ye were but of gentle birth! for the flower of the forest of Essex should not wed one, brave though he be, of whose lineage nothing is known."

"Heed not for that, my good Sir Hamo," replied the young man, proudly drawing himself up, while a glow of pride lighted up his fine features: "undebased will my Lady Plaisaunce and her father deem themselves by my alliance, when he learns, that but yesterday he knelt before my father the Chief Justice in Eyre, and to-day before my godfather the King."

"And, truly, my fair Sir Audulf, ye must have had a pleasant sojourn in the merry green wood," said the chief forester, as from the rising ground near Coppet Hall his eye, with a hunter's pride, glanced along the wide expanse of fair woodland scenery, as the huge oaks swayed their heavy branches across the green

alleys, making in the golden sunset a swift and magic alternation of light and shade, while the silvery chime of the distant abbey came floating on the air, mingled with that sylvan music, sweetest of any to the ear of the gallant hunter, "the buck's bell." "Ay, truly, ye had a goodly sojourn here while fulfilling my perilous vow. Methinks the memory of it should not be lost, for I doubt when these woods will again see so gallant a hunter; so I'll e'en make another, and vow, that year by year, on the morrow of Lammas, the chief forester, with all his menýe, shall ride to Waltham Abbey, and there present at the high altar a gilded bugle, a silken bridle-rein, and a silver arrow, in memory of my reckless vow and your gallant fulfilment."

And strictly was that vow performed. Each year, on the morrow of Lammas, early in the dewy morning, the foresters and rangers, with song and minstrelsy, assembled before the great west door of the lordly abbey of Waltham, the chief forester blowing four blasts on his bugle. The lofty doors then swung back, and, preceded by the black-robed brotherhood, with cross and banner, the mitred abbot at their head, the merry company, with step better suited to bound lightly over the greensward than to pace with measured tread the rich marble pavement, advanced to the high altar. There, amid clouds of incense, and all the imposing ceremonial of high service, the chief forester presented the gilded bugle, the silken bridle-rein, and the silver

arrow—the abbot then pronouncing his benediction, dismissed the gallant company to spend a long and merry holyday.

And years, long and merry years, passed on, and then the rich brass of Sir Hamo Fitz-Aucher, appropriately decorated with the cherished bugle, told how gallant a forester slept below; and many years passed on—and then the fair-sculptured effigies, with raised eyes and clasped hands, showed where Sir Audulf and his fair Lady Plaisaunce slumbered side by side.

And generations passed away. Sir Hamo Fitz-Aucher's brass became dim and mouldered, and the fair effigies were touched by the hand of decay. Even the story, erst told with such pride and glee by the Essex forester, of the gallant knight who, to gain his fair lady love, roamed the wide forest in the guise of an outlaw, was numbered among half-forgotten things; but still, each year, even until the proud abbey bowed her mitred head to the dust, were the foresters assembled, the *prise* blown, and the bugle, bridle-rein, and arrow, laid reverently on the high altar in memory of THE THREE VOWS OF FITZ-AUCHER.

# TO A FRIEND RETURNING OVERLAND FROM INDIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELWYN."

WOULD I were with thee! where thou art
In desert lone, or crowded mart;
Whether thou spread'st thy jocund sail
Before th' unerring Indian gale,
Or slowly thread'st the rocky sea
That girdles spicy Araby;
Whether at eve some Moslem tow'r
Frown vengeance on the lonely Giaour;
Whether, as deeper shades are closing,
By the glad desert-fount reposing,
Or, pleased in Arab tents to find
Thine elder brethren of mankind.

Methinks I see thee softly smile,
When gliding down primeval Nile,
Then turn to hide a starting tear.
From lips long mute thou seem'st to hear
The wond'rous tale—thy infant joy—
Of floating ark, and Hebrew boy!
How do I mark thine eager gaze,
When rest the sun's first eastern rays
On tombs of buried dynasties!
As if it were in mortal eyes

To fathom secrets dimly hid
Deep in the rifled pyramid;
Where builders, relics, all are fled,
And language number'd with the dead.
And thou art come where proudly stands,
Changeless, alone, 'mid shifting sands,
The Roman's pillar—strangely blent
With beauty's prostrate monument.

I see thee stoop, and fondly lave
In Europe's long forgotten wave;
Her gallant bark I see thee hail,
And woo with joy her changeful gale;
Like carrier-dove, a moment light
On stern Valetta's war-crown'd height;
Then plume thy wing and steer once more
Toward's Italy's enchanting shore.
A land whose witchery might detain
The wanderer long in flow'ry chain,
Where—'mid the present and the past,
One day of bliss might chase the last;
The world like Reggio's visions * seem,
And life itself a gorgeous dream.

But thou hast ties that waking, bind
In living bonds thy manlier mind;
Dreams, too, thou hast, but such they are.
As angels might unsullied share;

* The Fata Morgana.

Of filial joy, of wedded bliss,
Of brother's love and parent's kiss;
Of all that home to Briton lends—
Approving country—chosen friends—
To live beneath her temperate sky,
And in her stedfast faith to die!

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## BABBICOMBE.

Oft winter, Babbicombe, thy lonely shore
Hath lash'd, since freighted with a laughing crew
Our bark along the marge of ocean flew,
And stirr'd with gentle keel thy pebbly floor.
We reck'd not what the future had in store,
Bright as thy embay'd waters, to our view
The present smiled, for life and hope were new,
And look of peace the far horizon wore.
Landed, in happy groups we wander'd free:
Some ranged the woods, some 'thwart the deep blue air
Walk'd the high cliff, and view'd a wider sea.
The rock our table form'd, the turf our chair,
Nor sad the guests beneath the whispering tree,
For youth and innocence and love were there.

C. St***g.

## TO THE DEPARTED.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS, ESQ.

THY rest is with the fallen great,
The sons of earthly pride,
Where hundreds, in their last cold state,
Are slumbering at thy side.
The warrior and his bride are there,
With hands upraised in silent prayer;
And he, whose high and stately look
The strength of adverse senates shook.
Dim through those long and shadowy aisles,
The entering moonbeam sadly smiles,
O'er many a shield and helm of price,
And many a rich and fair device;
And faint from arch and mouldering stone
The night-wind lifts its fitful moan,
As telling in its wild lament
Of faded power and glories spent;
Or mourning over names forgot,
Around the consecrated spot,
Where, dust with kindred dust, recline
The latest of thine ancient line.

Oh! better had thy tomb been made
Beneath the unbounded sky,
Where tree and flower might cast their shade,
And summer breezes sigh:

There should the fading evening sleep,
And morn her tears of fragrance weep,
And the faint stars, at daylight's close,
Watch o'er thy still and deep repose:
For thou wert, as Forgiveness, mild—
Retiring Nature's humble child;
With glance of love and tongue of praise,
For all that met thy lovely gaze.
The mist-wreath'd hill, by tempests riven,
The blue and earth-encircling heaven,
The hurrying cloud and glistening sea,
Teem'd with a mystic life for thee:
But from the charm, whose fetters hold
The weak, the senseless, and the cold—
The voice of fame, the lure of pride—
Thy gentle spirit turn'd aside;
Too meek the eye of scorn to brook,
Or stern detraction's withering look.
As blooms the flower in deserts rude,
As sings the bird in solitude,
As fairest shines, removed from sight,
The insect-lamp of deepening night—
Mild, blest and blessing, to the last,
Thine earthly pilgrimage was past,
With influence, like that soothing strain,
When winds are wakening on the main,
A voice of peace, a softened tone—
Heard—felt—remember'd—though unknown.

PEGGY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

# BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

A SCOTTISH LEGEND OF 1666.

BY DELTA.

It was in the yet Doric days of Scotland (comparing the present with the past) that Kenneth Bell, one of the lairds of the green holms of Kinvaid, having lost his lady by a sudden dispensation of Providence, remained for a long time wrapt up in the reveries of grief, and utterly inconsolable. The tide of affliction was at length fortuitously stemmed by the nourice bringing before him his helpless infant daughter—the very miniature of her departed mother, after whom she had been named.

The looks of the innocent babe recalled the father's heart to a sense of the duties which life yet required of him; and little Bessy grew up in health and beauty, the apple of her father's eye. Nor was his fondness for her diminished, as year after year more fully developed those lineaments which at length ripened into a more matured likeness of her who was gone. She became, as it were, a part of the old man's being; she attended him in his garden walks; rode out with him on her palfrey on sunny mornings; and was as his shadow by the evening hearth. She doted on him with more than a daughter's fondness; and he, at length, seemed bound to earth by no tie save her existence.

It was thus that Bessy Bell grew up to woman's stature; and, in the quiet of her father's hall, she was now, in her eighteenth year, a picture of feminine loveliness.

All around had heard of the beauty of the heiress of Kinvaid. The cottager who experienced her bounty drank to her health in his homely jug of nut-brown ale; and the squire, at wassail, toasted her in the golden wine-cup.

The dreadful plague of 1666 now fell out, and rapidly spread its devastations over Scotland. Man stood aghast; the fountains of society were broken up; and day after day brought into rural seclusion some additional proofs of its fearful ravages. Nought was heard around but the wailings of deprivation; and omens in the heavens and on the earth heralded miseries yet to come.

Having been carried from Edinburgh (in whose ill-ventilated closes and wyndes it had made terrible havoc) across the Frith of Forth, the northern counties were now thrown into alarm, and families broke up, forsaking the towns and villages to disperse themselves under the freer atmosphere of the country. Among others, the laird of Kinvaid trembled for the safety of his beloved child, and the arrival of young Bruce, of Powfoulis Priory, afforded him an excellent opportunity of having his daughter escorted to Lynedoch, the residence of a warmly attached friend and relative.

Under the protection of this gallant young squire, Bessy rode off on the following morning, and, the day being delightful, the young pair, happy in themselves, forgot, in the beauty of nature, the miseries that encompassed them.

Besides being a youth of handsome appearance and engaging manners, young Bruce had seen a good deal of the world, having for several years served as a member of the body guard of the French king. He had returned from Paris only a few months before, and yet wore the cap and plume peculiar to the distinguished corps to which he still belonged. The heart of poor Bessy Bell was as sensitive as it was innocent and unsophisticated; and, as her protector made his proud steed fret and curvet by her side, she thought to herself, as they rode along, that he was like one of the knights concerning whom she had read in romance, and, unknown to herself, there awoke in her bosom a feeling to which it had hitherto been a stranger.

Her reception at Lynedoch was most cordial; nor the less so, perhaps, on the part of the young lady of that mansion, because her attendant was Bruce, the secret but accepted suitor for the hand of Mary Gray. Ah! had this mystery been at once revealed to Bessy Bell, what a world of misery it would have saved her!

From the plague had our travellers been flying; but the demon of desolation was here before them, and the smoke was ceasing to ascend from many a cottage-hearth. It became necessary that the household of Lynedoch should be immediately dispersed. Bruce and Lynedoch remained in the vicinity of the dwelling-house, and a bower of turf and moss was reared for the young ladies on the pastoral banks of the Brauchie-burn, a tributary of the Almond.

It was there that Bessy Bell and Mary Gray lived for a while in rural seclusion, far from the bustle and parade of gay life, verifying in some measure what ancient poetry hath feigned of the golden age. Bruce was a daily visitant at the bower by the Brauchie-burn: he wandered with them through the green solitudes; and, under the summer sun and a blue sky, they threaded ofttimes together the mazes of "many a bosky bourne and bushy dell." They chased the fantastic squirrel from bough to bough, and scared the thieving little weasel from the linnet's nest. Under a great tree they would seat themselves, as Bruce read aloud some story of chivalry, romance, or superstition, or soothed the listless hours of the afternoon with the delightful tones of the shepherd's pipe. More happy were they than the story-telling group, each in turn a queen, who, in like manner, flying from the pestilence which afflicted Florence, shut themselves up in its delightful gardens, relating those hundred tales of love which have continued to delight posterity in the glowing pages of Boccaccio.

Under whatever circumstances it is placed, human nature will be human nature still. When the young and the beautiful meet together freely and unreservedly, the cold restraints of custom and formality must be thrown aside; friendship kindles into a warmer feeling, and love is generated. Could it be otherwise with our ramblers in their green solitude?

Between Mary Gray and young Bruce a mutual and

understood attachment had long subsisted; indeed they only waited his coming of age to be united in the bonds of wedlock; but the circumstance, for particular reasons, was cautiously concealed within their own bosoms. Even to Bessy Bell, her dearest and most intimate companion, Mary had not revealed it. To disguise his real feelings, Bruce was outwardly less marked in his attention to his betrothed than to her friend; and, in her susceptibility and innocent confidence, Bessy Bell too readily mistook his kind assiduities for marks of affection and proofs of love. A new spirit began to pervade her whole being, almost unknown to herself; she looked on the scenes around her with other eyes; and life changed in the hues it had previously borne to the gaze of her imagination. In the absence of Bruce she became melancholy and abstracted. He seemed to her the being who had been born to render her blessed; and futurity appeared, without his presence, like the melancholy gloom of a November morning.

The physiological doctrine of temperaments we leave to its difficulties; although we confess, that in Bessy Bell and Mary Gray something spoke in the way of illustration.

The countenance of Bessy was one of light and sunshine. Her eyes were blue, her hair flaxen, her complexion florid. She might have sate for a picture of Aurora. Every thing about her spoke of "the innocent brightness of the new-born day." Mary Gray

was in many things the reverse of this, although perhaps equally beautiful. Her features were more regular; she was taller, even more elegant in figure; and had in her almost colourless cheeks, lofty pale brow, and raven ringlets, a majesty which nature had denied to her unconscious rival. The one was all buoyancy and smiles; the other subdued passion, deep feeling, and quiet reflection.

Bruce was a person of the finest sense of honour; and, finding that he had unconsciously and unintentionally made an impression on the bosom-friend of his betrothed, became instantly aware that it behoved him to take some step to dispel the unfortunate illusion. Fortunately the time was speedily approaching, which called him to return, for a season, to his military post in France; but the idea of parting from Mary Gray had become doubly painful to his feelings, from the consideration of the circumstances under which he was obliged to leave her. The ravages of death were extending instead of abating; and the general elements themselves seemed to have become tainted with the unwholesomeness. There was an unrefreshing languor in the air; the sky wore a coppery appearance, and over the face of the sun was drawn as it were a veil of blood. Imagination might no doubt magnify these things; but victims were falling around on every side; and no Aaron, as in the days of hoary antiquity, now stood between the living and the dead, to bid the plague be stayed.

With a noble resolution Bruce took his departure, and sorrow, like a cloud, brooded over the bower by the Brauchie-burn. Mary sate in a quiet, melancholy abstraction; but ever and anon the tears dropped down the cheeks of Bessy Bell, as her "softer soul in woe dissolved aloud." Love is lynx-eyed, and Mary saw too well what was passing in the mind of her friend; but, with a kind consideration, she allowed the lapse of a few days to moderate the turbulence of her feelings ere she ventured to impart the cruel truth. So unlooked for, so unexpected was the disclosure, that for a while she harboured a spirit of unbelief; but conviction at once flashed over her, extinguishing every hope, when she was shown a beautiful necklace of precious stones, which Bruce had presented to his betrothed on the morning of his bidding adieu to the bower of the Brauchie-burn. As it were by magic, a change came over the spirit of Bessy Bell. She dried her tears, hung on the neck of her friend, endeavoured to console her in her separation from him who loved her, and bore up with a heroism seemingly almost incompatible with the gentle softness of her nature. She clasped the chain round the neck of Mary, and, kneeling, implored Heaven speedily to restore the giver to her arms.

Fatal had been that gift! It had been purchased by Bruce from a certain Adonijah Baber, a well-known Jewish merchant of Perth, who had amassed consider-

able riches by traffic. Taking advantage of the distracted state of the times, this man had allowed his thirst after lucre to overcome his better principles, and lead him into lawless dealings with the wretches who went about abstracting valuables from infected or deserted mansions. As a punishment for his rapacity, death was thus in a short time brought to his own household, and he himself perished amid the unavailing wealth which sin had accumulated.

Fatal had been that gift!—In a very little while Mary sickened; and her symptoms were those of the fearful malady afflicting the nation. Bessy Bell was fully aware of the danger; but, with an heroic self-devotion, she became the nurse of her friend; and, when all others kept aloof, administered, though vainly, to her wants. Her noble and generous mind was impressed with the conviction that she owed some reparation for the unintentional wound which she might have inflicted on the feelings of Mary, in having appeared to become her rival in the affections of her betrothed.

As an almost necessary consequence, she was herself seized with the malady of death. The evening heard them singing hymns together—midnight listened to the ravings of delirium—the morning sun shone into the bower of death, where all was still!

The tragedy was consummated ere yet Bruce had set sail for France; but the news did not reach him

for a considerable time, the communication between the two countries being interrupted. His immediate impulse was to volunteer into the service of the German emperor, by whom he was attached to a squadron sent to assist Sobieski of Poland against the Turks. He never returned; and was supposed to have fallen shortly afterwards, in one of the many sanguinary encounters that ensued.

The old Laird of Kinvaid awoke from the paroxysm of his grief to a state of almost dotage, yet occasionally a glimpse of the past would shoot across his mind; for, in wandering vacantly about his dwelling, he would sometimes exclaim, in the spirit so beautifully expressed in the Arabian manuscript, "Where is my child?" and Echo answered, "Where?"

The burial vaults of both the Kinvaid and Lynedoch families, who were related, were in the church of Methven; but, according to a wish said to have been expressed by the two young friends, "who were lovely in their lives, and in death were not divided," they were buried near a beautiful bank of the Almond. Several of the poets of Scotland have sung their hapless fate: Lednoch bank has become classic in story; and, during the last century and a half, many thousands of enthusiastic pilgrims have visited the spot, which the late proprietor of Lynedoch has enclosed with pious care.

Of the original ballad only a few lines remain: they are full of nature and simple pathos.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray
They were twa bonny lasses;
They biggit a bower on yon burn brae,
And theekit it owre wi' rashes.

They wouldna lie in Methven kirk,
Beside their gentle kin;
But they would lie on Lednoch braes,
To beek them in the sun.

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## TO THE MOON.

BY DR. BOWRING.

O WERE my heart as bright as thou art now,
And were my spirit as thy path serene!
O could I wipe the cold sweat from my brow,
And could I be again what I have been!
Could I burst through this dark and troubled scene,
And look beneath me and around—as thou!
O could I break those wint'ry charms that bow
My weary head, or yonder clouds between
See one bright glance of joy, my cheerless fate
Might well be borne!—but now, all dark and dull
As is the midnight, and as desolate
As the black tomb—Heaven teach me how to cope
With such rude foes! and give me heart or hope,
Stretching to scenes stedfast as beautiful.

# SAINT WARNA'S WELL.

BY THE REV. GEORGE WOODLEY.

At the time when it was customary for Irish "Saints"—or those reputed to be such—to cross the North Channel in *cwrwgles*, or vessels of wicker-work, covered with hides (as sage historians gravely record), for the ostensible purpose of visiting the rugged coast of Cornwall, and enlightening the more than Cimmerian intellectual darkness of the natives of that peninsula; it would appear—at least so far as facts may be deduced from, or corroborated by names—that some of those holy personages, occasionally, either "lost their course," or were "driven," by the ordinary prime movers of nautic misadventure, "wind and tide," to the more remote and unfrequented Cassiterides, now known by the name of the Scilly Islands. One thing is certain; that, in proportion to their extent and dimensions, these isles can boast as many saintly appellations as the neighbouring county; and, perhaps, they even yet retain at least an equal share of the beneficial influences resulting from the labours of those Hibernian pilgrims. Who shall say but that the "Yrisch Sainct" Withel—mentioned by the venerable Leland as having given his name to a parish in Cornwall—is he who conferred a similar favour on the Scilly islet of that denomination? Or, indeed, (to push conjecture to a bolder extreme) who will assert that Scilly had not its regular periodical visits, or "visitations," from numbers of those preachers-

errant, long before their attention was drawn to the above-named land of mines and metals?

But—waving all further attempts to penetrate "the palpable obscure" which involves the legendary remains of antiquity—it may be enough for our present purpose to note that, even at the present day, there may be seen, near the cliffs of a little rocky and terrific bay, on the south side of the forlorn island of St. Agnes, a small, rudely-enclosed spring, called by the natives *Sancta Warna's Well;* which tradition reports to have derived its name from one of the migratory saints before alluded to, who landed at or near that spot, and resided long on the island, enjoying the reputation of being peculiarly propitious to the inhabitants, by preserving them from the danger of the ocean, and by the somewhat more *questionable* merit of bringing wrecks and other spoils of the deep around their dreary and desolate shores. It must be confessed that, if "the saint" designed to inculcate the latter opinion, she could hardly have chosen a better place of location in aid of that belief, as the view of the bay and the adjacent rocks will readily suggest the inevitable fate of those who approach them in stormy weather.

It was formerly the custom of the natives of St. Agnes to celebrate the anniversary of the landing of Saint Warna with many superstitious ceremonies, or what the writers of the monkish legends would call "*gret devocions.*" The particulars have not descended to our time; yet considerable vestiges of the ancient

forms have been handed down even to the commencement of the present century. On the Saint's Day, the people of both sexes were wont to repair to the holy well in great numbers, all in their best apparel; and, after having cleansed the spring from moss, dirt, and weeds, to kindle a large fire on a heap of rocks near by, around which they danced, waving lighted torches over their heads, and singing verses in honour of the saint. Others would dart away along the adjacent cliffs, and over the most tremendous rocks, shouting wildly, and challenging the less resolute to follow them. Their appearance and gestures, in their different exhibitions of agility and intrepidity, gave them the air of something beyond human. Afterwards, they all simultaneously cast their burning brands into the fire, and gave themselves up, for the rest of the day, to feasting and diversions.

The fame of Saint Warna had suffered considerable obscuration, and the rites of her anniversary had well nigh fallen into desuetude, when a circumstance occurred, which at least was calculated to revive the remembrance of her former celebrity, and to lend a melancholy interest to the place that bears her name.

About forty years ago, a large ship, partly dismasted, and apparently abandoned, was seen, during a violent gale, rapidly approaching Saint Warna's Bay. On occasions of this kind, and when wreck was inevitable, it had been the custom, from time immemorial, of the

inhabitants of the different islands of Scilly, to assemble on the shore in crowds, without regard to age or sex, and often half-immersed in water, and exposed to imminent danger from advancing or receding waves, which would sometimes dash them violently against the rocks, or bear them off to a considerable distance in their regurgitating sweep, to seize whatever floating thing they could carry, which they considered as their legitimate and proper spoil.

Amongst the dwellers on St. Agnes, at the time above-mentioned, there was none, perhaps, better calculated to exemplify, in his person and manners, the general race of the islanders than Arthur Treguile. Athletic of form; rude and uncourteous in voice and deportment; his thick, shaggy black hair fast fading into gray; with a countenance naturally dark, yet shaded still deeper by constant exposure to waves and storms; an eye that seemed to frown defiance on danger; and a heart but too callous (from the many scenes of distress which, in the course of a long and eventful life, he had witnessed) to the sufferings of others, especially when his own advantage was concerned—such was the man whom the events of that day were to exhibit in a manner but little calculated to excite the esteem of the good or the pity of the gentle. From his lonely cottage, that stood on a barren heath, and was chiefly composed of wrecked materials, though well provided with the different articles connected with his several occupations of fisherman, pilot, smuggler,

and wrecker, he had beheld the disabled ship, that seemed about to become an easy prey to those who should first get on board; and, hastily snatching down an old spy-glass (that had "come to him" in the same manner as most of his other "acquired" property) from the two iron crooks, in which it was suspended by the side of a beam, he made the best of his way to that point of land where he judged the vessel would go on shore.

It is but an act of justice here to remark, that, whatever may have been alleged against "the wreckers" of former days or other coasts, no instance has been recorded in which the natives of the Scilly Islands have acted with barbarity to those whom the fury of the elements had cast upon their shores. On the contrary, circumstances could be mentioned highly creditable to the humanity of many, especially of the present generation. It must, however, be confessed, that an opinion had too long and generally prevailed, in this as in most other maritime districts, that when a wreck happened, and no living creature was found on board, the whole ship and cargo, or as much as could be saved, became the lawful prize of those who could reach them first; and in some instances, perhaps, a poor dog, that had survived an unfortunate crew, may have fallen a victim to this singular doctrine of *meum* and *tuum*. Equal laws, properly enforced, have long since taught the islanders more discrimination; and it is not as "wreckers" but as "salvors" that they now launch

forth, often at the peril of their lives, to the assistance of vessels in distress.

But to return: on that eventful day when the ill-fated Sea Lily (for so was the bark named) added one more to the black list of offerings at the shrine of Sancta Warna, Arthur Treguile was standing on the top of a lofty and rugged cairn, anxiously revolving the various subjects connected with the anticipated catastrophe. Having at length descended from the perilous eminence, and being about to prepare for instant action, to his surprise and dismay, he saw something struggling in the waves, which, on closer inspection, was evidently a man, and nearly exhausted. The sufferer was so near the shore that any prompt and well-directed effort could scarcely have failed to save him: but, while the sturdy wrecker stood irresolute and motionless, a heavy wave curled its high and madly-boiling brow over the powerless swimmer, and he wholly disappeared!

An expression, rather of gratification than of sorrow, passed over the dark countenance of Treguile when he saw the ingulfing sea close upon the lifeless victim; yet some compunctious feeling in his breast awoke an indefinable sensation, to which he had hitherto been a stranger, even when he had seen the sea and the shore covered with fragments of wreck, and with drowned or dying men. The sensation, however, was but momentary. The ship had now been thrown on a long and broad ledge of rocks, where she remained nearly

immoveable, one side inclining to the shore, the other opposing a high but ineffectual barrier to the waves. At every fresh assault of the sea her starting planks groaned heavily, and gave mournful note of her speedy dissolution. The adjacent rocks and cliffs were crowded by groups of anxious islanders, each preparing to spring forward and seize whatsoever article of value might first be thrown in his way. Arthur, ever foremost on such occasions, had taken his station on the extremest point that could be safely gained, when a sudden whirl of the tide threw at his feet the pallid victim of his apathetic negligence. He glanced on the upturned countenance, and instantly recognized the features of his only son.

It was soon ascertained that the ill-fated youth, who inherited all the daring qualities of his sire, being desirous of first reaching the wreck and securing the best part of the booty, had endeavoured, in a slight skiff, to reach her as she closely passed a neighbouring headland; but scarcely was the attempt made, ere a furious billow overturned the unballasted boat, and the young man was destined to feel the fatal effects of a father's inhumanity, of which his present condition was the most solemn reproof. The reproof, however, though striking, did not appear effectual. When questioned and reproached by those whom the melancholy circumstance had drawn around him, as to his culpable inactivity when the life of his own offspring was at stake, he sternly muttered, " How could I have known

that it was mys on?" and then, with a tearless eye and firm step, he hastily withdrew.

Soon other subjects engrossed the undivided attention of those who remained. Already had the Sea Lily begun to give up her spoils to the flood, and boxes, bales, casks, and other buoyant articles, were floating about in almost every direction. Some of these things were crushed and broken against the rocks, and their contents wholly lost or greatly damaged. Others were carried far off to sea on the retiring waves, beyond the power of recovery. Saint Warna's Bay, however, was once more lined with wreck; and men, women, and children were busily employed in the harvest of plunder and unhallowed gain. The shoutings of the men, as they cheered on the exertions of their fellows, or directed their attempts; the shrill cries of the women and children engaged in the same pursuit, and animated by the same spirit; the hoarse roar of the multitudinous waves, and the mournful whistling of the gustful wind, combined with the frequent and dissonant shrieks of the sea-birds that hovered around; altogether formed a din, which, though wild and frightful in itself, harmonized but too well with the dreary scene where it was heard.

Amongst others who then distinguished themselves for their bold rapacity and love of pillage, the wife of Treguile was not idle. Already had she, with others of her sex, secured a valuable trunk, which on inspec-

tion was found filled with costly articles of female attire and ornament. Their attention was now directed to another object—a kind of large case, so firmly jammed between the rocks where it had been thrown by the sea, that it was more than their strength could effect to dislodge it. Nothing remained, therefore, but to force it open where it lay. This was done in part, and a plate of white shining metal met the eye of the bystanders. "It is silver!" was the joyous exclamation of every tongue; and another wrench of the crowbar brought to view the placid but awful countenance of a female corpse.

Pale, but lovely even in death, lay the once-beauteous object whom their rash cupidity had thus sacrilegiously exposed, and on whom, neither the storm, nor the dreadful casualty occasioned by it, had had power; for it was evident, from the care which had been taken to guard her mortal remains, that the lady must have drawn her last sigh on a foreign shore, and been destined, by the pious care of surviving relatives, to receive the decent rites of Christian sepulture in her native land, and to sleep in the tomb of her ancestors. But even *that* lot was denied; yet such hasty offices as the time and occasion afforded were not withheld. As soon as the spectators had recovered from the shock and from the disappointment of their hopes, they secured the leaden coffin and its outer cover with more decorum than they had manifested in disuniting them; and, having hastily scooped

a shallow grave on the bank, a few paces above Saint Warna's Well, whose waters the while assumed a darker tinge, and bubbled with plaintive tinklings in their gloomy recess, they committed the body to the custody of a more tranquil element than that on which it had lately been tossed.

All the property that could be saved from the wrecked vessel was soon secured, and a speedy division among the captors ensued. Arthur Treguile, however, now—for the first time in his life—appeared totally indifferent on a subject in which he had ever taken a prominent interest, having been accustomed to decide on the "rights" of the claimants without opposition and without appeal. Not so Ursula, his wife; she, in devouring with her eyes and appreciating with her hands the worth of the many beauteous and splendid dresses and other valuables which had fallen to her share, almost ceased to remember the recent fate of her son, or, indeed, that she had ever been a mother—so powerfully can evil habits deaden the best feelings that Nature has implanted in the human breast, and change the milk of tenderness to gall.

This unfeeling woman was soon to become a widow. From the time when her husband had for ever destroyed his own peace, by neglecting the duties of humanity to one who was so near to him, for the sake of sordid gain, his health, strength, and spirits visibly and rapidly diminished. Neither of his former occupations now excited his attention, although opportuni-

ties and invitations to pursue them were not wanting. Sleep fled from his eyes—his reason and understanding began to totter—dark visions haunted him—and nothing but incoherent and impassioned sentences escaped his lips, in which bitter reflections on the past, and gloomy anticipations of the future, appeared to be fearfully intermingled. And thus he died.

On the day when Treguile's remains were to experience a different lot from those of most of his relatives—the greater part of whom had found no other grave than the depths of the ocean, having perished in their calling—his widow, in whom the love of finery was as strongly as unaccountably inherent, had attired herself in a rich black silk dress (part of the spoils of the Sea Lily), in which she purposed to follow the corpse to the little cemetery of the island. After "the funeral-glass," as it was called, had performed its rounds, the procession moved slowly forward. The coffin was covered with a flag in lieu of a pall, and a smaller one was borne on a staff before it, but inverted, such being the usual signal of "distress" at sea, and to which the deceased had so often responded. The train had now arrived at the appointed spot—the coffin had been borne over the rude stone stile that formed the only entrance to the peaceful enclosure, and the widow was in the act of following it, when she felt herself suddenly and powerfully arrested from behind. On turning to ascertain the cause, she found, with amazement and horror, that the hem of

her garment was so entangled and folded in between the imbedded and ponderous steps, that no efforts of skill or violence could extricate it; and at last she was only freed from her dreadful situation by the excision of that part of her dress which had become so singularly involved in the interstice of the stile, and which, it is credibly affirmed, remained there until the demolition of the stile itself some years afterwards.

This accident made a deep impression on many, nor is the recollection of it yet wholly obliterated from the minds of a people who are too prone to superstition. Various have been the conjectures respecting so extraordinary a fact; but as none of these were very rational, they need not be here repeated. Ursula Treguile never held up her head afterwards, and she has long slept in the grave by the side of her husband. None of their name or kindred remains on the island. Their wreck-built dwelling has itself become a wreck, and its dilapidated walls now serve as a place of "look-out" by day to many who would shudder to approach them by night. Saint Warna's Well, being seldom resorted to, is now choked with weeds, and nearly dry. Few wrecks have occurred for many years on the neighbouring shores; and, though the wild and terrific features of the scene still remain, the fearful realities of horror, and perhaps of crime, with which that scene was often connected, have passed away like the last cloud of a murky storm, leaving hopes of brighter and better things.

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